



-----Quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.. *A. Motte sculp.*



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The *Third* and *Last* VOLUME
OF THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *Abraham Cowley*:

BEING
The *Second* and *Third* PARTS thereof.

PART II.

What was Written and Publish'd by Him-
self; now Reprinted together.

The Tenth Edition.

PART III.

HIS SIX BOOKS of PLANTS,
The *First* and *Second* of HERBS,
The *Third* and *Fourth* of FLOWERS.
The *Fifth* and *Sixth* of TREES.

Made *English* by several Celebrated HANDS.

With necessary TABLES, and divers POEMS of eminent
Persons, in praise of the Author: and other conside-
rable Additions and Improvements.

LONDON: Printed by BENJ. MOTTE: for B. TOOKE,
G. STRAHAN, W. MEARS, W. CHETWOOD, and
T. JAUNCEY. 1721.

The Third and Last VOLUME
OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. Abraham Comely;

THIRD

The Second and Third PARTS thereof.

1340 431
PART II.

What was Written and Published by Him.
Solely; now Reprinted together.

The Fifth Edition.

PART III.

His Six Books of PLANTS,
The First and Second of Herbs,
The Third and Fourth of Flowers,
The Fifth and Sixth of Trees.

Made Ready by Celebrated Hands.



With new Illustrations, Figures of several
Persons, in great Number; and other con-
siderable Additions, and Amendments.

LONDON: Printed by BART. MOORE; for D. TROTTER,
G. STANLEY, W. MANN, W. CARTWRIGHT, and
T. JARVIS. 1731.

THE
Book sellers to the Reader.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquir'd after, and very scarce; (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it hath been Nine times printed) we thought this Tenth Edition could not fail of being well receiv'd by the World. We presume one Reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was, because the Propriety of this Copy being not to the same Person that publish'd those; but the Reception they have found appears by the several Impressions through which they have pass'd. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in Obscurity. We presume the *Author's Judgment* of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing Grains of Modesty) give them no small Character. His Words are in his *Preface* before his former publish'd Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his *several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th Discourse treating of himself*. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenious Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his Mind; so that by this Supplement to his other Volume, you have the Picture of that so deservedly eminent Man from almost his *Childhood* to his

To the READER.

READER (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know, have been angry (I dare not as-
sume the Honour of their Envy) at my Poetical Bold-
ness, and blam'd in mine, what commends other Fruits,
Earliness. Others, who are either of a weak Faith, or
strong Malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which ne-
ver sounds but when 'tis blown in, and read me not as
Abraham Cowley, but *Authorem anonymum*. To the first
I answer, That 'tis an envious Frost that nips the Blos-
soms, because they appear quickly: To the Latter, That
he is the worst Homicide who strives to murder ano-
ther's Fame: To both, That it is a ridiculous Folly to
condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon or Sun
shine brighter. The small Fire I have is rather blown
than extinguished by this Wind. For the Itch of Poetrie
by being angred increases; by rubbing, spreads farther;
which appears in that I have ventur'd on this *English*
Edition. What tho' it be neglected? It is not, I am sure,
the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been em-
ploy'd by Cooks and Grocers. If in all Mens Judgments
it suffer Shipwrack; it shall something content me, that
it hath pleased my self and the Bookseller. In it you
shall find one Argument (and I hope I shall need no
more) to confute Unbelievers; which is, That as mine
Age, and consequently Experience (which is yet but
little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poetrie
flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any
one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*; nay, I would do it
my self, but that I hope a Pardon may easily be gotten
for the Errors of Ten Years of Age. My *Constantia*
and *Philetus* confesses me two Years older when I wrote
it. The rest were made since upon several Occasions, and
perhaps do not bely the Time of their Birth. Such as
they are, they were created by me, but their Fate lies
in your Hands; it is only you can effect, that neither
the Bookseller repent himself of his Charge in Printing
them, nor I of my Labour in composing them. Farewel.

Abraham Cowley.

To the Memory of the Incomparable
Mr. COWLEY.

WITH artless Hand, and much disorder'd Mind
(Pardon illustrious Man) I come,
To try, if worthy Thee I ought can find.

That groveling I might offer at thy Tomb ;
For yet, nor yet thou never hadst thy Due,
Tho' courted by the understanding Few,

And they sometimes officious too:
Much more is owing to thy mighty Name,
Than was perform'd by noble *Buckingham* ;
He chose a Place thy sacred Bones to keep
Near that where Poets, and where Monarchs sleep.

Well did thy kind *Mecænas* mean
To thee, and to himself ; and may that Tomb
Convey your mutual Praise to Ages yet to come :

But Monuments may betray their Trust,
And like their Founders crumble into Dust.

Were I t' advise Posterity,
That should at all times acceptable be,
Quickly to comprehend their great Concern,
COWLEY should be the first Word all their Sons should
[learn.

That charming Name would every Grace inspire,
Enflame their Souls with supernatural Fire,
And make them nothing, but what's truly Good, admire ;
Early their tender Minds would be possess'd
With glorious Images, and every Breast
Imbibe an Happiness not to be express'd :

Of these (blest Shade) when thou wert here
An unregarded Sojourner,
Thou hadst so large a Part,

To the Memory of Mr. COWLEY.

That thou dost hardly more appear
Accomplish'd where thou art;
But that thy radiant Brow,
Encircled with an everlasting Wreath,
Shews thee triumphant now
O'er Disappointments and o'er Death.
When with Astonishment we cast an Eye
On thine amazing Infancy,
We envy Nature's Prodigality
To Thee, and only Thee,
In whom (as in old *Eden*) still were seen
All things florid, fresh, and green,
Blossoms and Fruit at once on one immortal Tree.

Herculean Vigour hadst thou when but young,
In riper Years more than *Alcides* strong.

Then who shall sing thy wondrous Song?
For he that worthily would mention Thee
Should be divested of Mortality,
No meaner Offerings should he bring,
Than what a Saint might pen, an Angel sing,
Such as with Cheerfulness thy self hadst done,
If in thy Life-time thou hadst known

So bright a Theme to write upon:
Tho' thou hast sung of Heroes, and of Kings
In mighty Numbers mighty Things.
Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)

Of all thy pleasant Toil the sweet Reward,
And ever venerable be,
Till the unthinking World shall once more lie
Immerst in her first Chaos of Barbarity.

A Curse now to be dreaded, for with Thee
Dy'd all the lovely Decences of Poetry.

Tho. Flatman.

To

To the Memory of the AUTHOR.

TO fertile Wits and Plants of fruitful Kind
Impartial Nature the same Laws assign'd ;
Both have their Spring before they reach their Prime,
A Time to blossom, and a bearing Time :
An early Bloom to both has fatal been,
Those soonest fade, whose Verdure first was seen.
Alone exempted from the common Fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting Date :
For Envy's Blast and pow'ful Time too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long.
In whom the double Miracle was seen ;
Ripe in his Spring, and in his Autumn green :
With us he left his gen'rous Fruit behind,
The Feast of Wit and Banquet of the Mind ;
While the fair Tree transplanted to the Skies,
In Verdure with th' *Elysian* Garden vies ;
The Pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.
Thus faint our strongest Metaphors must be,
Thus unproportion'd to thy Muse and Thee.
Those Flow'rs, that did in thy rich Garden smile,
Wither, transplanted to another Soil.
Thus *Orpheus* Harp that did wild Beasts command
Had lost its Force in any other Hand.
Saul's frantick Rage harmonious Sounds obey'd,
His Rage was charm'd, but 'twas when *David* play'd,
The Artless since have touch'd thy sacred Lyre,
We have thy Numbers, but we want thy Fire.
Horace and *Virgil* where they brightest shin'd,
Prov'd but thy Oar, and were by thee refin'd :
The Conqueror that, from the general Flame,
Sav'd *Pindar's* Roof, deserv'd a lasting Name,
A greater Thou that didst preserve his Fame.
A dark and huddled Chaos long he lay,
Till thy diviner Genius powerful Ray
Dispers'd the Mists of Night, and gave him Day.

On Mr. Cowley's *Juvenile Poems*, &c.

No Mists of Time can make thy Verse less bright,
Thou shin'st like *Phæbus* with unborrow'd Light.
Henceforth no *Phæbus* we'll invoke but thee,
Auspicious to thy poor Survivers be!
Who unrewarded plow the Muses soil,
Our Labour all the Harvest of our Toil;
And in Excuse of Fancies flag'd and tir'd,
Can only say, (*a*) *Augustus* is expir'd.

(a) Written just when King *Charles* was dead.



On Mr. COWLEY's *Juvenile POEMS*,
and the Translation of his *Plantarum*.

A PINDARIQUE.

WHEN young *Alcides* in his Cradle lay,
And grasp'd in both his Infant Hands
Broke from the Nurse's feeble Bands,
The bloody gasping Prey:
Aloft he those first Trophies bore,
And squeezes out their pois'nous Gore:
The Women shreek'd with wild Amaze,
The Men as much affrighted gaze,
But had the wise *Tiresias* come
Into the crowded Room,
With deep prophetick Joy;
H' had heard the Conquest of the God-like Boy,
And sung in sacred Rage
What ravenous Men and Beasts engage:
Hence he'd propitious Omens take,
And from the Triumphs of his Infancy

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, &c.

Portend his future Victory
O'er the foul Serpent weltring wide in *Lerna's* dreadful
[Lake.

Alcides Pindar, *Pindar* COWLEY sings,
And while they strike the vocal Strings,
To either both new Honours brings.
But who shall now the mighty Task sustain?
And now our *Hercules* is there,
What *Atlas* can *Olympus* bear?
What Mortal undergo th' unequal Pain?
But 'tis a glorious Fate
To fall with such a Weight:
Tho' with unhallow'd Fingers, I
Will touch the Ark, although I die.
Forgive me, O thou shining Shade,
Forgive a Fault which Love has made.
Thus I my saucy Kindness mourn,
Which yet I can't repent,
Before thy sacred Monument
And moisten with my Tears thy wondrous Urn.

Begin, begin, my Muse, thy noble Choir,
And aim at something worthy *Pindar's* Lyre,
Within thy Breast excite the kindling Fire,
And fan it with thy Voice!
COWLEY does to JOVE belong,
JOVE and COWLEY claim my Song.
These fair First-Fruits of Wit young Cowley bore,
Which promis'd if the happy Tree
Should ever reach Maturity,
To bless the World with better, and with more.
Thus in the Kernel of the largest Fruit,
Is all the Tree in little drawn,
The Trunk, the Branches, and the Root;
Thus a fair Day is pictur'd in a lovely Dawn.

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, &c.

Tasso, a Poet in his Infancy,

dful
ake.

Did hardly earlier rise than thee;
Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright,
Or in his dawning Beams or Noon-day Light.

The Muses did young COWLEY raise,
They stole thee from thy Nurse's Arms,
Fed thee with sacred Love of Praise,

And taught thee all their Charms.

As if Apollo's self had been thy Sire,

They daily rock'd thee on his Lyre.

Hence Seeds of Numbers in thy Soul were fixt,

Deep as the very Reason there,

No Force from thence could Numbers tear,

Even with thy Being mixt.

And there they lurk'd, till *Spencer's* sacred Flame

Leapt up and kindled thine,

Thy Thoughts as regular and fine,

Thy Soul the same,

Like his, to Honour, and to Love inclin'd,

As soft thy Soul, as great thy Mind.

Whatever COWLEY writes must please,

Sure, like the Gods, he speaks all Languages.

Whatever Theme by COWLEY's Muse is dress'd,

Whatever he'll essay;

Or in the softer, or the nobler way,

He still writes best.

If he ever stretch his Strings

To mighty Numbers, mighty Things,

So did *Virgil's* Heroes fight,

Such Glories wore, tho' not so bright.

If he'll paint his nobler Fire,

Ah, what Thoughts his Songs inspire,

Vigorous Love and gay Desire.

Who would not, Cowley! ruin'd be?

Who would not love, that reads, that thinks of thee?

Whether thou in th' old *Roman* dost delight,

Or *English*, full as strong, to write.

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, &c.

Thy Master-Strokes in both are shown,
COWLEY in both excels alone,
Virgil of theirs, and *Waller* of our own.

But why should the soft Sex be robb'd of thee?

Why should not *England* know,

How much she does to COWLEY owe?

How much fair *Boscobel's* for ever sacred Tree?

The Hills, the Groves, the Plains, the Woods;

The Fields, the Meadows, and the Floods,

The Flowry World, where Gods and Poets use,

To court a Mortal or a Muse?

It shall be done. But who? ah, who shall dare,

So vast a Toil to undergo,

And all the World's just Censure bear,

Thy Strength, and their own Weakness show?

Soft (b) *Afra*, who had led our Shepherds long,

Who long the Nymphs and Swains did guide,

Our Envy, her own Sex's Pride,

When all her Force on this great Theme sh' had try'd,

She strain'd a while to reach th' inimitable Song,

She strain'd a while, and wisely dy'd.

Those who survive unhappier be,

Yet thus, great God of Poësie,

With Joy they sacrifice their Fame to thee.

(b) Mrs. A. Behn.

S. WESLEY.

THE

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CON-



CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

To the READER.

*Call'd the Buskin'd Muse, MELPOMENE,
And told her what sad Story I would write :
She wept at hearing such a Tragedy,
Tho' wont in mournful Ditties to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowful Lines: then know
My Muse with Tears, not with Conceits, did flow.*

*And as she my unabler Quill did guide,
Her briny Tears did on the Paper fall,
If then unequal Numbers be espy'd,
Oh Reader ! do not that my Error call,
But think her Tears desac'd it, and blame then
My Muse's Grief, and not my missing Pen.*

I Sing two constant Lovers various Fate,
The Hopes and Fears that equally attend
Their Loves ; their Rivals Envy, Pa-
[rents Hate,
I sing their woful Life, and tragic End.
Aid me, ye Gods, this Story to rehearse
This mournful Tale, and favour every
[Vers]

In *Florence*, for her stately Buildings fam'd,
 And lofty Roofs that emulate the Sky,
 There dwelt a lovely Maid, *Constantia* nam'd,
 Fam'd for the Beauty of all *Italy*.

Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn,
 With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea's* Form.

And framing her attractive Eyes so bright,
 Spent all her Wit in Study, that they might
 Keep Earth from *Chaos* and eternal Night;
 But envious Death destroy'd their glorious Light.

Expect not Beauty then, since she did part,
 For, in Her, Nature wasted all her Art.

Her Hair was brighter than the Beams which are
 A Crown to *Phæbus*, and her Breath so sweet,
 It did transcend *Arabian* Odours far,
 Or smelling Flow'rs wherewith the Spring does greet
 Approaching Summer; Teeth like falling Snow
 For white were placed in a double Row.

Her Wit excelling Praise, ev'n all admire,
 Her Speech was so attractive, it might be
 A Cause to raise the mighty *Pallas* Ire,
 And stir up Envy from that Deity.

The Maiden-Lilies at her Sight

Wax'd pale with Envy, and from thence grew white.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high,
 As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,
 And to her virtuous Mind's Nobility
 The Gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
 That in her spotless Soul and lovely Face,
 You might have seen each Deity and Grace.

A Scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her
 Would *Venus* still despise, yet her desire,
 Each who but saw, was a Competitor
 And Rival, scorch'd alike with *Cupid's* Fire.

The glorious Beams of her fair Eyes did move
 And light Beholders on their way to Love.

Among her many Suitors, a young Knight,
'Bove others wounded with the Majesty
Of her fair Presence, presseth most in light ;
Yet seldom his Desire can satisfie
With that blest Object, or her Rareness see ;
For Beauty's Guard is watchful Jealousie.

Oft-times, that he might see his Dearest Fair,
Upon his stately Jennet, he in th' way,
Rides by her House, who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia*.
But his poor Master, tho' he see her move,
His Joy dares shew no Look betraying Love.

Soon as the Morning left her rosie Bed,
And all Heaven's smaller Lights were driven away ;
She, by her Friends and her Acquaintance led,
Like other Maids, would walk at Break of Day.
Aurora blush'd to see a Sight unknown,
To behold Cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Th' obsequious Lover follows still her Train,
And where they go, that way his Journey feigns.
Should they turn back, he would turn back again,
For with his Love his Business still remains.
Nor is it strange he should be loth to part
From her, whose Eyes had stole away his Heart.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a Race
Of Noble Ancestors ; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The Glory which in his great Stock did shine ;
Small his Estate, unfitting her Degree,
But blinded Love could no such Difference see.

Yet he by Chance had hit this Heart aright,
And dipt his Arrow in *Constantia's* Eyes,
Blowing a Fire that would destroy him quite,
Unless such Flames within her Heart should rise,
But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
Tho' he have shot him right, her Heart he'll miss.

CONSTANTIA

Unto *Love's* Altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleasing Sacrifice;
Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,
To look upon and ease his Miseries.

Where having pray'd, recovering Breath again,
Thus to immortal *Love* he did complain:

Oh mighty *Cupid*! whose unbounded Sway
Hath often rul'd th' *Olympian* Thunderer,
Whom all Celestial Deities obey,
Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear;
Oh! force *Constantia's* Heart to yield to Love,
Of all thy Works the Master-piece 'twill prove.

And let me not Affection vainly spend,
But kindle Flames in her like those in me;
Yet if that Gift my Fortune doth transcend,
Grant that her charming Beauty I may see;
For ever view those Eyes whose charming Light,
More than the World besides, does please my Sight.

Those who contemn thy sacred Deity,
Laugh at thy Power, make them thine Anger know:
I faultless am, what Honour can it be,
Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe.
Here Tears and Sighs speak his imperfect Moan,
In Language far more moving than his own.

Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,
Just like a Ship while every mounting Wave
Toss'd by enraged *Boreas* up and down,
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping Grave;
Such did his Case, such did his State appear,
Alike distracted between Hope and Fear.

Thinking her Love he never shall obtain,
One Morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,
And thus fond *Eecho* answers him again,
It mov'd *Aurora*, and she wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant Grass with many a Tear.

and PHILETUS.

5
ECCHO.

O H! What has caus'd my killing Miseries?
EYES, *Eccho* said. What has detain'd my Ease?
EASE, 'frat the reasonable Nymph replies;
That nothing can my troubled Mind appease;
PEACE, *Eccho* answers. What, is any nigh?
Philetus said: She quickly utters, I.

Is't *Eccho* answers? Tell me then thy Will:
I WILL, she said. What shall I get (says he)
By loving still? to which she answers, ILL.
Ill: shall I void of wish'd for Pleasure die?
I. Shall not I who toil in ceaseless Pain,
Some Pleasure know? NO, she returns again.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou ly'st (said he)
THOU LY'ST, she said. And I deserv'd her Hate,
If I should thee believe. BELIEVE, said she.
For why? thy Words are of no Weight.
WEIGHT, she answers. Therefore I'll depart.
To which, resounding *Eccho* answers, PART.

Then from the Woods with wounded Heart he goes,
Filling with Legions of fresh Thoughts his Mind:
He quarrels with himself, because his Woes
Spring from himself, yet can no Med'cine find.
He weeps to quench those Fires that burn in him,
But Tears do fall to th' Earth, Flames are within.

No Morning banish'd Darkness, nor black Night
By her alternate Course expell'd the Day,
In which *Philetus* by a constant Rite
At *Cupid's* Altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his Pain,
But Care and Sorrow was his only Gain.

But now, at last, the pitying God, o'ercome
By constant Votes and Tears, fix'd in her Heart
A golden Shaft, and she is now become
A Suppliant to Love, that with like Dart

He'd wound *Philetus*, does with Tears implore
Aid from that Power she so much scorn'd before.

Little she thinks, she kept *Philetus*'s Heart
In her scorch'd Breast, because, her own she gave
To him. Since either suffers equal Smart,
And a like Measure in their Torments have :

His Soul, his Griefs, his Fires, now hers are grown ;
Her Heart, her Mind, her Love is his alone.

Whilst Thoughts 'gainst Thoughts rise up in Mutiny,
She took a Lute (being far from any Ears)
And tun'd his Song, posing that Harmony
Which Poets attribute to Heavenly Spheres.

Thus had she sung when her dear Love was slain,
Sh' had surely call'd him back from *Styx* again.

S O N G :

TO whom shall I my Sorrows shew ?
Not to Love, for he is blind ;
And my *Philetus* doth not know
The inward Torment of my Mind.
And all the senseless Walls which are
Now round about me, cannot hear.

For if they could, they sure would weep,
And with my Griefs relent :
Unless their willing Tears they keep,
Till I from Earth am sent.
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My Fate, since I taught them before.

I willingly would keep my Store,
If the Flood would land thy Love,
My dear *Philetus*, on the Shore
Of my Heart ; but should'st thou prove
Afraid of Flames, know the Fires are
But Bonfires for thy coming there.

Then Tears in Envy of her Speech did flow
 From her fair Eyes, as if it seem'd that there
 Her burning Flame had melted Hills of Snow,
 And so dissolv'd them into many a Tear ;
 Which, *Nilus* like, did quickly overflow,
 And quickly caus'd new Serpent Griefs to grow.

Here stay, my *Muse*, for if I should recite
 Her mournful Language, I should make you weep
 Like her, a Flood, and so not see to write
 Such Lines as I, and th' Age requires, to keep
 Me from stern Death, and with victorious Rhime,
 Revenge their Master's Death, and conquer Time.

By this time, Chance and his own Industry
 Had help'd *Philetus* forward, that he grew
 Acquainted with her Brother, so that he
 Might, by this means, his bright *Constantia* view.
 And, as Time serv'd, shew'd her his Misery :
 This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering State,
 He said ; How shall I thank thee for this Gain,
 O *Cupid*, or reward my helping Fate,
 Which sweetens all my Sorrow, all my Pain ?
 What Husbandman would any Pain refuse,
 To reap at last such Fruit, his Labours Use ?

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful State,
 Seeing his Griefs link'd, like an endless Chain,
 To following Woes, he would, when 'twas too late,
 Quench his hot Flames, and idle Love disdains
 But *Cupid*, when his Heart was set on Fire,
 Had burnt his Wings, who could not then retire.

The wounded Youth, and kind *Philocrates*
 (So was her Brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
 So true and constant in their Amities,
 And in that League, so strictly joined were ;
 That Death it self could not their Friendship sever,
 But as they liv'd in Love, they dy'd together.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
 If one be sick, the other's surely ill;
 And if *Philetus* any Sorrow had,
Philocrates was Partner in it still;
Pylades Soul and mad *Orestes* was
 In these, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there
 Exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind:
 With speaking Tears his Grievs he doth declare,
 And with sad Sighs instructs the angry Wind
 To sigh, and did even upon that prevail,
 It groan'd to hear *Philetus* mournful Tale.

The Crystal Brooks, which gently ran between
 The shadowing Trees, and, as they through them pass,
 Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
 Giving a Colour to the verdant Grass:
 Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful State,
 In shew of Grief ran murmur'ing at his Fate.

Ib lomel answers him again, and shews,
 In her best Language and sad History,
 And in a mournful Sweetness tells her Woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in Misery:
Constantia he, she *Toreus*, *Toreus* cries,
 With him both Grief, and Grief's Expression vies.

Philocrates must needs his Sadness know,
 Willing in Ills, as well as Joys to share,
 Nor will on them the Name of Friends bestow,
 Who in light Sport, not Sorrow Partners are:
 Who leaves to guide the Ship when Storms arise,
 Is guilty both of Sin and Cowardise.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to Tyrant Passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his Malady,
 He watches him in hopes to cure his Sore,
 By Counsel, and recal his pois'nous Dart,
 When it, alas, was fixed in his Heart.

When in the Woods, Places best fit for Care,
 He to himself did his past Grievs recite,
 Th' obsequious Friend strait follows him, and there
 Doth hide himself from sad *Philetus* sight.
 Who thus exclaims; for a swoln Heart would break,
 If it for vent of Sorrow might not speak.

Oh! I am lost, not in this Desert Wood,
 But in Love's pathless Labyrinth; there I
 My Health, each Joy and Pleasure counted Good
 Have lost, and which is more, my Liberty;
 And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
 My Heart, for rash believing of my Eyes.

Long have I staid, but yet have no Relief,
 Long have I lov'd, yet have no Favour shown,
 Because she knows not of my killing Grief,
 And I have fear'd to make my Sorrows known.
 For why, alas, if she should once but dart
 Disdainful Looks, 'twould break my captiv'd Heart.

But how should she, e're I impart my Love,
 Reward my ardent Flame with like Desire;
 But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
 Laugh at my flowing Tears, or scorn my Fire;
 Why, he who hath all Sorrows born before,
 Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
 Runs to his Friend, and sighing, Oh! (said he)
 My dear *Philetus* be thy self, and swear
 To rule that Passion which now masters thee,
 And all thy Reason; but if it can't be,
 Give to thy Love but Eyes, that it may see.

Amazement strikes him dumb, what shall he do?
 Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove
 A Hindrance; and should he deny to shew,
 It might perhaps his dear Friends Anger move:
 These Doubts like *Scylla* and *Charybdis* stand,
 While *Cupid*, a blind Pilot, doth command.

At last resolv'd; How shall I speak, said he;
 T' excuse my self, dearest *Philocrates*;
 That I from thee have hid this Secretie?
 Yet censure not, give me first Leave to ease [known
 My Case with Words, my Grief you should have
 E're this, if that my Heart had been my own.

I am all Love, my Heart was burnt with Fire
 From two bright Suns, which do all Light disclose;
 First kindling in my Breast the Flame, Desire;
 But like the rare *Arabian Bird*, there rose
 From my Heart's Ashes never-quenched Love,
 Which now this Torment in my Soul doth move.

Oh! let not then my Passion cause your Hate,
 Nor let my Choice offend you, or detain
 Your ancient Friendship, 'tis, alas, too late
 To call my firm Affection back again:
 No *Physick* can secure my weaken'd State,
 The Wound is grown too great, too desperate.

But *Counsel*, said his Friend, a Remedy,
 Which never fails the Patient, may at least
 If not quite heal your Mind's Infirmary,
 Assuage your Torment, and procure some Rest.
 But there is no Physician can apply
 A Medicine e're he know the Malady.

Then hear me, said *Philotas*; but why? Stay,
 I will not toil thee with my History;
 For to remember Sorrows past away,
 Is to renew an old Calamity.
 He who acquainteth others with his Moan,
 Adds to his Friend's Grief, but not cures his own.

But, said *Philocrates*, 'tis best in Woe,
 To have a faithful Partner of their Care;
 That Burthen may be undergone by Two,
 Which is perhaps too great for One to bear.
 I should mistrust your Love, to hide from me
 Your Thoughts, and tax you of *Inconstancy*.

What shall he do ? or with what Language frame
Excuse ? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close Thoughts, and inward Flame.
With that, as Prologue to his Tragedy,
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his Torments Ire,
When they, alas, did blow the raging Fire.

When Years first styl'd me Twenty, I began
To sport with catching Snares that Love had set,
Like Birds that flutter round the Gin, till ta'n,
Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachne's* Net.
Even so I sported with her Beauty's Light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much Sight.

First it came stealing on me ; whilst I thought
'Twas easy to repel it ; but as Fire,
Tho' but a Spark, soon into Flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher :
Which so has scorch'd my Love-struck Soul, that I
Still live in Torment, yet each Minute die.

Who is it, said *Philocrates*, can move
With charming Eyes such deep Affection ?
I may, perhaps, assist you in your Love ;
Two can effect more than your self alone.
My Counsel this thy Error may reclaim,
Or my salt Tears quench thy destructive Flame.

Nay, said *Philetus*, oft my Eyes do flow,
Like *Nilus*, when it scorns the oppos'd Shore ;
Yet all the watry Plenty I bestow
Is to my Flame an Oil that feeds it more.
So Fame reports of the *Dodonsan* Spring,
That lightens all those which are put therein.

But being you desire to know her, she
Is call'd (with that his Eyes let fall a Shower,
As if they fain would drown the Memory
Of his Life-keeper's Name) *Constantia* ; more
Grief would not let him utter ; *Tears the best*
Expressers of true Sorrow, spoke the rest.

To which his noble Friend did thus reply :
 And was this all ! *Believe* your Grief would ease,
 Tho' a far greater *Believe* 't for thee
 It should be soon done by *Philocrates* :

Think all you wish'd perform'd, but see, the Day,
 Tir'd with its Heat, is hastning now away.

Home from the silent Woods, Night bids them go,
 But sad *Philetus* can no Comfort find,
 What in the Day he fears of future Woe,
 At Night in Dreams, like Truth, affrights his Mind.
 Why dost thou vex him, Love ? Cou'dst thou but see,
 Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

Philocrates pitying his doleful Moan,
 And wounded with the Sorrows of his Friend,
 Brings him to fair *Constantia* ; where alone
 He might impart his Love, and either end
 His fruitful Hopes, nipt by her coy Disdain,
 Or by her liking, his wisht Joys attain.

Fairest (said he) whom the bright Heavens do cover,
 Do not these Tears, these speaking Tears despise,
 These heaving Sighs of a submissive Lover,
 Thus struck to th' Earth by your all-dazling Eyes.
 And do not you condemn that ardent Flame,
 Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now
 Am forc'd to shew't, such is my inward Smart,
 And you alone (fair Saint) the Means do know
 To heal the Wound of my consuming Heart.
 Then, since it only in your Power doth lie
 To kill, or save ; Oh help ! or else I die.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply ;
 I for your Pain am grieved, and would do,
 Without Impeachment of my Chastity,
 And Honour, any thing might pleasure you,
 But if beyond those Limits you demand,
 I must not answer (Sir) nor understand.

and PHILET

Believe me, virtuous Maiden, mine
Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin light,
No Flash of Lust, 'tis no dissonance,
Which goes as soon as it was quick brought :
But as thy Beauty pure, which let not be
Eclipsed by Disdain, and Cruelty.

Oh ! How shall I reply (she cry'd) thou'st won
My Soul, and therefore take thy Victory :
Thy Eyes and Speeches have my Heart o'come,
And if I should deny thee Love, then I
Should be a Tyrant to my self ; that Fire
Which is kept close, burns with the greatest Ire.

Yet do not count my yielding, Lightness now,
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
Thy pleasing Carriage won me long ago,
And pleading Beauty did my Liking move ; [I might
Thy Eyes, which draw like Loadstones with their
The hardest Hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

Oh ! I am rapt above the Reach, said he,
Of Thought, my Soul already feels the Bliss [thee
Of Heaven, when (Sweet) my Thoughts once tax but
With any Crime, may't lose all Happiness.
It wish'd for ; both your Favour here, and death,
May the just Gods pour Vengeance on my Head.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their Fate)
Constantia's Father entred in the Room,
When glad *Philetus*, ignorant of his State,
Kisses her Cheeks, more red than setting Sun ; [Water,
Or else the Morn, blushing through Clouds of
To see ascending *Sol* congratulate her.

Just as the guilty Prisoner fearful stands
Reading his fatal *Theta* in the Brows
Of him, who borh his Life and Death commands,
E're from his Mouth he the sad Sentence knows,
Such was his State to see her Father come,
Nor wish'd for, nor expected in the Room.

Th' intrag'd old Man bids him no more to dare
Such bold Intrusion in that House, nor be
At any time with his lov'd Daughter there,
Till he had given him such Authority.

But to depart, since she her Love did shew him,
Was living Death, with ling'ring Torments to him.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,
He cheers his Friend, bidding him banish Fear,
And by some Letter his griev'd Mind appease,
And shew her that which to her friendly Ear
Time gave no leave to tell; and thus his Quill
Declares to her the absent Lover's Will.

LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

I Trust (dear Soul) my Absence cannot move
You to forget, or doubt my ardent Love;
For were there any means to see you, I
Would run through Death, and all the Misery
Fate could inflict, that so the World might say,
In Life and Death I lov'd Constantia.
Then let not (dearest Sweet) our Absence part
Our Loves, but each Brains keep the others Heart:
Give Warmth to one another, till there rise
From all our Labours, and our Industries,
The long expected Fruits; have Patience (Sweet)
There's no Man whom the Summer-Pleasures greet,
Before he taste the Winter; none can say,
E're Night was gone, he saw the rising Day.
So when we once have wasted Sorrow's Night,
The Sun of Comfort then shall give us Light.

Philetus.

This when *Constantia* read, she thought her State
Most happy by *Philetus* Constancy,

And perfect Love : She thanks her flattering Fate,
 Kisses the Paper, till with kissing she
 The welcome Characters doth dull and stain,
 Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

Your Absence (Sir) tho' it be long, yet I
 Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy ;
 Nor need you fear, that I should yield unto
 Another, what to your true Love is due.
 My Heart is yours, it is not in my Claim,
 Nor have I Power to take it back again.
 There's nought but Death can part our Souls, no Time
 Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline :
 But for the Harvest of our Hopes I'll stay,
 Unless Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

Constantia.

Oh ! how this Letter seem'd to raise his Pride !
 Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*,
 When he did *Phæbus* flaming Chariot guide,
 Unknowing of the Danger was to come.
 Prouder than *Jasen*, when from *Colchos* he
 Returned with the *Fleece's* Victory.

But e're the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,
 Had paid the sweating Plowman's greediest Prayer ;
 And by the Fall, disrob'd the gaudy Ground
 Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear,
 Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,
 Where they this Means to enjoy their Freedom
 [wrought.

Sweet fair one, said *Philetus*, since the time
 Favours our Wish, and does afford us leave
 T' enjoy our Loves, Oh let us not resign
 This long'd for Favour, nor our selves bereave
 Of what we wish'd for, Opportunity,
 That may too soon the Wings of Love out-fly.

For when your Father, as his Custom is,
 For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous Hare,
 If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
 To be in those Woods ready for you, where
 We may depart in Safety, and no more
 With Dreams of Pleasure only, heal our Sore.

To this the happy Lovers soon agree;
 But e're they part, *Philetus* begs to hear
 From her enchanting Voice's Melody,
 One Song to satisfie his longing Ear:
 She yields; and singing, added to Desire,
 The list'ning Youth increas'd his amorous Fire.

SONG.

Time, flie with greater Speed away,
 Add Feathers to thy Wings;

Till thy haste in flying brings

That wisht for and expected Day.

Comforts Sun we then shall see,

Tho' at first it darkned be,

With Dangers, yet, those Clouds but gone,

Our Day will put his Lustre on.

Then tho' Death's sad Night appear,

And we in lonely Silence rest;

Our ravish'd Souls no more shall fear,

But with lasting Day be blest.

And then no Friends can part us more,

Nor no new Death extend his Power;

Thus there's nothing can discover,

Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

Fear of being seen *Philetus* homeward drove,

But e're they part, she willingly doth give

(As faithful Pledges of her constant Love)

Many a soft Kiss; then they each other leave,

Rapt up with secret Joy that they have found

A Way to heal the Torment of their Wound.

But e'er the Sun thro' many Days had run,
Constantia's charming Beauty had o'ercome
Guifardo's Heart, and scorn'd Affection won,
 Her Eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
 Shot through his wounded Heart such hot Desire,
 As nothing but her Love could quench the Fire.

In Roofs which Gold and *Parian* Stone adorn
 (Proud as the Owner's Mind) he did abound,
 In Fields so fertile for their yearly Corn,
 As might contend with scorch'd *Calabria's* Ground;
 But in his Soul, that should contain the Store
 Of surest Riches, he was base and poor.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually
 By her Friends to love; sometimes they did intreat
 With gentle Speeches, and mild Courtesie,
 Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.
 But Love too deep was seated in her Heart
 To be worn out with Thought of any Smart.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,
 To seek for Sport, and hunt the started Game;
Guifardo and *Philocrates* were there,
 With many Friends, too tedious here to name.
 With them *Constantia* went, but not to find
 The Bear or Wolf, but Love all Mild and Kind,

B'ing entred in the pathless Woods, while they
 Pursue their Game, *Philetus*, who was late
 Hid in a Thicket, carries strait away
 His Love, and hastens his own hasty Fate,
 That came too soon upon him, and his Sun
 Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

Constantia mis'd, the Hunters in a maze,
 Take each a several Course, and by curst Fate
Guifardo runs, with a Love-carried Pace
 Tow'rs them, who little knew their woful State.
Philetus, like bold *Icarus*, soaring high
 To Honours, found the Depth of Misery.

For when *Guifardo* sees his Rival there,
Swelling with envious Rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such Fortune did not fear,
And with his Sword a Way to's Heart does find.

But e'er his Spirits were possess'd of Death,
In these few Words he spent his latest Breath:

O see, *Constantia*, my short Race is run,
See how my Blood the thirsty Ground doth dye,
But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,
And when I'm dead, think sometimes upon me.
More my short time permits me not to tell;
For now Death seizes me, my Dear, farewell.

As soon as he had spoke these Words, Life fled
From his pierc'd Body, whilst *Constantia* she
Kisses his Cheeks, that lose their lively Red,
And become pale and wan; and now each Eye,
Which was so bright, is like, when Life was done,
A Star that's fall'n, or an eclipsed Sun.

Thither *Philocrates* was driv'n by Fate,
And saw his Friend lie bleeding on the Earth;
Near his pale Corps his weeping Sister sat,
Her Eyes shed Tears, her Heart to Sighs gave Birth.
Philocrates, when he saw this, did cry,
Friend, I'll revenge, or bear thee Company.

Just Jove hath sent me to revenge this Fate:
Nay, stay *Guifardo*, think not Heaven in Jest,
'Tis vain to hope Flight can secure thy State;
Then thrust his Sword into the Villain's Breast.
Here, said *Philocrates*, thy Life I send
A Sacrifice, & appease my slaughter'd Friend.

But as he fell, Take this Reward, said he,
For thy new Victory; with that he flung
His darted Rapier at his Enemy,
Which hit his Head, and in his Brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but lifting up his Eyes,
Farewel *Constantia*, that Word said, he dies.

What shall she do? She to her Brother runs,
 His cold and lifeless Body does embrace;
 She calls to him that cannot hear her Moans,
 And with her Kisses warms his clammy Face.
My dear Philocrates, she weeping cries,
Speak to thy Sister; but no Voice replies:

Then running to her Love with many a Tear,
 Thus her Mind's fervent Passion she express'd,
 O stay (blest Soul) stay but a little here,
 And take me with you to a lasting Rest.
 Then to *Elysium's* Mansions both shall flie,
 Be married there, and never more so die.

But seeing them both dead; she cry'd, Ah me,
 Ah my *Philetus*! for thy sake will I
 Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,
 Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didst die:
 I'll follow thee, and not thy Loss deplore,
 These Eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
 And thy *Constantia* live when thou wast slain;
 No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,
 That will reflect upon my valued Fame.

Then piercing her sad Breast, *I come*, she cries,
 And Death for ever clos'd her weeping Eyes.

Her Soul b'ing fled to its eternal Rest,
 Her Father comes, and seeing this he falls
 To th' Earth, with Grief too great to be express'd.
 Whose doleful Words my tired Muse me calls
 T' o'erpass, which I now gladly do, for fear
 That I should toil too much the *Reader's Ear*.

PIRAMUS

PIRAMUS AND THISBE.

To the Right Worshipsful, my very Loving Master
Mr. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

Chief Master of Westminster-School.

SIR,

MY Childish Muse is in her Spring; and yet
Can only show some budding of her Wit.
One Frown upon her Work (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like some unkinde Storm shot from your Brow,
Would turn her Spring to withering Autumn's time,
And make her Blossoms perish e'er their Prime.
But if you smile, if in your gracious Eye
She an auspicious Alpha can descry;
How soon will they grow Fruit? How fresh appear,
That had such Beams their Infancy to bear:
Which being sprung to Ripeness, expect then
The earliest Offering of her grateful Pen.

Your most Dutiful Servant,

ABR. COWLEY.

WHEN

WHEN *Babylon's* high Walls erected were
By mighty *Ninus* Wife ; two Houses join'd ;
One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Piramus* the Fair
In th' other ; Earth ne'er boasted such a Pair.
The very senseless Walls themselves combin'd,
And grew in one, just like their Master's Mind.

Thisbe all other Women did excel,
The Queen of Love less lovely was than she,
And *Piramus* more sweet than Tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them so well ;
But *Venus* envying they so Fair should be,
Bids her Son *Cupid* shew his Cruelty.

The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his most remorseless Dart,
Which he unseen into their Hearts did send,
And so was Love the Cause of Beauties End.
But could he see, he had not wrought Their Smart ;
For Pity sure would have o'ercome his Heart.

Like as a Bird which in the Net is ta'en,
By struggling more entangles in the Gin ;
So they who in Love's Labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a Freedom gain.
The way to enter's broad, but being in,
No Art, no Labour can an Exit win.

These Lovers, tho' their Parents did reprove
Their Fires, and watch'd their Deeds with Jealousie,
Tho' in these Storms no Comfort can remove
The various Doubts and Fears that cool hot Love ;
Tho' he not hers, nor she his Face could see,
Yet this cannot abolish Love's Decree.

For Age had crack'd the Wall which them did part,
This the unanimate Couple soon did spy,
And here their inward Sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad Burthen of their Heart.
Tho' Love be blind, this shews he can descry
A way to lessen his own Misery.

Off to the friendly Cranny they resort,
 And feed themselves with the Celestial Air
 Of odoriferous Breath; no other Sport
 They could enjoy, yet think the time but short;
 And wish that it again renewed were,
 To suck each others Breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their Fate;
 And sometimes they accus'd Imperial *Jove*;
 Sometimes repent their Flames, but all too late,
 Their Arrow could not be recall'd; their State
 Was first ordain'd by *Jupiter* above,
 And *Cupid* had appointed they should love.

They curs'd the Wall that did their Kisses part,
 And to the Stones their mournful Words they sent,
 As if they saw the Sorrow of their Heart,
 And by their Tears could understand their Smart;
 But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
 Nor with their Sighs (alas!) would it relent.

Thus in effect they said; Curs'd Wall, O why
 Wilt thou our Bodies sever, whose true Love
 Breaks thorough all thy flinty Cruelty:
 For both our Souls so closely joined lie,
 That none but angry Death can them remove,
 And tho' he part them, yet they'll meet above.

Abortive Tears from their fair Eyes out-flow'd,
 And damm'd the lovely Splendor of their Sight,
 Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud
 O'erspreads his Face, and his bright Beams doth shroud.
 Till *Vesper* chase away the conquer'd Light,
 And forceth them (tho' loth) to bid *Good Nights*.

But e'er *Aurora*, Usher to the Day,
 Began with welcome Lustre to appear,
 The Lovers rise, and at the Cranny they
 Thus to each other their Thoughts open lay,
 With many a Sigh and many a speaking Tear,
 Whose Grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

Dear Love (said *Piramus*) how long shall we
 Like fairest Flowers, not gather'd in their Prime,
 Waste precious Youth, and let Advantage flee!
 Till we bewail (at last) our Cruelty
 Upon our selves; for Beauty, tho' it shine
 Like Day, will quickly find an Evening-time.

Therefore (sweet *Thisbe*) let us meet this Night
 At *Ninus* Tomb without the City Wall,
 Under the Mulberry-tree, with Berries white
 Abounding, there t^e enjoy our wish'd Delight.

For mounting Love stopt in its Course doth fall,
 And long'd for, yet untasted, Joy kills all.

What tho' our cruel Parents angry be?
 What tho' our Friends (alas!) are too unkind?
 Time that now offers quickly may deny,
 And soon hold back fit Opportunity.

Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find.
Occasion once past by, is bald behind.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd;
 For little Wooing needs where both consent;
 What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:
 Which *Venus* seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd,
 And many a charming Accent to her sent,
 That she (at last) would frustrate their Intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's Means undone,
 Striving to close those Eyes that make her bright?
 Just like the Moon, which seeks t^e eclipse the Sun,
 Whence all her Splendor, all her Beams do come:
 So she, who fetches Lustre from their Sight,
 Doth purpose to destroy their glorious Light.

Unto the *Mulberry-Tree* fair *Thisbe* came;
 Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
 Against her dearest *Piramus* t^e exclaim,
 Whilst various Thoughts turmoil her troubled Brain;
 And imitating thus the Silver Swan,
 A little while before her Death she sang.

SONG.

Come, Love, why stayest thou? the Night
 Will vanish e'er we taste Delight:
 The Moon obscures her self from Sight,
 Thou absent, whose Eyes gave her Light,

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
 Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en,
 Love's Joy's thine own, as well as mine,
 Spend not therefore thy Time in vain.

Here doubtful Thoughts broke off her pleasant Song,
 And for her Lover's Stay sent many a Sigh,
 Her *Piramus* she thought did tarry long,
 And that his Absence did her too much wrong.

Then betwixt Longing Hope and Jealousie,
 She fears, yet's loth to tax his Loyalty.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
 Sometimes that Danger hath befallen him;
 Sometimes that he another Love has taken,
 Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken
 Numberless Thoughts, which on her Heart did fling
 Fears, that her future State too truly sing.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the Wood
 An angry Lion to the crystal Springs
 Near to that Place; who coming from his Food,
 His Chaps were all besmear'd with crimson Blood:
 Swifter than Thought, sweet *Thisbe* straight begins
 To fly from him, Fear gave her Swallow's Wings.

As she avoids the Lion, her Desire
 Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,
 And be devour'd by the stern Lion's Ire,
 So she for ever burn in unquencht Fire;
 But Fear expels all Reasons, she doth run
 Into a darksome Cave ne'er seen by Sun.

With

With haste she let her looser Mantle fall ;
 Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,
 With bloody Teeth he tore in pieces small,
 Whilst *Thisbe* ran and look'd not back at all.
 For could the senseless Beast her Face descry,
 It had not done her such an Injury.

The Night half wasted, *Piramus* did come ;
 Who seeing printed in the yielding Sand
 The Lion's Paw, and by the Fountain some
 Of *Thisbe's* Garment, Sorrow struck him dumb :
 Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,
 Cut by some skilful Graver's artful Hand.

Recovering Breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
 Washing with Tears the torn and bloody Weed ;
 I may, said he, my self for her Death blame,
 Therefore my Blood shall wash away that Shame :
Since she is dead whose Beauty doth exceed
All that frail Man can either hear or read.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said ;
Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due Debt
Unto thy constant Love to which 'tis paid :
I fruit will meet thee in the pleasant Shade
Of cool Elysium ; where we being met,
Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.

Then thro' his Breast thrusting his Sword, Life hies
 From him, and he makes haste to seek his Fair.
 And as upon the colour'd Ground he lies,
 His Blood had dropt upon the *Mulberries* :
 With which th' unspotted Berries stained were,
 And ever since with Red they colour'd are.

At last fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear
 Of disappointing *Piramus*, since she
 Was bound by Promise for to meet him there.
 But when she saw the Berries changed were
 From white to black, she knew not certainly
 It was the Place where they agreed to be.

With what Delight, thro' the dark Cave she came,
Thinking to tell how she escap'd the Beast;
But when she saw her *Piramus* lie slain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her sad Soul remain!

She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her Breast,
And every Sign of raging Grief express'd.

She blames all powerful *Jove*, and strives to take
His bleeding Body from the moisten'd Ground.
She kisses his pale Face, till she doth make
It red with Kissing, and then seeks to wake
His parting Soul with mournful Words; his Wound
Washes with Tears, that her sweet Speech confound.

But afterwards recovering Breath, said she,
Alas! what Chance hath parted Thee and Me?

*O tell what evil hath befalln to thee,
That of thy Death I may a Part'ner be:*

Tell Thisbe what has caus'd this Tragedy.

He hearing *Thisbe's* Name, lifts up his Eye,

And on his Love he rais'd his dying Head;
Where striving long for Breath, at last said he,
*O Thisbe, I am hasting to the Dead,
And cannot heal that Wound my Fear hath made;
Farewel, sweet Thisbe, we must parted be,
For angry Death will force me soon from thee.*

Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,
Leaving his Love to languish here in Woe.
What shall she do? How shall she ease her Heart?
Or with what Language speak her inward Smart?
Usurping Passion Reason doth o'erflow,
She vows that with her *Piramus* she'll go.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was slain,
With *Piramus* his crimson Blood warm fill;
And said, *O stay (blest Soul) a while refrain,
That we may go together, and remain
In endless Joy, and never fear the Ill
Of grudging Friends.—* Then she her self did kill.

To tell what Grief their Parents did sustain,
 Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,
 Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain,
 For Weeping calls not back the Dead again.

Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done;
 And these few Words were writ upon the Tomb.

E P I T A P H.

Underneath this Marble Stone,
 Lie two Beauties, join'd in one.

Two whose Loves Death could not sever,
 For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

Two whose Souls, b'ing too Divine
 For Earth, in their own Sphere now shine.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,
 And their Earth to Earth again.



SYLVA: Or, Divers Copies of
VERSES made upon sundry Occasions.

A Dream of ELYSIUM.

P*haebus* expell'd by the approaching Night,
Blush'd, and for Shame clos'd in his bashful Light,
While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muse* whom I adore, enter'd the Room;
Her Hair with looser Curiosity,
Did on her comely Back dishevel'd lie:
Her Eyes with such attractive Beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping *Endymion*.
She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,
We Mortals so admire at; Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*,
On whom I rode; knowing where ever She
Did go, that Place must needs a *Tempe* be.

No sooner was my flying Courser come
To the blest Dwellings of *Elysium*:
When strait a Thousand unknown Joys resort,
And hemm'd me round; Chast Loves innocuous Sport,
A thousand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,
Joys, not like ours short, but perpetual.
How many Objects charm my wand'ring Eye,
And bid my Soul gaze there eternally?
Here in full Streams, *Bacchus*, thy Liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb; here *Jove's* broad Tree bestows
Distilling Honey, here doth *Nectar* pass
With copious Current through the verdant Grass,
Here *Hyacinth* his Fate writ in his Looks,
And thou, *Narcissus*, loving still the Brooks,
Once lovely Boys; and *Acis* now a Flower,
Are nourish'd, with that rarer Herb, whose Power

Created thee, War's potent God; here grows
 The spotless Lily, and the blushing Rose;
 And all those diverse Ornaments abound,
 That variously may paint the gaudy Ground.
 No Willow, Sorrow's Garland, there hath room,
 Nor Cypress, sad Attendant of a Tomb.
 None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th' Ivy Twine
 Embracing the stout Oak; the fruitful Vine,
 And Trees with golden Apples loaded down,
 On whose fair Tops sweet *Philomel* alone,
 Unmindful of her former Misery,
 Tunes with her Voice a ravishing Harmony.;
 Whilst all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,
 Make up a burthen to her pleasant Song.
 No *Screech-Owl*, sad Companion of the Night,
 No hideous Raven with prodigious Flight
 Prefaging future Ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
 Yet spotted with young *Irys* Tragedy,
 Those sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there
 That is not pure, all Innocent, and Rare.
 Turning my greedy Sight another way,
 Under a row of Storm-contemning Bay,
 I saw the *Thracian* Singer with his Lyre
 Teach the deaf Stones to hear him, and admire,
 Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compass'd round,
 All whom the Oak, all whom the Laurel crown'd.
 There banish'd *Ovid* had a lasting Home,
 Better than thou couldst give, ungrateful *Rome*!
 And *Lucan* (spight of *Nero*) in each Vein
 Had every Drop of his spilt Blood again.
Homer, *Sol's* First-born, was not Poor or Blind,
 But saw as well in Body as in Mind.
 Sully, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the rest
 Of Greece's admir'd wise Men, here possess'd
 A large Reward for their past Deeds, and gain
 A Life, as everlasting as their Fame.
 By these the valiant *Heroes* take their Place,
 All who stern Death and Perils did embrace

For *Vertue's* Cause ; great *Alexander* there
Laughs at the Earth's small Empire, and does wear
A nobler Crown than the whole World could give.
There did *Horatius Cocles*, *Sceva* live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely cease
From War, and purchase an Eternal Peace.

Next them, beneath a Myrtle Bower, where Doves,
And gall-less Pigeons build their Nests, all Love's
True faithful Servants with an amorous Kiss,
And soft Embrace, enjoy their greediest Wish.

Leander with his beauteous *Hero* plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.

Porcia enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding as before.

Thisbe her *Piramus* kiss'd, his *Thisbe* he
Embrac'd, each blest with t'others Company ;

And every Couple always Dancing, sing
Eternal Pleasures to *Elysium's* King.

But see how soon these Pleasures fade away,
How near to Evening is Delight's short Day ?

The watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light,
Strait crow'd, and all then vanish'd from my Sight.

My very *Muse* her self forsook me too,
Me Grief and Wonder wak'd ; what should I do ?

Oh ! let me follow thee (said I) and go
From Life, that I may dream for ever so.

With that my flying *Muse* I thought to clasp
Within my Arms, but did a Shadow grasp.

*Thus chiefeſt Joys glide with the ſwifteſt Stream,
And all our greateſt Pleaſure's but a Dream.*

On His Majesty's Return out of Scotland.

Great *Charles*, there ſtop, ye Trumpeters of Fame,
(For he who ſpeaks his Titles, his great Name,
Muſt have a breathing Time) Our King ; ſtay there,
Speak by Degrees, let the inquiſitive Ear

Be held in Doubt, and e're you say, *Is come,*
 Let every Heart prepare a spacious Room
 For ample Joys; then *lo sing* as loud
 As Thunder shot from the divided Cloud.

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* Waves
 The Ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves
 Great *Neptune's* Court, let every Sparrow bear
 From the three Sisters weeping Bark a Tear.
 Let spotted *Lynxes* their sharp Talons fill,
 With Chrystal fetch'd from the *Promethean* Hill.
 Let *Cytherea's* Birds fresh Wreaths compose,
 Knitting the pale-fac'd Lily with the Rose.
 Let the self-gotten *Phoenix* rob his Nest,
 Spoil his own Funeral Pile, and all his best
 Of Myrrh, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,
 To strew the Way for our returned King.

Let every Post a *Panegyrick* wear,
 Each Wall, each Pillar, Gratulations bear;
 And yet let no Man invoke a Muse,
 The very Matter it self will infuse
 A sacred Fury. Let the merry Bells
 (For unknown Joys work unknown Miracles)
 Ring without help of *Sexton*, and preface
 A new-made Holy-day for future Age.

And, if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
 A golden Temple to propitious Fate,
 At the return of any Noble-men,
 Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then
 Raise up a double *Trophee*; for *their* Fame
 Was but the Shadow of our CHARLES his Name.
 Who is there where all Virtues mingled flow?
 Where no Defects or Imperfections grow?
 Whose Head is always crown'd with Victory
 Snatch'd from *Bellona's* Hand, him Luxury
 In Peace debilitates; whose Tongue can win
Tully's own Garland, Pride to him creeps in.
 On whom (like *Atlas* Shoulders) the propt State
 As he were *Primum Mobile* of Fate)

Solely relies ; him blind Ambition moves,
 His Tyranny the bridled Subject proves.
 But all those Virtues which they all possess'd
 Divided, are collected in thy Breast ;
 Great CHARLES ! Let *Cæsar* boast *Pharsalia's* Fight,
Honorius praise the *Parthians* unfeign'd Flight.
 Let *Alexander* call himself *Jove's* Peer,
 And place his Image near the Thunderer,
 Yet while our CHARLES with equal Balance reigns
 'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea* ; and maintains
 A noble Peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
 Who is most near, most like the Deity.

A S O N G on the same.

Hence clouded Looks, hence briny Tears,
 Hence Eye, that Sorrow's Livery wears.
 What tho' a while *Apollo* please
 To visit the *Antipodes* ?
 Yet he returns, and with his Light
 Expels what he hath caus'd, the Night.
 What tho' the Spring vanish away,
 And with it the Earth's Form decay ?
 Yet his new Birth will soon restore
 What its Departure took before.
 What tho' we miss'd our absent King
 A while ? Great-Charles is come agen,
 And, with his Presence makes us know
 The Gratitude to Heaven we owe.
 So doth a cruel Storm impart
 And teach us *Palinurus* Art.
 So from salt Floods, wept by our Eyes,
 A joyful *Venus* doth arise.

The W I S H.

Lest the mis-judging World should chance to say,
 I durst not but in secret Murmurs pray,
 To whisper in *Jove's* Ear,
 How much I wish that Funeral,
 Or gape at such a great One's Fall,
 This let all Ages hear,
 And future Times in my Soul's Picture see
 What I abhor, what I desire to be.

I would not be a Puritan, tho' he
 Can preach two Hours, and yet his Sermon be
 But half a quarter long.
 Tho' from his old Mechanick Trade,
 By Vision he's a Pastor made,
 His Faith was grown so strong.
 Nay, tho' he think to gain Salvation,
 By calling th' Pope, the *Whore of Babylon*.

I would not be a School-master, tho' to him
 His Rods no less than Consuls *Fasces* seem;
 Tho' he in many a Place
 Turns *Lily* oftner than his Gowns,
 Till at the last he makes the Nouns
 Fight with the Verbs apace.
 Nay, tho' he can in a poetick Heat,
 Figures, born since, out of poor *Virgil* beat.

I would not be a Justice of Peace, tho' he
 Can with Equality divide the Fee,
 And Stakes with his Clerk draw;
 Nay tho' he sit upon the Place
 Of Judgment with a learned Face
 Intricate as the Law.

And whilst he multiplies Enormities demurely,
 Breaks *Priscian's* Head with Sentences securely.

I would not be a Courtier, tho' he
Makes his whole Life the truest Comedy:

Altho' he be a Man

In whom the *Tailor's* forming Art,
And nimble *Barber* claim more part

Than Nature her self can
Tho' as he uses Men, 'tis his Intent
To put off Death too, with a Complement.

From Lawyers Tongues, tho' they can spin with Ease
The shortest Cause into a Paraphrase;

From Usurer's Conscience

(For swallowing up young Heirs so fast
Without all Doubt they'll choke at last)

Make me all Innocence,

Good Heaven; and from thy Eyes, O Justice, keep;
For tho' they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

From Singing Men's Religion, who are
Always at Church, just like the Crows, 'cause there

They build themselves a Nest.

From too much Poetry, which shines
With Gold in nothing but its Lines,

Free, O you Powers, my Breast.

And from *Astronomy* which in the Skies
Finds Fish, and Bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

From your Court-Madam's Beauty, which doth carry
At Morning *May*, at Night a *Fanny*.

From the grave City brow

(For though it want an R, it has
The Letter of *Pythagoras*)

Keep me, O Fortune now

And Chines of Beef innumerable send me,
Or from the Stomach of the Guard defend me.

This only grant me; that my Means may lie
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high;

Some Honour I would have,

Not from Great Deeds, but Good alone,
Th' Unknown are better than ill known ;

Rumor can ope the Grave.

Acquaintants I would have, but when't depends
Not from the Number, but the Choice of Friends.

Books should, not Business, entertain the Light,
And Sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Nightr.

My House a Cottage more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my Use, not Luxury.

My Garden painted o'er
With Nature's Hand, not Art's, that Pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* Field.

Thus would I double my Life's fading Space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his Race.

And in this true Delight,
These unbought Sports, and happy State,
I would not fear, nor wish my Fate,

But boldly say each Night,
To morrow let my Sun his Beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them ; *I have lto'd to day.*

A Poetical Revenge.

W*estminster*-Hall a Friend and I agreed
To meet in ; he (some Business 'twas did breed
His Absence) came not there ; I up did go
To the next Court, for tho' I cou'd not know
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
(As most Spectators do at Theatre)
Things very strange ; Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and help'd me to a Place.
But being newly settled at the Sport,
A Semi-Gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
In Sattin Suit, redeem'd but Yesterday ;
One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,

Who prays God to deliver him from no Evil
 Besides a *Tailor's* Bill ; and fears no Devil
 Besides a Serjeant, thrust me from my Seat ;
 At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
 Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take
 For Barrester) open'd his Mouth and spake :
 Boy, get you gone, this is no School : Oh no ;
 For if it were, all you Gown'd-men would go
 Up for false Latin ; they grew strait to be
 Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me
 An Action of Trespas, till th' young Man
 Aforesaid, in the Sattin Suit, began
 To strike me ; doubtless there had been a Fray,
 Had I not providently skipp'd away,
 Without replying ; for to scold is ill,
 Where every Tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
 And can out-sound *Homer's Gradivus* ; so
 Away got I ; but e'er I far did go,
 I flung (the Darts of wounding Poetry)
 These two or three sharp Curses back : May he
 Be by his Father in his Study took
 At *Shakespear's* Plays, instead of my Lord Coke ;
 May he (though all his Writings grow as soon
 As *Fleckno's* out of Estimation)
 Get him a Poet's Name, and so ne'er come
 Into a Serjeant's, or dead Judge's room.
 May he become some poor Physician's Prey ;
 Who keeps Men with that Conscience in delay
 As he his Client doth, till his Health be
 As far-fetcht as a Greek Noun's Pedigree.
 Nay, for all that, may the Disease be gone
 Never but in the long Vacation.
 May Neighbours use all Quarrels to decide ;
 But if for Law any to *London* ride,
 Of all those Clients may not one be his,
 Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.
 Grant this, ye Gods that favour Poetry,
 That all these never-ceasing Tongues may be

Brought into Reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a Thread-bare Black; but spare
Them who bear Scholars Names, lest some one take
Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To the Dutches of Buckingham.

IF I should say, that in your Face were seen
Nature's best Picture of the *Cyprian* Queen;
If I should swear under *Minerva's* Name,
Poets (who *Prophets* are) foretold your Fame,
The future Age would think it Flattery,
But to the present which can Witness be,
'T would seem beneath your high Deserts as far,
As you above the rest of Women are.

When *Manners* Name with *Villiers* join'd I see,
How do I reverence your Nobility!
But when the Virtues of your Stock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them; for what Woman can,
Besides your self, (nay I might say, what Man
By Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and Years excel
In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in Living well?
Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the World's Infancy;
When Man's too much Religion, made the Best
Or Deities, or Semi-gods at least?
But we, forbidden this by Piety,
Or, if we were not, by your Modesty,
Will make our Hearts an Altar, and there pray
Not to, but for you, not that *England* may
Enjoy your Equal, when you once are gone;
But what's more possible, t' enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured Godfather,
Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the Wings of Fame,
Shall perhaps mock Death, or Time's Dart) my
I love it more because 'twas given by you; [Name:
I love it most; because 'twas your Name too.

For if I chance to slip, a conscious Shame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your Name.

I'm glad that City, r' whom I ow'd before;
(But ah me! Fate hath cross't that willing Score)
A Father, gave me a Godfather too;
And I'm more glad, because it gave me You;
Whom I may rightly think, and term to be
Of the whole City an Epitame.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licens'd my Tongue
Farther than Cries) who should my Office do;
I thank her more, because she found out You,
In whose each Look, I may a Sentence see;
In whose each Deed, a teaching Homily.

How shall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate
Denies me *Indian Pearl* or *Persian Plate*,
Which tho' it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to send Apples to *Aleious*,
And sell the cunning'st way: No, when I can
In every Leaf, in every Verse write Man,

When my Quill relis'heth a School no more,
When my Pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
And gotten Wings as well as Feet; look then
For equal Thanks from my unwearied Pen:
Till future Ages say; 'twas you did give
A Name to me, and I made Yours to live.

An ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton, Esq;* Son and Heir of Sir *Thomas Littleton*, who was drowned leaping into the Water to save his younger Brother.

AND must these Waters smile again? and play
About the Shoar, as they did Yesterday?
Will the Sun court them still? and shall they show
No conscious Wrinkle surround on their Brow,
That to the thirsty Traveller may say,
I am accurst, go turn some other Way.

It is unjust; black Flood, thy Guilt is more,
Sprung from his Loss, than all thy watry Store
Can give thee Tears to mourn for: Birds shall be
And Beasts henceforth afraid to drink with thee.

What have I said! my pious Rage hath been
Too hot, and afts, whilst it accuseth, Sin.
Thou'rt Innocent, I know, still Clear and Bright,
Fit whence so pure a Soul should take its Flight.
How is our angry Zeal confus'd! for he
Must quarrel with his Love and Piety,
That would revenge his Death. Oh, I shall sin,
And wish anon he had less Vertuous been;
For when his Brother (Tears for him I'd spill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater Ill)
Struggled for Life with the rude Waves, he too
Leap'd in, and when Hope no faint Beam could show,
His Charity shone most; thou shalt, said he,
Live with me, Brother, or I'll die with thee;
And so he did: Had he been thine, O Rome,
Thou wouldst have call'd his Death a Martyrdom,
And Sainted him; my Conscience give me leave,
I'll do so too; if Fate us will bereave

Of him we honour'd Living, there must be
 A kind of Reverence to his Memory.
 After his Death; and where more Just than here,
 Where Life and End were both so singular?
 He that had only talk'd with him, might find
 A little Academy in his Mind;
 Where Wisdom Master was, and Fellows all
 Which we can Good, which we can Vertuous call.
 Reason, and Holy Fear the Proctors were,
 To apprehend those Words, those Thoughts that err.
 His Learning had out-run the rest of Heirs,
 Stolen Beard from Time, and leapt to twenty Years.
 And as the Sun, though in full Glory bright,
 Shines upon all Men with impartial Light,
 And a Good-morrow to the Beggar brings
 With as full Rays as to the mightiest Kings:
 So he, although his Worth just State might claim,
 And give to Pride an honourable Name,
 With courtesie to all, cloath'd Vertue so,
 That 'twas not higher than his Thoughts were low,
 In's Body too, no Critique Eye could find
 The smallest Blemish, to belie his Mind;
 He was all Pureness, and his outward Part
 But represents the Picture of his Heart.
 When Waters swallowed Mankind, and did cheat
 The hungry Worm of its expected Meat;
 When Gems, pluckt from the Shoar by ruder Hands,
 Return'd again into their native Sands;
 'Mongst all those Spoils, there was not any Prey,
 Could equal what this Brook hath stoln away.
 Weep then, sad Flood, and tho' thou'rt Innocent,
 Weep, because Fate made thee her Instrument.
 And when long Grief hath drunk up all thy Store,
 Come to our Eyes, and we will lend thee more.

On the Death of the Right Honourable
Dudley Lord Carleton, Viscount Dorche-
ster, late Secretary of State.

TH' Infernal Sisters did a Council call
Of all the Fiends to the black Stygian-Hall;
The dire Tartarean Monsters, hating Light,
Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night;
Where'er dispers'd abroad, bearing the Fame
Of their accursed Meeting, thither came.
Revenge, whose greedy Mind no Blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfied with Ill.
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
Reforted, with Death's Neighbour, envious Age:
These to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent,
To spare the Guilty, vex the Innocent.
The Council thus dissolv'd, an angry Fever,
Whose quenchless Thirst, by Blood was sated never;
Envying the Riches, Honour, Greatness, Love,
And Vertue (Load-stone, that all these did move)
Of Noble CARLETON; him she took away,
And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her Prey.
Weep with me, each, who either reads or hears,
And knows his Loss deserves his Country's Tears:
The Muses lost a Patron by his Fate,
Vertue a Husband, and a Prop the State;
Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Horse,
Calliope would sing a tragic Verse.
And had there been before no Spring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon with Tears.

On the Death of my Loving Friend and
Cousin, Mr. Rich. Clarke, late of Lin-
colns-Inn, Gent.

IT was decreed by stedfast Destiny,
(The World from Chaos turn'd) that all should die.
He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,
And Dangers of th' Infernal Region,
Leading Hell's triple Porter captivate,
Was overcome himself, by conquering Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleasing Eloquence,
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sense
Of the rapt Hearer; his mellifluous Breath
Could not at all charm still remorseless Death,
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
Himself, with all his Wisdom, from the Grave.
Stern Fate brought Mero to his Funeral Flame,
And would have ended in that Fire his Fame;
Burning those lofty Lines, which neer shall be
Time's Conquerors and out-last Eternity.
Even so lov'd CLARKE from Death no 'scape could find,
Tho' arm'd with great Alcides valliant Mind.
He was adorn'd, in Tears tho' far more Young,
With Learned Cicero's, on a sweeter Tongue.
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty Strain,
He wou'd condemn his own to Fire again.
His Youth a Solon's Wisdom did presage,
Had envious Time but gi'o'n him Solon's Age,
Who would not therefore now, if Learning's Friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely End?
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,
As not to weep when so much Vertue dies?
The God of Poets doth in Darkness shroud
His glorious Face, and weeps behind a Cloud.

*The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad Elegies, their Tears confound their Sight :
But him t' Elysium's lasting Joys they bring,
Where winged Angels his sad Requiem sing.*

*A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed
Virgin, written in Latin by the Right
Worshipful Dr. A.*

Ave Maria.

ONce thou rejoicdst, and rejoice for ever,
Whose time of Joy shall be expired never :
Who in her Womb the *Hive* of Comfort bears,
Let her drink *Comfort's Honey* with her Ears,
You brought the Word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us *An Hail* return.
From you, *God save*, into the World there came ;
Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty Name.

Gratia Plena.

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd,
From divers Flowers by *Chymick Bees* distill'd :
How full the *Collet* with his Jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take, by Love doth kiss :
How full the *Moon* is with her Brother's Ray,
When she drinks up with thirsty Orb the Day ;
How full of *Grace*, the *Graces Dances* are,
So full doth *Mary* of *God's Light* appear.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she
Be full, who was full with the *Deity*.

Dominus tecum.

The Fall of Mankind under Death's Extent
The Choir of blessed *Angels* did lament,
And wish'd a Reparation to see
By him, who *Man-hood* join'd with *Deity*.
How grateful should *Man's Safety* then appear
T' himself, whose Safety can the *Angels* cheer.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and Troops of sad Diseases led
To th' Earth, by Woman's Hand solicited;
Life came so too, and Troops of Graces led
To th' Earth, by Woman's Faith solicited.
As our Life's Spring came from thy blessed Womb,
So from our Mouths Springs of thy Praise shall come.
Who did Life's Blessing give, 'tis fit that she
Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

Et Benedictus fructus ventris tui.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,
He a good Word sent from his stored Breast;
'Twas Christ; which Mary without carnal Thought
From the unfathom'd Depth of Goodness brought,
The Word of Blessing a just Cause affords,
To be oft blessed with redoubled Words.

Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.

As when soft West-Winds fan the Garden-Rose,
A Shower of sweeter Air salutes the Nose,
The Breath gives sparing Kisses, nor with Power
Unlocks the Virgin Bosom of the Flower.
So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.
Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,
Thy Roses Folds do still entangled lie.
Believe Christ born from an unbruised Womb,
So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

God his great Son begat ere Time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
God, without Mother; without Father, Man.
Great is the Birth, and 'tis a stranger Deed,
That She no Man, that God no Wife should need;
A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,
And God himself became to her a Shade.

O strange Descent ! who is Light's Author, he
 Will to his Creature thus a Shadow be.
 As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
 So did seen Light from *Virgin Mary* grow.
 When *Moses* sought God in a Shade to see,
 The Father's Shade, was *Christ* the Deity.
 Let's seek for Day, flee Darkness, whilst our Sight
 In Light finds Darkness, and in Darkness Light.

On the Praise of POETRY.

'TIS not a *Pyramid* of Marble-stone,
 Tho' high as our Ambition ;
 'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can
 Give Life to th' Ashes of a Man,
 But Verses only they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are Men to read or hear,
 When Time shall make the lasting Brass decay,
 And eat the *Pyramid* away.
 Turning that Monument wherein Men trust
 Their Names, to what it keeps, poor Dust :
 Then shall the *Epitaph* remain, and be
 New graven in Eternity.
Poets by Death are conquer'd, but the *Wis*
 Of *Poets* triumph over it.
 What cannot Verse ? When *Thracian Orpheus* took
 His Lyre, and gently on it strook,
 The learned Stones came Dancing all along,
 And kept Time to the charming Song.
 With artificial Pace the Warlike *Pine*,
 The *Elm*, and his Wife th' *Ivy-twine*.
 With all the better Trees, which erst had stood
 Unmoy'd, forsook their native Wood.
 The *Laurel* to the *Poet's* Hand did bow,
 Craving the Honour of his Brow :
 And every loving Arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious Leaves a Shade.

The Beasts too strove his Auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old Tyranny.
 The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,
 And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*.
Nightingales, harmless *Syrens* of the Air,
 And *Muses* of the Place, were there.
 Who when their little Wind-pipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a Sound,
 O'ercome by Art and Grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conqu'ring Lyre.
 Happy, O happy they, whose Tomb might be,
Mausolus, envied by thee!

*That a Pleasant Poverty is to be prefer'd
 before Discontented Riches.*

WHY, O, doth gaudy *Tagus* ravish thee,
 Tho' *Neptune's* Treasure-house it be?
 Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,
 Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

Their dull and sleepy Streams are not at all
 Like other Floods *Poetical*;
 They have no Dance, no wanton Sport,
 No gentle Murmur, the lov'd Shoar to court.
 No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,
 Nor can it feed the neighb'ring Wood,
 No Flower or Herb is near it found,
 But a perpetual Winter starves the Ground.

Give me a River which doth scorn to shew
 An added Beauty, whose clear Brow
 May be my Looking-glass to see
 What my Face is, and what my Mind should be.
 Here Waves call Waves, and glide along in Rank,
 And prattle to the smiling Bank:

Here sad *King-fishers* tell their Tales,
And Fish enrich the Brook with Silver Scales;

Daisies, the First-born of the teeming Spring,
On each Side their Embroidery bring,
Here *Lilies* wash, and grow more white,
And *Daffadils* to see themselves delight.

Here a fresh Arbour gives her am'rous Shade,
Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made,
Here I would sit and sing rude Lays,
Such as the *Nymphs*, and *Me my self* would please.
Thus would I waste, thus end my careless Days,
And *Robin-red-breasts*, whom Men praise
For pious Birds, should when I die,
Make both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

To his MISTRESS.

Trian Dye, why do you wear,
You whose Cheeks best Scarlet are?
Why do you so fondly pin
Pure Linen o'er your Skin,
(Your Skin that's whiter far)
Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?
Why bears your Neck a golden Chain?
Did Nature make your Hair in vain?
Of Gold most pure and fine,
With Gems why do you shine?
They, Neighbours to your Eyes
Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.
I would have all my *Mistress's* Parts
Owe more to *Nature* than to *Art*,
I would not woo the Dress,
Or one whose Nights give less
Contentment than the Day.
She's *Fair*, whose *Beauty* only makes her *Gay*.

For 'tis not Buildings make a Court,
 Or Pomp, but 'tis the King's Resort:
 If *Jupiter* down pour
 Himself, and in a Shower
 Hide such bright *Majesty*,
 Less than a *Golden One* it cannot be.

On the Uncertainty of FORTUNE.
A Translation.

L Eave off unfit Complaints, and clear [your Brow,
 From Sighs your Breast, and from black Clouds
 When the Sun shines not with his wonted Chear,
 And Fortune throws an averse Cast for you.
 That Sea which vex with *Notus* is.

The merry *West-winds* will to Morrow kiss.

 The *Sun* to Day rides drowsily,
 To Morrow 'twill put on a Look more fair,
 Laughter and Groaning do alternately
 Return, and Tears Sports nearest Neighbours are.

 'Tis by the Gods appointed so,
 That good Fate should with mingled Dangers flow.

 Who drove his Oxen Yesterday,
 Doth now over the noblest *Romans* reign,
 And on the *Gabii* and the *Cures* lay
 The Yoke which from the Oxen he had ta'en.

 Whom *Hesperus* saw poor and low,
 The Morning's Eye beholds him *Greatest* now.

 If *Fortune* knit amongst her Play
 But Seriousness; he shall again go home
 To his old Country-Farm of Yesterday,
 To scoffing People no mean Jest become;

 And with the *Crowned Ax*, which he
 Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree;
 Nay, if he want the Fuel Cold requires,
 With his own *Easies* he shall make him Fires.

In Commendation of the Time we live in,
under the Reign of our Gracious King
CHARLES I.

CURst be that Wretch (Death's Factor sure) who
[brought
Dire Swords into the peaceful World ; and taught
Smiths, who before could only make
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake ;
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's Life t' epitomize.

Then Men (fond Men alas !) ride post to th' Grave,
And cut those Threads, which yet the Fates would save.
Then *Charon* sweated at his Trade,
And had a larger *Ferry* made.
Then 'twas, the silver Hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
Begot black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.
Then Limits to each Field were strain'd,
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
To Men before was found,
Besides the Sea, no Bound.

In what Plain or what River hath not been
War's Story, writ in Blood (sad Story) seen ?
This Truth too well our *England* knows,
'Twas *Civil Slaughter* dy'd her *Rose* ;
Nay then her *Lily* too
With Blood's Loss paler grew.

Such Griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,
Did not just *CHARLES* silence the Rage of Steel ;

D

He to our Land blest Peace doth bring,
All Neighbour-Countries envying.

Happy who did remain

Unborn till CHARLES his Reign!

Where, dreaming *Chymicks*, is your Pain and Cost?
How is your Oil, how is your Labour lost?

Our CHARLES, best *Alchymist* (tho strange

Believe it, future Times) did change

The *Iron Age* of old,

Into an Age of *Gold*.

Upon the Shortness of Man's Life.

Mark that swift Arrow how it cuts the Air,
How it out-runs thy following Eye,
Use all Persuasions now and try

If thou canst call it back, or stay it there,
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No Track is left behind.

Fool, 'tis *thy Life*, and the fond *Archer* thou,
Of all the Time thou'st shot away
I'll bid thee fetch but Yesterday,

And it shall be too hard a Task to do.
Besides Repentance what canst find
That it hath left behind?

Our Life is carry'd with too strong a Tide,
A doubtful *Cloud* our Substance bears,
And is the Horse of all our Years,

Each Day doth on a winged *Whirlwind* ride.

We and our Glasse run out, and must
Both render up our Dust.

But his past Life who without Grief can see;
Who never thinks his End too near,
But says to Fame, Thou art mine *Heir*;

That Man extends Life's *natural* Brevity;

This is, this is the only way

To out-live *Nestor* in a Day.

An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

Nichols, my better self, forbear,
 For if thou tell'st what *Cambridge* Pleasures are,
 The *School-boy's* Sin will light on me,
 I shall in Mind, at least, a Truant be.
 Tell me not how you feed your Mind
 With Dainties of *Philosophy*,
 In *Ovid's Nut* I shall not find
 The Taste once pleased me.
 O tell me not of *Logick's* diverse Chear;
 I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

Tell me not how the Waves appear
 Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,
 I shall contemn the troubled *Thames*,
 On her chief *Holiday*; even when her Streams
 Are with rich Folly gilded, when
 The *Quondam Dung-boat* is made gay,
 Just like the Bravery of the Men,
 And graces with fresh Paint that Day.
 When th' City shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,
 And Sattin Doublets seen not twice a Year.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
 Thee there, but *Plummet's* hang upon my Feet;
 'Tis my chief Wish to live with thee,
 But not till I deserve thy Company;
 Till then we'll scorn to let that Toy,
 Some forty Miles, divide our Hearts:
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy
Friendship and *Wit*, thy better Parts.
 Tho' envious *Fortune* larger Hind'rance brings,
 We'll easily see each other, *Love* bath Wings.

To a Lady who desired a Song of Mr. Cowley, he presented this following.

Come, Poetry, and with you bring along
A rich and painted Throng
Of noblest Words into my Song.
Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, and thick as Snow.

And turn thy Numbers still to prove
Smooth as the smoothest Sphere above,
And like a Sphere, like a Sphere, harmoniously move.

Little dost thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know,
What thou art destin'd to,

And what the Stars intend to do.
Among a thousand Songs but few can be
Born to the Honour promis'd thee.

Eliza's self shall thee receive,
And a blest Being to thee give,
Thou on her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live.

Her warbling Tongue shall freely with thee play,

Thou on her Lips shalt stray,
And dance upon the rose Way.

No Prince alive that would not envy thee,
And count thee happier far than he.

And how shalt thou thy Author crown!
When fair *Eliza* shall be known
To sing thy Praise, when she but speaks her own.

To

LOVES RIDDLE, &c.

To the truly Worthy and Noble

Sir KENELM DIGBY, Kt.

THIS Latter Age, the Lees of Time, has known
 Few that have made both Pallas Arts their own :
 But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are
 Victorious in Peace as well as War.
 Learning by right of Conquest is your own,
 And every liberal Art your Captive grown.
 As if neglected Science (for it now
 Wants some Defenders) fled for Help to you :
 Whom I must follow, and let this for me
 An earnest of my future Service be :
 Which I should fear to send you, did I know
 Your Judgment only, not your Candour too.
 For 'twas a Work, stoln (tho' you'll justly call
 This Play as fond as those) from Cat or Ball.
 Had it been written since, I should, I fear,
 Scarce have abstain'd from a Philosopher.
 Which by Tradition here is thought to be
 A necessary Part in Comedy.
 No need I tell you this ; each Line of it
 Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,
 And I could wish, that I might safely say,
 Reader, this Play was made but th' other day :
 Yet 'tis not stuff with Names of Gods, hard Words,
 Such as the Metamorphosis affords ;
 Nor has 't a Part of Robinlon, whom they
 As School account essential to a Play.

*The Stile is low, such as you'll easily take,
 For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make:
 Take it, as early Fruits, which rare appear,
 Tho' not half ripe, but worst of all the Year;
 And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
 The Birch, which crown'd her then, is grown a Bay.*

Yours in all Observance,

A. COWLEY.

The Scene Sicily.

The ACTORS Names.

Demophil, } two old Folks of a Noble Family.
Spedaia, }
Elorellus, } their Children,
Callidora, } * or in Mans Apparel *Callidorus.*
Philistus, } two Gentlemen both in Love with *Calli-*
Aphron, } *dora.*
Clariana, Sister to *Philistus.*
Melarnus, a crabbed old Shepherd.
Truga, his Wife.
Hylace, their Daughter.
Egon, an ancient Country-man.
Bellula, his supposed Daughter.
Palemon, a young Swain in Love with *Hylace.*
Alupis, a merry Shepherd.
Clariana's Maid.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WITH Cowley's youthful Work we entertain,
Let it your Smiles, if not Applauses,
[gain;

No Patron such an Offspring sure can need,
The Author here alone may interceed :
If the sweet Innocence, adorns the Play,
To Favour can't your partial Judgments sway,
Or if in pity to a forward Youth,
You'll not vouchsafe your awful Brows to smooth,
Let the diverting Verse and serious Prose,
Which his brisk Fancy, and deep Sense disclose,
And which may in his elder Works be seen,
From rigid Censure this small Labour screen :
Let then this Play your gen'rous Favour share,
And for the riper Fruit, the early Blossoms
[Spare.

LOVES RIDDLE.

A PASTORAL COMEDY;

Written at the Time of his being *King's*
Scholar in *Westminster-School*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Callidora disguis'd in Man's Apparel.

MAD Feet, ye have been Traitors to your Master;
Where have you led me? sure my truant Mind
Hath taught my Body thus to wander too;
Faintness and Fear surprize me: Ye just Gods,
If ye have brought me to this place to scourge
The Folly of my Love, (I might say Madness)
Dispatch me quickly; send some pitying Man
Or cruel Beast to find me; let me be
Fed by the one. or let me feed the other.
Why are these Trees so brave? why do they wear
Such green and fresh Apparel? how they smile!
How their proud Tops play with the courting Wind!
Can they behold me pine and languish here,
And yet not sympathize at all in mourning?
Do they upbraid my Sorrows? Can it be
That these thick Branches, never seen before
But by the Sun, should learn so much of Man?
The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conscious
Of their Masters Guilt, Stateliness and Pride,
Themselves would pity me; yet these——Who's there?

Enter Alopis Singing.

Rise up, thou mournful Swain,

For 'tis but a folly

To be melancholy,

And get thee thy Pipe again.

Come sing away the day,

For 'tis but a folly

To be melancholy,

Let's live here whilst I may.

Cal. I marry Sir, this Fellow hath some Fire in him,
Methinks a sad and drowsie Shepherd is
A Prodigy in Nature; for the Woods
Should be as far from Sorrow, as they are
From Sorrows causes, Riches and the like.
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman
Driv'n hither by Ignorance of the way, and would
Confess my self bound to you for a Courtesie,
If you would please to help me to some Lodging,
Where I may rest my self.

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Cal. Well; if the rest be like this Fellow here,
Then I have travel'd fairly now; for certainly
This is a Land of Fools; some Colony
Of Elder Brothers have been planted here,
And begot this fair Generation.

Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'st?

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Cal. Why art thou mad? *Alu.* What if I be?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me, Sir?

For in this Age who is not? I'll prove it to you:

Your Citizen he's mad to trust the Gentleman

Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier

He's mad to spend his Time in studying Postures,

Cringes and Fashions, and new Complements.

Your Lawyer he's mad to sell away

His Tongue for Money, and his Clients madder

To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use,
 But to undo Men and the Latin Tongue.
 Your Scholars they are mad to break their Brains,
 Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,
 That so when all the Arts call him their Master,
 He may perhaps get a small Vicarage,
 Or be Usher to a School. But there's
 A Thing in black call'd a Poet, who is ten
 Degrees in Madness above all these; his Means
 Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him
 By the Death or Marriage of some mighty Lord
 Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

Cal. This Fellow's Wit amazeth me; but Friend,
 What do you think of Lovers? *Alu.* Worst of all;
 Is't not a pretty Folly to stand thus,
 And sigh, and fold the Arms, and cry my *Calia*,
 My Soul, my Life, my *Calia*; then to wring
 Ones Estate for Presents, and ones Brains for Sonnets?
 Oh! 'tis beyond the name of Frenzy.

Cal. Why so Satyrick, Shepherd? I believe
 You did not learn these Flashes in the Woods;
 How is it possible that you should get
 Such near Acquaintance with the City-Manners,
 And yet live here in such a silent Place
 Where one would think the very name of City
 Could hardly enter? *Alu.* Why I'll tell you, Sir,
 My Father died, (you force me to remember
 A Grief that deserves Tears) and left me young,
 And (if a Shepherd may be said so) rich,
 I in an itching Wantonness to see,
 What other Swains so wonder'd at, the City,
 Strait sold my Rural Portion (for the Wealth
 Of Shepherds is their Flocks) and thither went,
 Where whilst my Money lasted I was welcome
 And liv'd in credit; but when that was gone,
 And the last piece sigh'd in my empty Pocket,
 I was contemn'd; then I began to feel
 How dearly I had bought Experience,

And, without any thing besides Repentance
To load me, return'd back, and here I live
To laugh at all those Follies, which I saw.

S O N G.

*The merry Waves dance up and down, and play,
Sport is granted to the Sea.
Birds are the Queristers of the empty Air,
Sport is never wanting there,
The Ground doth smile at the Spring's flowry Birth,
Sport is granted to the Earth.
The Fire its chearing Flame on high doth rear,
Sport is never wanting there.
If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,
Air and Fire, so merry be ;
Why is Man's Mirth so seldom, and so small,
Who is compounded of them all ?*

Cal. You may rejoice ; but Sighs besit me better.

Alu. Now on my Conscience thou hast lost a Mistress :
If it be so, thank God, and love no more ;

Or else perhaps she has burnt your whining Letter,
Or kiss'd another Gentleman in your sight,
Or else deny'd you her Glove, or laught at you,
Cases indeed which deserve special Mourning,
And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*
In private here, and call the Woods to witness,
And all the Streams which murmur when they hear
The Injuries they suffer ; I am sorry

I have been a hind'rance to your Meditations,
Farewel, Sir. *Cal.* Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake me.

Alu. 'Faith, I am very chary of my Health,
I would be loth to be infected, Sir.

Cal. Thou need'st not fear ; I have no Disease at all.
Besides a troubled Mind.

Alu. Why that's the worst of all.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge
Your Pity the more, you should the rather

Strive to be my Physician.

Alu. The good Gods forbid it ; I turn Physician ?
My Parents brought me up more piously,
Than that I should play booty with a Sickneſs,
Turn a Conſumption to Men's Purſes, and
Purge them worſe than their Bodies, and ſet up
An Apothecaries Shop in private Chambers,
Live by revenue of Cloſe-ſtools and Urinals,
Deſtroy ſick Men's Health from day to day,
As if they went to Law with their Diſeaſe.
No, I was born for better ends, than to ſend away
His Maſteſty's Subjects to Hell ſo faſt,
As if I were to ſhare the Stakes with *Charon*.

Cal. Your Wit errs much :

For as the Soul is nobler than the Body,
So its Corruption asks a better Medicine
Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs or Agues,
And that is Counſel. *Alu.* So then ; I ſhould be
Your Soul's Phyſician ; why, I could talk out
An Hour or ſo, but then I want a Cuſhion
To thump my Precept into ; but tell me, pray,
What Name bears your Diſeaſe ?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but ſo far above
An outward one, that the Viciffitudes
Of that may ſeem but Warmth and Coolneſs only ;
This is Flame and Froſt. *Alu.* So ; I underſtand you.
You are a Lover, which is by tranſlation
A Fool or Beaſt, for I'll define you ; you're
Partly *Chamelion*, partly *Salamander*,
You're fed by th' Air, and live in Fire.

Cal. Why did you never love ? have you no Softneſs ;
Nought of your Mother in you ? if that Sun
Which ſcorcheth me, ſhould caſt one beam upon you,
'Twould quickly melt the Ice about your Heart,
And lend your Eyes freſh Streams.

Alu. Faith, I think not ;
I have ſeen all your Beauties of the Court,
And yet was never raviſht, never made

A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,
Either to warm her Heart, or else cool mine,
And no Face yet could ever wound me so,
But that I quickly found a Remedy.

Cal. That were an Art worth learning, you need not
Be niggard of your Knowledge ; see the Sun
Tho' it hath given these many thousand Years,
Light to the World, yet is as big and bright
As e'er it was, and hath not lost one Beam
Of his first Glory ; then let Charity
Persuade you to instruct me, I shall be
A very thankful Scholar.

Alu. I shall ; for it is both easily taught and learn'd,
Come sing away the day, &c.
Mirth is the only Physick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much desired
To cheat my Sorrow with ; and for that purpose
Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural Sports
Wear my Life's Remnant out ; I would forget
All things, my very Name, if it were possible.

Alu. Pray let me learn it first? *Cal.* 'Tis *Callidorus*.

Al. Thank you ; if you your self chance to forget it,
Come but to me, I'll do you the same Courtesie,
In the mean while make me your Servant, Sir,
I will instruct you in things necessary
For the creation of a Shepherd, and
We two will laugh at all the World securely,
And sling Jests against the Businesses of State
Without endangering our Ears.

Come, come away,

For 'tis but a Folly,

To be melancholy,

Let's live here whilst we may. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Bellula,
Hylacc.*

Pal. I see I am undone.)

Mel. Come, no matter for that, you love my Daughter? By *Pan*; but come, no matter for that; you love my *Hylace*?

Tru. Nay, good Duck, do not vex your self; what tho' he loves her? you know she will not have him.

Mel. Come no matter for that; I will vex my self and vex him too; shall such an idle Fellow as he strive to entice away honest Men's Children? let him go feed his Flocks; but alas! he has none to trouble him; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my Daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting Man, And one who cannot boast of any thing But that she calls thee Father; tho' I cannot Number so large a Flock of Sheep as thou, Nor send so many Cheeses to the City, Yet in my Mind I am an Emperor If but compar'd with thee. *Tru.* Of what Place I pray? 'Tis of some new discover'd Country, is't not?

Pal. Prithee good *Winter*, if thou wilt be talking, Keep thy Breath in a little, for it smells Worse than a Goat; yet you must talk, For thou hast nothing left thee of a Woman But Lust and Tongue.

Hyl. Shepherd, here's none so taken with your Wit, But you might spare it; if you be so lavish, You'll have none left another time to make The Song of the forsaken Lover with.

Pal. I'm dumb, my Lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever; May my rash Tongue forget to be Interpreter And Organ of my Senses, if you say It hath offended you. *Hyl.* Troth, if you make But that Condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

Mel. By *Pan* well said Girl; what a Fool was I To suspect thee of loving him? but come, 'Tis no matter for that; when e're thou art married I'll add ten Sheep more to thy Portion? For putting this one Jest upon him.

Æg. Nay now I must needs tell you that your Anger
Is grounded with no Reason to maintain it.
If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,
Say so, but play not with his Passion,
For 'tis inhumane Wit which jeers the wretched.

Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;
I shall not need your Counsel.

Truga. I hope my Husband and I have enough Wif-
To govern our own Child; if we want any [dom
'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,
To come to borrow some of you.

Æg. 'Tis very likely, pretty Mistress *Maukin*,
You with a Face looks like a Winter Apple
When 'tis shrunk up together, and half rotten,
I'd see you hung up for a thing to scare
The Crows away, before I'll spend my Breath
To teach you any. *Hyl.* Alas good Shepherd!
What do you imagine I should love you for?

Pal. For all my Services, the virtuous Zeal
And Constancy with which I ever woo'd you,
Tho' I were blacker than Starless Night
Or Consciences where Guilt and Horror dwell,
Altho' splay-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts;
And but the Chaos only of a Man;
Yet if I love and honour you, Humanity
Would teach you not to hate or laugh at me.

Hyl. Pray spare your fine Persuasions, and set Speeches,
And rather tell them to those Stones and Trees,
'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when
You spend them upon me.

Pal. Give me my final Answer, that I may
Be either blest for ever, or die quickly;
Delay's a cruel Rack, and kills by piece-meal.

Hyl. Then here 'tis; you're an Ass,
(Take that for your Incivility to my Mother)
And I will never love you. *Pal.* You're a Woman,
A cruel and fond Woman, and my Passion
Shall trouble you no more; but when I'm dead

My angry Ghost shall vex you worse than now
Your Pride doth me, farewell,

Enter Aphron mad, meeting Palæmon going out.

Aph. Nay, stay Sir, have you found her?

Pal. How now, what's the matter?

Aph. For I will have her out of you, or else
I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the Wind
Play with the Shreds of thy torn Body. Look her
Or I will do't. *Pal.* Whom, or where?

Aph. I'll tell thee honest Fellow, thou shalt go
From me as an Ambassador to the Sun,
For Men call him the Eye of Heaven (from which
Nothing lies hid) and tell him ——— do you mark me
[——tell him

From me—— that if he send not word where she is gone,
I will—— nay by all the Gods I will——

Eg. Alas poor Gentleman!

Sure he hath lost some Mistress, & beauteous Women
Are the chief Plagues to Men.

Tru. Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I plague any?

Eg. How far is he beyond the name of Slave,
That makes his Love his Mistress?

Aph. Mistress! who's that? her Ghost; 'tis she?
It was her Voice, were all the Floods, the Rivers,
And Seas that with their crooked Arms embrace
The Earth, betwixt us, I'd wade through and meet her,
Were all the *Alps* heap'd on each other's Head,
Were *Pelion* join'd to *Ossa*, and they both
Thrown on *Olympus* top, they should not make
So high a Wall, but I would scale't and find her.

Bell. Unhappy Man.

Aph. 'Tis empty Air; I was too rude, too fancy
And she hath left me; if she be alive
What Darkness shall be thick enough to hide her?
If dead, I'll seek the Place which Poets call *Elysium*,
Where all the Souls of good and virtuous Mortals
Enjoy deserved Pleasures after Death.

What should I fear? if there be an *Erynnis*,

'Tis in this Breast; if a *Tisiphone*

'Tis here, here in this Brain are all her Serpents;

My Grief and Fury arm me. *Pal.* By your leave, Sir.

Aph. No, by the Gods, that Man that stops my Jour-

Had better have provok'd a hungry Lions [say

Robb'd of her Whelps, or set his naked Breast

Against the Thunder.

[*Exit Aphron.*

Tru. 'Tis well he's gone,

I never could endure to see these Madmen.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, [*Enter Alapis and*

For now he's gone, here comes another; *Callidorus.*

But 'tis no matter for that neither.

How now! who has he brought with him?

Alu. Hail to the Shepherds and ye beauteous Nymphs,

I must present this Stranger to your knowledge,

When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't.

Cal. Blest Masters of the Woods, hail to you all.

'Tis my desire to be your Neighbour here,

And feed my Flocks (such as they are) near yours.

This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle Nature

Will be most willing to accept my Friendship;

Which if you do, may all the *Sylvan* Deities

Be still propitious to you, may your Flocks

Yearly increase above your Hopes or Wishes;

May none of your young Lambs become a Prey

To the rude Wolf, but play about securely;

May Dearths be ever exil'd from these Woods,

May your Fruits prosper, and your Mountain Strawberry-

Grow in abundance; may no Lovers be [ries

Despis'd and pine away their Years of Spring,

But the Young Men and Maids be stricken both

With equal Sympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time; The Gods forbid

Mortals to be so happy.

Æg. I thank you; and we wish no less to you:

You are most welcome hither. *Tru.* 'Tis a handsome Man,

I'll be acquainted with him ; we most heartily
Accept your Company.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, we have enough
Already ; who can bear us company ?

But no matter for that neither ; we shall have
Shortly no room left to feed our Flocks
By one another. *Alu.* What always grumbling ?
Your Father and your Mother scolded sure
Whilst you were getting ; well, if I begin
I'll so abuse thee, and that publickly.

Mel. A rot upon you ; you must still be humour'd.
But come, no matter for that ; you're welcome then.

Alu. What, Beauties, are you silent ?
Take notice of him, pray ; your speaking is
Worth more than all the rest.

Bel. You're very welcome.

[*Salutes her.*]

Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.

Bel. I never saw Beauty and Affability
So well conjoin'd before ; if I stay long
I shall be quite undone. *Alu.* Nay, come, put on too.

Hyl. You are most kindly welcome.

Cal. You bless me too much ;

The Honour of your Lip is entertainment
Princes might wish for. *Hyl.* Bless me how he looks !
And how he talks ! his Kiss was Honey too,
His Lips as red and sweet as early Cherries,
Softer than Bevers Skins. *Bel.* Bless me how I envy her !
Would I had that Kiss too !

Hyl. How his Eye shines ! what a bright Flame it
shoots !

Bel. How red his Cheeks are ! so our Garden-Apples
Look on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

Hyl. How well his Hairs become him !
Just like that Star which ushers in the Day.

Bel. How fair he is ! fairer than whitest Blossoms.

Tru. They two have got a Kiss,
Why should I lose it now for want of speaking ?
You're welcome Shepherd.

Alu. Come on: For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Tru. Do you hear? you are welcome!

Alu. Here's another must have a Kifs.

Tru. Go, you're a paltry Knave, ay, that you are,
To wrong an honest Woman thus.

Alu. Why he shall kifs thee, never fear it;
I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,
Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee,
I'll speak to him.

Tru. You're a slandering Knave,
And you shall know that, that you shall.

Alu. Nay, if you scold so loud
Others shall know it too; he must stop your mouth,
Or you'll talk on this three Hours. *Callidorns,*
If you can patiently endure a Stink,
Or have frequented e'r the City Bear-garden,
Prithee salute this fourscore Years, and free me:
She says you're welcome too.

Cal. I cry you mercy, Shepherdes,
By *Pan*. I did not see you.

Tru. If my Husband and *Alupis* were not here
I'd rather pay him back that Kifs again
Than be beholden to him. *Alu.* What, thou hast don't!
Well, if thou dost not die upon't, hereafter
Thy Body will agree even with the worst
And stinkingst Air in *Europe*.

Cal. Nay, be not angry, Shepherdes, you know
He doth but jest, as 'tis his Custom.

Tru. I know it is his Custom; he was always
Wont to abuse me, like a Knave as he is,
But I'll endure 't no more.

Alu. Prithee, good *Callidorns*, if her Breath
Be not too bad, go stop her Mouth again,
She'll scold till Night else.

Tru. Yes marry will I, that I will, you Rascal you.
I'll teach you to lay your Frumps upon me;
You delight in it, do you?

Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me
And I will never jeer thee any more,
We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

Tru. Well, upon that condition.

Alu. So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now my Lads?
What have ye lost your Tongues? I'll have them cry'd,
Palamon, Egon, Callidorus, what?
Are you all dumb? I pray continue so,
And I'll be merry with my self.

SONG.

*'Tis better to dance than sing,
The Cause is, if you will know it,
That I to my self shall bring
A Poverty
Voluntary
If once I grow but a Poet.*

Eg. And yet methinks you sing.

Alu. O yes, because here's none to dance,
And both are better far than to be sad.

Eg. Come, then, let's have a round.

Alu. A match; *Palamon* whither go you?

Pal. The Gods forbid that I should mock my self,
Cheat my own Mind; I dance and weep at once?
You may. Farewel. (Exit.

Alu. 'Tis such a whining Fool; come, come, *Melarnus*:

Mel. I have no mind to dance; but come, no matter
for that, rather than break squares. —

Cal. By your leave, Fair one.

Hyl. Wou'd I were in her place.

Alu. Come *Hylace*, thou and I Wench, I warrant thee,
Fon'tis but a Folly, &c.

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half a-weary.

Mel. Come, no matter for that,
I have not danc'd so much this Year.

Alu. So farewell, you'll come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewell gentle Swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Our best Wishes follow you.

Hyl. *Pan* always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away.

The End of the First Act.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter *Demophil, Spodaia, Philistus, Clariana.*

Dem. **N**AY, She is lost for ever, and her Name
Which us'd to be so comfortable, now
Is Poison to our Thoughts, and to augment
Our Misery, paints forth our former Happiness.
O *Callidora* ! O my *Callidora* !
I shall ne'er see thee more.

Spo. If cursed *Aphron*
Hath carried her away, and triumphs now
In the destruction of our hoary Age,
'Twere better she were dead.

Dem. 'Twere better we were all dead ; the enjoying
Of tedious Life is a worse Punishment
Than losing of my Daughter ; Oh ! my Friends,
Why have I liv'd so long ?

Cl. Good Sir be comforted : Brother, speak to 'em.

Spo. Wou'd I had died when first I brought thee forth,
My Girl, my best Girl, then I should have slept
In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a Statue.

Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be
My own sad Monument.

Cl. Alas, you do but hurt your selves with weeping ;
Consider pray, it may be she'll come back.

Dem. Oh ! Oh ! never, never, 'tis as impossible
As to call back sixteen, and with vain Rhetorick
Persuade my Life's fresh *April* to return.

She's dead, or else far worse, kept up by *Aphron*.
Whom if I could but see, methinks new Blood
Would creep into my Veins, and my faint Sinews
Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find
Strength enough yet to be reveng'd on *Aphron*.

Spo. Would I were with thee, Girl, where e'er thou
art.

Cl. For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort
Methinks you should say something. [em,

Pbi. Do you think

My Grief so light? Or was the Interest
So small which I had in her? I a Comforter!
Alas, she was my Wife, for we were married
In our Affections, in our Vows; and nothing
Stopt the enjoying of each other, but
The thin Partition of some Ceremonies.
I lost my Hopes, my Expectations,
My Joys, nay more I lost my self with her.
You have a Son yet left behind, whose Memory
May sweeten all this Gall. *Spo.* I, we had one
But Fate's so cruel to us, and such Dangers
Attend a travelling Man, that 'twere Presumption
To say we have him; we have sent for him
To blot out the Remembrance of his Sister:
But whether we shall ever see him here,
The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

Dem. This News, alas!
Will be but a sad Welcome to him.

Pbi. Why do I play thus with my Misery?
'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,
I'll seek her where e'er she is; Patience in this
Would be a Vice, and Men might justly say
My Love was but a Flash of winged Lightning,
And not a Vestal Flame, which always shines;
His Wooing is a Complement, not a Passion,
Who can, if Fortune snatch away his Mistress,
Spend some few Tears, then make another choice,
Mine is not so; Oh *Callidora*.

Cla. Fie Brother, you're a Man,
And should not be shaken with every Wind ;
If it were possible to call her back
With Mourning, Mourning were a Piety,
But since you cannot, you must give me leave
To call it a Folly.

Pbi. So it is ;
And I will therefore shape some other Course,
This doleful Place shall never see me more,
Unless it see her too in my Embraces,
You, Sister, may retire unto my Farm,
Adjoining to the Woods,
And my Estate I leave for you to manage ;
If I find her, expect me there, if not,
Do you live happier than your Brother hath.

Cla. Alas ! how can I, if you leave me ? but
I hope your Resolution will be alter'd.

Pbi. Never : Farewel, good *Demophil*,
Farewel *Spodasia*, temper your Laments ;
If I return we shall again be happy.

Spo. You shall not want my Prayers.
The Gods that pity Lovers, (if there be any)
Attend upon you.

Cla. Will you needs go ?

Pbi. I knit delays ; 'twere time I were now ready,
And I shall sin, if I seem dull or slow
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.

Dem. Oh ! that Name wounds me ; we'll bear you
A little way, and *Clariana*, look [Company
To see us often at your Country-Farm,
We'll sigh and grieve together. [Exeunt.

Enter Alupis and Palæmon.

Alu. Come, come away, &c.

Now where are all your Sonnets ; your rare Fancies ?
Could the Morning Musick, which you wak'd
Your Mistress with, prevail no more than this ?
Why in the City now your very Fidlers

Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,
Hath she deny'd thee quite?

Pal. She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,
And begot stormy Billows.

Alu. Can no persuasions move her?

Pal. No more than thy least Breath can stir an Oak,
Which hath these many Years scorn'd the fierce wars
Of all the Winds.

Alu. 'Tis a good Hearing; then
She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle-Doves,
Nor Garlands knit with amorous Conceits;
I do perceive some Rags of the Court-Fashions
Visibly now creeping into the Woods.
The more he shews his Love, the more she slights him,
Yet will take any Gift of him as willingly
As Country Justices the Hens and Geese
Of their offending Neighbours; this is right:
Now if I lov'd this Wench, I would so handle her,
I'd teach her what the Difference is betwixt
One who had seen the Court and City Tricks,
And a meer Shepherd.

Pal. Lions are tam'd, and become Slaves to Men,
And Tigers oft forget their Cruelty
They suck'd from their fierce Mothers; but a Woman,
Ay me! a Woman! ———

Alu. Yet if I saw such Wonders in her Face
As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

Pal. How 'pray; if Gifts would do it, she has had
The daintiest Lambs, the Hope of all my Flock;
I let my Apples hang for her to gather;
The painful Bee did never load my Hives
With Honey which she tasted not.

Alu. You mistake, Friend, I mean not so.

Pal. How then? if Poetry would do it, what Shade
Hath not been Auditor of my amorous Pipe?
What Banks are not acquainted with her Praises?
Which I have sung in Verses, and the Shepherds

Say

Say they are good ones ; nay they call me Poet,
Altho' I am not easie to believe them.

Alu. No, no, no ; that's not the way.

Pal. Why how ?

If shew of Grief had Rhetorick enough
To move her, I dare swear she had been mine
Long before this ; what Day did e'er peep forth
In which I wept not dulier than the Morning ?
Which of the Winds have not my Sighs increas'd
At sundry times ? how often have I cried
Hylace, Hylace, till the docile Woods
Have answered *Hylace* ? and every Valley,
As if it were my Rival, sounded *Hylace*.

Alu. Ay, and you are a most rare Fool for doing so.
Why 'twas that poison'd all ; had I a Mistress
I'd almost beat her, by this Light I would,
For they are much about your Spaniel's Nature ;
But whilst you cry, dear *Hylace, O Hylace* ;
Pity the Tortures of my burning Heart,
She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,
At the first asking ; tho' her tickled Blood
Leaps at the very mention ; therefore now
Leave off your whining Tricks, and take my Counsel,
First then be merry ; *For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

Pal. 'Tis a hard Lesson for my Mind to learn,
But I would force my self, if that would help me. [thee

Alu. Why, then shalt see it will ; next I would have
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully ;
Study for jeers against next time you see her,
I'll go along with you, and help t' abuse her,
Till we have made her cry, worse than e'er you did ;
When we have us'd her thus a little while,
She'll be as tame and gentle ———

Pal. But alas !

This will provoke her more.

Alu. I'll warrant thee ; besides what if it should ?

She hath refus'd you utterly already,
And cannot hurt you worse ; come, come, be rul'd ;

And follow me, we'll put it strait in practice.

For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Pal. A match, I'll try all ways; she can but scorn me,
There is this Good in depth of Misery,
That Men may attempt any thing,
Who know the worst before hand. [Exeunt.]

Enter Callidorus.

Cal. How happy is that Man, who in these Woods
With secure Silence wears away his time!
Who is acquainted better with himself
Than others; who so great a Stranger is
To City Follies, that he knows them not.
He sits all Day upon a mossie Hill,
His rural Throne, arm'd with his Crook his Scepter,
A flowry Garland is his Country Crown;
The gentle Lambs and Sheep his Loyal Subjects,
Which every Year pay him their fleecy Tribute;
Thus in an humble Statelinefs and Majesty
He tunes his Pipe, the Woods best Melody,
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish
To spend the rest of my unprofitable,
And needless Days in their innocuous Sports;
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother
Recur unto my Thoughts, and strait pluck down
The Resolution I had built before;
Love names *Philistus* to me, and o' th' sudden
The Woods seem base, and all their harmless Pleasures
The Daughters of Necessity not Vertue.
Thus with my self I wage a War, and am
To my own Rest a Traitor; I would fain
Go home, but still the Thought of *Apbron* fights me.
How now; who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*,
The grumbling Shepherd's Daughter.

Enter Hylace.

Brightest of all those Stars that paint the Woods,

And grace these shady Habitations,
You're welcome; how shall I requite the benefit
Which you bestow upon so poor a Stranger
With your fair presence?

Hyl. If it be any Courtesie, 'tis one
Which I would gladly do you; I have brought
A rural Present, some of our own Apples.
My Father and my Mother are so hard,
They watch'd the Tree, or else they had been more.
Such as they are, if they can please your taste,
My Wish is crown'd.

Cal. O you're too kind.
And teach that Duty to me, which I ought
To have perform'd; I wou'd I could return
The half of your Deserts: but I am poor
In every Thing but Thanks.

Hyl. Your Acceptance only is Reward
Too great for me.

Cal. How they blush!
A Man may well imagine they were yours,
They bear so great a shew of Modesty.

Hyl. O you mock my boldness
To thrust into your Company, but truly
I meant no hurt in't, my Intents were virtuous.

Cal. The Gods forbid that I should nurse a Thought
So wicked; thou art innocent I know,
And pure as *Penns* Doves, or Mountain Snow
Which no Foot hath defil'd, thy Soul is whiter
(If there be any possibility of it)
Than that clear Skin that cloaths thy dainty Body.

Hyl. Nay, my good Will deserves not to be jeer'd,
You know I am a rude and Country-Wench.

Cal. Far be it from my Thoughts, I swear I honour
And love those Maiden-Virtues, which adorn you.

Hyl. I wou'd you did, as well as I do you,
But the just Gods intend me not so happy.

Enter Bellula.

And I must be contented.—— I'm undone.
Here's *Bellula*, what, is she grown my Rival?

Bel. Bless me! whom see I; *Hylace*? Some Cloud
Or friendly Mist involve me.

Hyl. Nay, *Bellula*, I see you well enough.

Cal. Why doth the Day start back? are you so cruel
To shew us first the Light, and having struck
Wonder into us, snatch it from our Sight?
If Spring, crown'd with the Glories of the Earth,
Appear upon the heavenly Ram, and streight
Creep back again into a grey hair'd Frost,
Men will accuse its Forwardness.

Hyl. Pray Heaven

He be not taken with her? she's somewhat fair;
He did not make so long a Speech to me,
I'm sure of't, tho' I brought him Apples.

Bel. I did mistake my way; pray pardon me.

Hyl. I wou'd you had else.

Cal. I must thank Fortune then which led you hither.
But you can stay a little while and bless us?

Bel. Yes; (and Love knows how willingly) alas!
I shall quite spoil my Garland e're I give it him,
With hiding it from *Hylace*; pray *Pan*
She hath not stolen his Heart already from him,
And cheated my Intentions.

Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I should leave her,
It may be I shall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know she loves him,
And hath perhaps a better Tongue than I,
Altho I should be loth to yield to her
In Beauty or Complexion.

Bel. Let me speak

In private with you; I am bold to bring
A Garland to you, 'tis of the best Flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All Yesterday.

Cal.

Cal. How you oblige me to you !
I thank you, Sweetest, how they flourish still !
Sure they grow better since your Hand has nipt them.

Bel. They will do, when your Brow hath honour'd
[them.
Then they may well grow proud and shine more freshly.

Cal. What Perfumes dwell in them !
They owe these Odors to your sweeter Breath.

Hyl. Defend me, ye good Gods; I think he kisses her,
How long they have been talking ! Now perhaps
She's wooing him ; perhaps he forgets me
And will consent, I'll put him in remembrance:
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,
And they were good ones truly.

Cal. I will do presently, best *Hylace*. [always.

Hyl. That's something yet, wou'd he would speak so

Cal. I would not change them for those glorious Ap-
Which give such Fame to the *Hesperian* Gardens. [ples.

Bel. She hath out-gone me in her Present now,
But I have got a Beechen Cup at home,
Curiously graven with the spreading Leaves,
And glad some Burthen of a fruitful Vine,
Which *Damon*, the best Artift of these Woods,
Made and bestow'd upon me. I'll bring that to morrow
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her
She will not go beyond me.

Hyl. What have you got a Chaplet ? Oh !
This is I see of *Bellula's* composing.

Bel. Why *Hylace* ? you cannot make a better ;
What Flowers 'pray doth it want ?

Cal. Poor Souls ! I pity them, and still the more,
Because I have not been my self a Stranger
To these Love Passions ; but I wonder
What they can find in me worth their Affection ;
Truly I would fain satisfy them both,
But can do neither, 'tis Fate's crime, not mine.

Bel. Whither now go you, Shepherd ?

Hyl. You will not leave us, will you ?

Cal. Indeed I ought not,
You have both bought me with your Courtesies,
And should divide me.

Hyl. She came last to you.

Bel. She hath another Love,
And kills *Palamon* with her Cruelty,
How can she expect Mercy from another?
Into what a Labyrinth doth Love draw Mortals,
And then blindfolds them! what a Mist it throws
Upon their Senses! if he be a God,
As sure he is, (his Power could not be so great else)
He knows th' Impossibility which Nature
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
And laughs to see us struggle.

Cal. D'ye both love me?

Bel. I do, I'm sure.

Hyl. And I as much as she.

Cal. I pity both of you, for you have sow'd
Upon unthankful Sand, whose dry'd up Womb
Nature denies to bless with Fruitfulness.
You are both fair, and more than common Graces
Inhabit in you both; *Bellula's* Eyes
Shine like the Lamp of Heav'n, and so do *Hylace's*.
Hylace's Cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet
Than the chaste Morning's Blushes, so are *Bellula's*.
And I protest I love you both: Yet cannot,
Yet must not enjoy either.

Bel. You speak Riddles.

Cal. Which Times Commentary
Must only explain to you; and till then
Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*,
I thank you both.

[Exit.

Hyl. Alas! my Hopes are strangled.

[Exit.

Bel. I will not yet despair; he may grow milder.
He bad me farewel first; and look'd upon her
With a more stedfast Eye, than upon me,
When he departed hence, 'twas a good Sign;
At least I will imagine it to be so,

LOVES RIDDLE.

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Hope is the truest Friend, and seldom leaves one. [Exit.]

Enter Truga.

Tru. I doubt not but this will move him,
For they are good Apples, but my Teeth are gone,
I cannot bite them; but for all that tho,
I'll warrant you I can love a young Fellow
As well as any of them all; ay that I can.
And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the Mad-man.

Enter Aphron.

Aph. Hercules, Hercules, ho Hercules. where are you?
Lend me thy Club and Skin, when I ha' done,
I'll sling them to thee again: *Why Hercules!*
Pox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer?
I'll travel then without them, and do Wonders.

Tru. I quake all over worse than any Fit
O' th' Palsie I have had this forty Years,
Could make me do.

Aph. So I ha' found the Plot out,
First I'll climb up on Porter *Atlas* Shoulders,
And eraul up into Heaven, and I'm sure
I cannot chuse but find her there.

Tru. What would become of me, if he should see me?
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,
If he were not mad, I would n't be so 'fraid of him.

Aph. What have I caught thee, fairest of all Women?
Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron*?

Aphron. Who hath been dead till this blest minute?

Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom does he take me for?

Aph. Thy Skin is whiter than the snowy Feathers
Of *Leda's* Swans.

Tru. La' you there now. ———
I thought I was not so unhandsome as they'd make me.

Aph. Thy Hairs are brighter than the Moons,
Then when she spreads her Beams, and fills her Orb.

Tru. Bestrew their Hearts that call this Gentleman
[mad.]

He hath Senses I'll warrant him, about him,
As well as any Fellow of them all.

Aph. Thy Teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,
Of purest Ivory.

Tru. Ay, for those few I have,
I think they're white enough.

Aph. Thou art as fresh as *May* is, and thy Look
Is Picture of the Spring.

Tru. Nay, I am but some fourscore years and ten,
And bear my Age well, yet *Alupis* says
I look like *January*, I'll teach the Knave
Another Tune, I'll warrant him.

Aph. Thy Lips are Cherries, let me tast them, Sweet.

Tru. You have begg'd so handsomely. [Hag.

Aph. Ha! ye good Gods defend me! 'Tis a Witch, a

Tru. What am I?

Aph. A Witch, one that did take the shape
Of my best Mistress, but thou couldst not long
Bely her Pureness.

Tru. Now he's stark mad again upon the sudden;
He had some Sense e'en now.

Aph. Thou look'st as if thou wert some wicked Wo-
Erighted out of the Grave; defend me, how [man
Her Eyes do sink into their ugly Holes,
As if they were afraid to see the Light.

Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not.
My Hair was bright e'n now, and my Locks fresh,
Am I so quickly chang'd?

Aph. Her Breath infects the Air, and sows a Pestilence
Where-ever it doth come; what hath she there?
I! these are Apples made up with the Stings
Of Scorpions, and the Blood of Basilisks;
Which being swallow'd up, a thousand Pains
Eat on the Heart, and gnaw the Entrails out.

Tru. Thou liest, ay, thou dost,
For these are honest Apples, that they are;
I'm sure I gather'd them my self.

LOVES RIDDLE.

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App. From the Stygian Tree, give me them quickly,
Or I will ———

Tru. What will you do ? pray take them.

App. Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee;
Thou art *Tisiphone*.

Tru. 'Tis false ; for I know no such Woman.

I'm glad I am got from him, would I had

My Apples too ; but 'tis no matter tho,

I'll have a better Gift for *Callidorus*.

To-morrow.

App. The Fiend is vanish'd from me,
And hath left these behind for me to taste of,
But I will be too cunning : Thus I'll scatter them,
Now have I spoil'd her Plot ; unhappy he
Who finds them.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Florellus.

THE Sun five times had gone his yearly Progress,
Since last I saw my Sister, and returning
Big with Desire to view my native *Sicily*,
I found my aged Parents sadly mourning
The Funeral, for to them it seems no less,
Of their departed Daughter ; what a welcome
This was to me, all in whose Hearts a vein
Of Marble grows not, may easily conceive
Without the dumb persuasions of my Tears.
Yet, as if that were nothing, and it were
A kind of Happiness in Misery,
It's come without an Army to attend it,
As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a Woman
Whom her Attire call'd Shepherdess, but her Face
Some disguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess ;

It struck such Adoration (for I durst not
 Harbour the Love of so divine a Beauty)
 That ever since I could not teach my Thoughts
 Another Object; in this happy Place
 (Happy her Presence made it) she appear'd,
 And breath'd fresh Honours on the smiling Trees,
 Which owe more of their Gallantry to her,
 Than to the Musky Kisses of the West Winds.
 Ha! sure 'tis she; thus doth the Sun break forth
 From the black Curtain of an envious Cloud.

Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace.

Alu. For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Hyl. We did not send for you; pray leave us.

Alu. No, by this Light, not till I see you cry;
 When you have shed some penitential Tears
 For wronging of *Palamon*, there may be
 A Truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Be'. This is uncivil,
 To thrust into our company; do you think
 That we admire your Wit? pray go to them
 That do, we would be private.

Alu. To what purpose?
 You ask how many Shepherds she hath stricken?
 Which is the properest Man; which kisses sweetest?
 Which brings her the best Presents? and then tell
 What a fine Man woos you, how red his Lips are?
 How bright his Eyes are? and what dainty Sonnets
 He hath composed in Honour of your Beauty?
 And then at last, with what rare Tricks you fool him?
 These are your learn'd Discourses; but were all
 Men of my Temperance, and Wisdom too,
 You should woo us, ay and woo hardly too,
 Before you got us.

Flo. O prophaneness!
 Can he so rudely speak to that blest Virgin,
 And not be stricken dumb?

Alu. Nay, you have both a mind to me ; I come hither
Not to gaze on you, or extol your Beauty ;
I come to vex you.

Flo. Ruder yet ? I cannot,
I will not suffer this ; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods,
To fling thy wild, and saucy laughter at,
But her ? whom thy great Deity, even *Pan*
Himself, would honour ; do not dare to utter
The smallest accent, if not cloth'd with reverence
Nay, do not look upon her but with Eyes
As humble and submissive as thou wouldst
Upon the brow of Majesty, when it frowns.
I speak but that which Duty binds us all to.
Thou shalt not think upon her, no not think,
Without as much Respect and Honour to her,
As holy Men in superstitious Zeal
Give to the Images they worship.

Bel. Oh, this is the Gentleman courted me th' other
[day.

Alu. Why, have you got a Patent to restrain me ?
Or do you think your glorious Sute can fright me ?
'Twould do you much more credit at the Theatre,
To rise betwixt the Acts, and look about
The Boxes, and then cry, God save you, Madam.
Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
And make your Oaths become you ; have you shown
Your gay Apparel every where in Town,
That you can afford us the sight of't ? or
Hath that grand Devil with his bolder Serjeant,
Frighted you out o' th' City ?

Flo. Your loose Jest
When they are shot at me, I scorn to take
Any Revenge upon them, but Neglect ;
For then 'tis Rashness only, but as soon
As you begin to violate her Name,
Nature and Conscience too bids me angry,
For then 'tis Wickedness.

Alu. Well, if't be so,
 I hope you can forgive the Sin that's past
 Without the doleful sight of trickling Tears,
 For I have Eyes of Pumice ; I'm content
 To let her rest in quiet ; but you have given me
 Free leave t' abuse you, on the condition
 You will revenge it only with Neglect,
 For then 'tis Rashness only. *Flo.* What are you biting?
 Where did you pick these Fragments up of Wit?

Alu. Where I paid dear enough o'Conscience for them,
 They should be more than Fragments by their price,
 I bought them, Sir, even from the very Merchants,
 Esco'rn to deal with your poor City Pedlars, that sell
 By retail ; but let that pass, *For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

Elo. Then you have seen the City.

Alu. Ay, and felt it too, I thank the Devil ; I'm sure
 It suckt up in three Years the whole Estate
 My Father left, tho' he were counted rich:
 A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful Things,
 Whom you mistake for Soldiers, only by
 Their sounding Oaths, and a Buff Jerkin, and
 Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat,
 Of Battles fought in *Perfia* or *Polonia*,
 Where they themselves were on the conqu'ring side,
 Although God knows one of the City Captains,
 Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet Breeches,
 When he instructs the Youth on Holy-days,
 And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns,
 Would pose them in the Art Military ; these
 Were my first Leeches.

Flo. So, no wonder then you spent so fast.

Alu. Pish, these were nothing:
 I grew to keep your Poets Company,
 Those are the Soakers, they refin'd me first.
 Of those gross Humours that are bred by Money,
 And made me strait a Wit, as now you see,

For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Flo. But hast thou none to fling thy Salt upon,
But these bright Virgins?

Alu. Yes, now you are here,
You are as good a Theme as I could wish.

Hyl. 'Tis best for me to go while they are talking,
For if I steal not from *Alu.*'s sight,
He'll follow me all day to vex me. [Exit.

Alu. What are you vanishing, coy Mrs. *Hylace*?
Nay, I'll be with you strait, but first I'll fetch
Palamon; now if he can play his part
And leave off whining, we'll have princely Sport;
Well, I may live in time to have the Women
Scratch out my Eyes, or scold me soon to Death:
I shall deserve it richly. Farewel Sir,
I have Employment with the Damsel gone,
And cannot now intend you. [Exit.

Flo. They're both gone,
Direct me now, good Love, and teach my Tongue
Th' Inchantments that thou woo'd'st thy *Psyche* with.

Bel. Farewel, Sir.

Flo. O! be not so cruel,
Let me enjoy my self a little while,
Which without you I can't.

Bel. Pray let me go
To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,
And if my Father miss me, he'll so chide.

Flo. Alas! thou need'st not fear, for th' Wolf himself,
Tho' Hunger whet the fury of its nature,
Would learn to spare thy pretty Flocks; and be
As careful as the Shepherd's Dog to guard them.
Nay, if he should not, *Pan* would present be,
And keep thy tender Lambs in safety for thee;
For tho' he be a God, he would not blush
To be thy Servant.

Bel. Oh! You're courtly, Sir;
But your fine Words will not defend my Sheep,
Or stop them if they wander: let me go.

Flo. Are you so fearful of your Cattles loss?
 Yet so neglectful of my perishing,
 (For without you how can I choose but perish?)
 Tho' I my self were most contemptible,
 Yet for this reason only, that I love
 And honour you, I deserve more than they do.

Bel. What would you do that thus you urge my Stay?

Flo. Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,
 Nothing which can call up the Maiden Blood;
 To lend thy Face a Blush, nothing which chaste
 And virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers,
 I do confess I love you, but the fire
 In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistress,
 Or that by holy Men on Altars kindled,
 Is not so pure as mine is. I would only
 Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry Eyes
 Sometimes with those bright Tresses, which the Wind
 Far happier than I, plays up and down in,
 And sometimes with thy Checks, those rose Twins;
 Then gently touch thy Hand, and often kiss it,
 Till thou thy self shouldst check my Modesty,
 And yield thy Lips; but farther, tho' thou shouldst
 Like other Maids, with weak resistance ask it,
 (Which I am sure thou wilt) I would not offer
 Till lawful *Hymen* join us both, and give
 A Licence unto my Desires.

Bel. Which I
 Need not bestow much Language to oppose,
 Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
 When they made me a rude and homely Wench;
 You (if your Cloaths and Carriage be not Liers)
 By State and Birth a Gentleman.

Flo. I hope
 I may without suspicion of a Boaster
 Say that I am so, else my Love were Impudence;
 For do you think wise Nature did intend
 You for a Shepherdess, when she bestow'd
 Such pains in your Creation? would she fetch

The Perfumes of *Arabia* for your Breath?
 Or ransack *Pestum* of her choicest Roses
 T' adorn your Cheeks? would she bereave the Rock
 Of Coral for your Lips, and catch two Stars
 As they were falling, which she form'd your Eyes of?
 Would she herself turn Work-woman and spin
 Threads of the finest Gold to be your Tresses?
 Or rob the Great to make one Microcosm?
 And having finish'd quite the beauteous Wonder,
 Hide it from publick View and Admiration.
 No; she would set it on some Pyramid,
 To be the spectacle of many Eyes:
 And it doth grieve me that my niggard Fortune,
 Rais'd me not up to higher Eminency,
 Not that I am ambitious of such Honours,
 But that through them I might be made worthy
 To enjoy you.

Bel. You are for ought I see
 Too great already; I will either live,
 An undefiled Virgin as I am,
 Or if I marry, not bely my Birth,
 But join my self to some plain vertuous Shepherd.
 (For *Callidore* is so) and I'll be either his or no Bodies.
[*Aside.*

Flo. Pray hear me.

Bel. Alas! I have Sir, and do therefore now
 Prepare to answer; if this Passion
 Be Love, my Fortune bids me deny you;
 If Lust, my Honesty commands to scorn you.
 Farewel.

Flo. O stay a little! but two words; she's gone,
 Gone, like the glorious Sun, which being set,
 Night creeps behind and covers all; some way
 I must seek out to win her, or what's easier
 (And the blind Man himself without a guide
 May find) some way to die; would I had been
 Born a poor Shepherd in these shady Woods.
 Nature is cruel in her Benefits,

And when she gives us Honey, mingles Gall.
 She said that if she married, the Woods
 Should find a Husband for her.
 In Sylvan Habit, then perhaps she'll love me——
 But yet I will not, that's in vain; I will too,
 It cannot hurt to try. [Exit.

Enter Alupis, Palæmon, after them Hylææ.

Alu. Nay, come, she's just behind us, are you ready?
 When she scolds, be you loudest, if she cry,
 Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her
 Into a good conceit of you.

Pal. I'll warrant you; you have instructed me enough;
 She comes.

Hyl. Is't possible that *Bellula*——

Pal. Fair Creature——

Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me: who sent for
 [thee?

Pal. Whom all the Nymphs (tho' Women use to be
 As you know, envious of another's Beauty)
 Confess the Pride and Glory of these Woods.

Hyl. When did you make this Speech? 'tis a most neat
 Go, get you gone, look to your rotten Cattle, [one:
 You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able
 To keep your Sheep.

Alu. Good! she abuses him.

Now 'tis a Miracle he doth not cry.

Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are
 Out-shone by thee on Earth.

Hyl. Pray get you gone,
 Or hold your prating Tongue; for whatsoever
 Thou sayest, I will not hear a Syllable;
 Much less answer thee.

Pal. No, I'll try that strat.

I have a Present here——
 Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume
 To dedicate to your Service.

Hyl. You're so cunning,
And have such pretty ways t' entice me with ;
Come let me see it.

Pal. Oh ! have you found a Tongue ;
I thought I had not been worth an Answer.

Hyl. How now, what Tricks are these ?
Give it me quickly, or——

Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating Tongue ?
For whatsoe'er thou say'st, I will not hear
A Syllable ; and much less answer thee.

Alu. Good Boy 'faith ; now let me come.

Hyl. This is some Plot I see, would I were gone.
I had as live see the Wolf as this *Alupis*.

Alu. Here's a fine Ring i' faith, a very pretty one,
Do your Teeth water at it, Damsel, ha ?
Why, we will sell our Sheep and Oxen, Girl,
Hang them, scurvy Beasts, to buy you pretty Knacks,
That you might laugh at us, and call us Fools,
And jeer us too, as far as your wit reaches,
Bid us be gone, and when we have talk'd two Hours,
Deny to answer us. Nay you must stay

[*She offers to be gone.*]

And hear a little more.

Hyl. Must I ? are you
The Master of my Business ? I will not. [*tierr.*]

Alu. Faith but you shall ; hear therefore and be pa-
I'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'st got a Chain about thy Neck,
And comely Bobs to dandle in thine Ears :
When thou'st perfum'd thy Hair, that if thy Breath
Should be corrupted, it might 'scape unknown,
And when bestow'd two Hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy Breast hither, thine Arms hither,
And had thy *Eucus* curiously laid on ;
Thou'dst be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee
Thou would'st out-do them all.
So, now go thou to her,

And let me breathe a little ;
For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Hyl. O ! is't your turn to speak again ? no doubt
But we shall have a good Oration then,
For they call you the learned Shepherd ; well !
This is your Love, I see.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
That I should love a Stone ? or woo a Picture ?
Alas ! I must be gone, for whatso'er
I say, you will not hear a Syllable,
Much less answer ? go, you think you are
So singularly handsome, when alas,
Galla Menalca's Daughter, *Bellula*,
Or *Amaryllis* overcome you quite.

Hyl. This is a scurvy Fellow ; I'll fit him for't.
No doubt they are ; I wonder that your wisdom
Will trouble me so long with your vain Suit,
Why do not you woo them ?

Pal. Perhaps I do ;
I'll not tell you, because you'll envy them,
And always be dispraising of their Beauties.

Hyl. It shall appear I will not, for I'll sooner
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, base Man.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
Alupis, do'st thou hear her ? she'll cry presently ;
Do not despair yet, Girl, by your good Carriage
You may recal me still ; some few Entreaties
Mingled with Tears, may get a Kiss perhaps.

Hyl. I would not kiss thee for the Wealth of *Sicily*,
Thou art a wicked perjur'd Fellow.

Pal. *Alupis*, Oh !
We have incens'd her too much ! how she looks ?
Prithee *Alupis*, help me to intreat ?

You know he did but jest, dear *Hylace*,
Alupis prithee speak, best beauteous *Hylace*,
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,
Upon my Knees I beg it.

Alu. Here's a precious Fool.

LOVES RIDDLE.

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Hyl. Dost thou still mock me; hast thou found more
[ways,

Thou need'st not vex thy Wit to move my Hate,
Sooner the Sun and Stars shall shine together,
Sooner the Wolf make Peace with tender Lambs,
Than I with thee; thou'rt a Disease to me,
And wound'st my Eyes.

[Exit.

Pal. Eternal Night involve me! if there be
A Punishment (but sure there is not any)
Greater than what her Anger hath inflicted,
May that fall on me too! how have I fool'd
Away my Hopes! how have I been my self,
To my own self a Thief?

Alu. I told you this,
That if she should but frown, you must needs fall
To your Tricks again.

Pal. Is this your Art?

A Lover's Curse upon it; O! *Alupis*
Thou hast done worse than murder'd me: for which
May all thy Flocks pine and decay like me,
May thy curst Wit hurt all, but most its Master:
May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be like me contemn'd.
Thou'st all the Darts my Tongue can fling at thee,
But I will be reveng'd some other way,
Before I die, which cannot now be long.

Alu. Poor Shepherd! I begin to pity him,
I'll see if I can comfort him; *Palamon*——

Pal. Nay, do not follow me, Grief, Passion,
And troubled Thoughts are my Companions,
Those I had rather eutertain than thee.
If you choose this way, let me go the other,
And in both Parts, distracted Error, thee
May Revenge quickly meet, may Death meet me. [Exit.

Alu. Well, I say *Pan* defend me from a Lover,
Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst.
I would not meet with two such Creatures more
For any Good; they without doubt would put me,

If it be possible, into a Fit of Sadness,
Though it Be but a Folly, &c.

Well; I must find some Plot yet to save this,
Because I have engaged my Wit in the Business,
And 'twould be a great Scandal to the City,
If I who have spent my Means there, should not be
Able to cheat these Shepherds.

How now, how now.

Have we more distressed Lovers here?

Enter Aphron.

Aph. No, I'm a Mad-man.

Alu. I gave shrewd guess at it at first sight;
I thought thee little better. *Aph.* Better why?

Can there be any better than a Mad-man?

I tell thee, I came here to be a Mad-man;

Nay, do not dissuade me from't, I would be
A very Mad-man.

Can there be any better than a Mad-man?

I tell thee, I came here to be a Mad-man.

Alu. A good Resolution!

'Tis as genteel a Course as you can take,

I have known great Ones have not been ashamed of't?

But what Cause pray drove you into this humour?

Aph. Why a Mistress,

And such a beauteous one——dost thou see no body?

She sits upon a Throne amongst the Stars,

And out-shines them. Look up and be amazed,

Such was her Beauty here,——sure there do lie

A thousand Vapours in thy sleepy Eyes,

Dost thou not see her yet? nor yet? nor yet?

Alu. No, in good troth.

Aph. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,

Not skill'd in deep Astrology.

Let me instruct thee.

Alu. Prithoe do, for thou
Art in an admirable case to teach me now.

Aph. I'll shew thee first all the Celestial Signs,
And to begin, to look on that horn'd Head.

Alu. Whole is't? *Jupiter's*?

Aph. No, 'tis the Ram;

Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

Alu. The Bull: 'tis well the Fellows of the Guard
Intend not to come thither; if they did,
The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

Aph. And then,

Yonder's the Sign of *Gemini*, dost see't?

Alu. Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters
Mingled in Friendship with a holy Brother,
To beget Reformations.

Aph. And there sits *Capricorn*.

Alu. A Welchman, is't not?

Aph. There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,
As if his Feet were sleepy, there d'ye mark it?

Alu. I, I, Alderman-like a walking after Dinner,
His Paunch o'ercharg'd with Capon and with White
[broth.

Aph. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,
Hadst thou as many Eyes as the black Night,
They would be all too little, see'st thou *Virgo*?

Alu. No, by my Troth, there are so few on Earth,
I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven,
Than only one.

Aph. That was my Mistress once, but is of late
Translated to the height of deserv'd Glory,
And adds new Ornaments to th' wond'ring Heavens.
Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing
Without her presence to give Life and Being?

If there be any Hill whose lofty top
Nature has made contiguous with Heaven,
Tho' it be steep, rugged as *Neptune's* Brow,
Tho' arm'd with Cold, with Hunger, and Diseases,
And all the other Soldiers of Misery,
Yet I would climb it up, that I might come
Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.

Alu. I prithee do, for amongst all the Beasts
That help to make up the Celestial Signs,

There's a Calf wanting yet.

Apb. But stay——

Alu. Nay, I have learnt enough Astrology.

Apb. Hunger and Faintness have already seiz'd me,
'Tis a long Journey thither, I shall want
Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd?
And when I am come thither, I will snatch
The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling it down
To thee for a Reward. *Alu.* No doubt you will;
But you shall need no Victuals, when you've ended
Your toilsome Journey, kill the Ram you talk of,
And feed your self with most celestial Mutton.

Apb. Thou'rt in the right, and if they deny me that,
I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole,
And drown it in those Waters it avoids
And dares not touch; I'll tug the *Hyades*
And make them to sit down in spite of Nature;
I'll meet with *Charles* his Wain and overturn't,
And break the Wheels of't, till *Bootes* start
For fear, and grow more slow than e'er he was.

Alu. By this good light he'll snuff the Moon anon,
Here's words indeed would fright a Conjuror.
'Tis pity that these huge Giantgick Speeches
Are not upon the Stage, they would do rarely,
For none would understand them, I could wish
Some Poet here now, with his Table-Book.

Apb. I'll cuff with *Pollux* and out-ride thee, *Castor*,
When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his Heart out,
And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,
Take his Sting out and fling it to the Earth.

Alu. To me, good Sir,
It may perhaps raise me a great Estate
With shewing it up and down for pence apiece.

Aph. *Alcides* freed the Earth from Savage Monsters,
And I will free the Heavens, and be call'd
Don Hercules Alcido de segundo.

Alu. A brave Castilian Name.

Aph. 'Tis a hard Task.

But if that Fellow did so much by Strength,
I may well do't arm'd both with Love and Fury.

Alu. Of which thou hast enough.

Aph. Farewel, thou Rat!

The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.

Alu. Farewel,

Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.

If thou scar'st any, 'twill be by that Name.

This is a wonderful rare Fellow, and

I like his Humour mightily—Who's here?

Enter Truga.

The Chronicle of a hundred Years ago!

How many Crows has she out-liv'd? sure Death

Has quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*

I must invent some Trick to help *Palamon*.

Tru. I am going again to *Callidorus*,

But I have got a better Present now,

My own Ring made of good right Ebony,

Which a young handsome Shepherd bestow'd on me

Some fourscore Years ago, when they all lov'd me;

I was a handsome Lass, I was in those Days.

Alu. I so thou wast I'll warrant; here's good sign of't,

Now I'll begin the Work. Our Reverend *Truga*,

Whose very Autumn shews how glorious

The Spring-time of your Youth was—

Tru. Are you come

To put your Mocks upon me?

Alu. I do confess indeed my former Speeches

Have been too rude and fancy; I have flung

Mad Jests too wildly at you; but considering

The Reverence which is due to Age and Vertue,

I have repented, will you see my Tears?

And believe them? O for an Onion now!

Or I shall laugh aloud, ha, ha, ha!

[*Aside.*

Tru. Alas good Soul! I do forgive you truly;

I would not have you weep for me, indeed

I ever thought you would repent at last.

Alu. You might well,
But the right valuing of your Worth and Vertue
Hath turn'd the Folly of my former Scorn
Into a wiser Reverence, pardon me
If I say, Love.

Tru. I, I, with all my Heart,
But do you speak sincerely?

Alu. Oh! it grieves me
That you should doubt it, what I spake before
Were Lies, the off-spring of a foolish Rashness,
I see some Sparks still, remnants of your Beauty,
Which in spite of time still flourish.

Tru. Why I am not
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But Fourscore Years. Am I a *January*, now?
How do you think? I always did believe
You'd be of another Opinion one Day,
I know you did but jest.

Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes)! [*Aside.*]
How you bely your Age----for---let me see---
A Man would take you---let me see--- for
Some forty Years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred)

Not a Jot more I swear. [*Aside.*]

Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look something fresh indeed this Morn
I should please *Callidorus* mightily,
But I'll not go; perhaps this Fellow is
As handsome quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not
Have him grow mad, which I may chance to do
If I should scorn him.

Alu. I have something here
Which I wou'd fain reveal to you, but dare not
Without your Licence.

Tru. Do in *Pan's* Name, do; now, now.

Alu.

Alu. The comely Gravity which adorns your Age,
And makes you still seem lively, hath so stricken me.

Tru. Alas good Soul ! I must seem coy at first,
But not too long, for fear I should quite lose him.

Alu. That I shall perish utterly; unless
Your gentle Nature help me.

Tru. Alas good Shepherd!
And in troth I fain would help you,
But I am past those Vanities of Love.

Alu. Oh no!
Wise Nature, which preserv'd your Life till now,
Doth it because you should enjoy those Pleasures
Which do belong to Life; if you deny me,
I am undone.

Tru. Well, you shou'd not win me,
But that I am loth to be held the Cause
Of any young Man's Ruin; do not think it
My want of Chastity, but my good Nature
Which wou'd see no one hurt.

Alu. Ah pretty Soul! [*Aside.*]
How supple 'tis, like Wax before the Sun!
Now cannot I chuse but kiss her, there's the plague of't.
Let's, then join our Hearts, and seal them with a kiss.

Tru. Well, let us then:
'Twere Incivility to be your Debtor,
I'll give you back again your Kiss, Sweetheart,
And come in th' Afternoon, I'll see you;
My Husband will be gone to sell some Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the Sheep; till then,
Farewel good Duck. [*Offers to go.*]
But do you hear, because you shall remember

[*Turns back.*]
To come, I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring,
But do not wear it, lest my Husband chance
To see't: Farewel Duck.

Alu. Lest her Husband chance
To see't; she can't deny this, here's enough,

My Scene of Love is done then; is the game? T
I'll call her back; ho *Truga*, *Truga* ho!

Tru. Why do you call me, Duck?

Alu. Only to ask one foolish Question of thee:
Ha'n't you a Husband?

Tru. Yes, you know I have.

Alu. And do you love him?

Tru. Why d'ye ask? I do.

Alu. Yet you can be content to make him a Cuckold.

Tru. Rather than see you perish in your Blames.

Alu. Why, art thou now two hundred Years of Age,
Yet hast no more Discretion but to think

That I cou'd love thee? ha, ha, ha! wert mine,
I'd sell thee to some Gardner, thou would'st serve
To scare away the Thieves as well as Crows.

Tru. O, you're dispos'd to jest I see. Farewel.

Alu. Nay, I'm in very earnest; I love you!
Why thy Face is a Vinard.

Tru. Leave off these Tricks, I shall be angry else,
And take the Favours I bestow'd

Alu. 'Tis known that thou hast Eyes by the Holes only,
Which are crept farther in, than thy Nose out,

And that's almost a Yard; thy quarrelling Teeth
Of such a Colour are, that they themselves

Scare one another, and do stand at distance;
Thy Skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the Bones,

(For Flesh thou hast not) and is grown so black
That a wild Centaur wou'd not meddle with thee.

To conclude, Nature made thee when she was
Only dispos'd to jest, and length of time

Has made thee more ridiculous.

Tru. Base Villain, is this your Love?
Give me my Ring again.

Alu. No, no; soe there:
I intend to bestow it on your Husband;

He'll keep it better far than you have done.

Tru. What shall I do? *Alu* is, good *Alu* is,
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me?

Alu. No, I'll come to you in the Afternoon,
Your Husband will be selling of some Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the Sheep.

Tru. Pray hear me, command me any thing
And be but silent of this, good *Alapis*;
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

Alu. Yes, yes, yes, I will be silent,
I'll only blow a Trumpet on yon Hill,
Till all the Country Swains are flock'd about me;
Then shew the Ring, and tell the Passages
'Twixt you and me.

Tru. Alas! I am undone.

Alu. Well now 'tis ripe; I have had sport enough.
Since I behold your Penitential Tears;
I'll propose this to you: If you can get
Your Daughter to be married to *Palemon*
This Day, for I'll allow no longer time;
To morrow I'll restore your Ring, and swear
Never to mention what has past betwixt us,
If not——you know what follows——take your Choice.

Tru. I'll do my best Endeavour.

Alu. Go make haste then,
You know your time's but short; then use it well:
Exit Tru.

Now if this fail, the Devil's in all Wits:
I'll go and thrust it forward; if it take,

*I'll sing away the Day,
For 'tis but a Folly,
To be melancholy,
Let's live here whilst we may.*

The End of the Third Act.

F 2

Act

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Callidorus, Bellula, Florellus.

Cal. **P**RAY follow me no more, methinks that Mode-
Which is so lively painted in your Face, [sly,
Shou'd prompt your Maiden Heart with Fears and Blushes
To trust your self in so much privateness
With one you know not.

Bel. I should love these Fears,
And call them Hopes, cou'd I persuade my self
There were so much heat in you as to cause them.
Prishee leave me; if thou dost hope success [To Florellus.
To thine own Love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

Flo. If Love cause you
To follow him, how can you angry be?
Because Love forces me without Resistance
To do the same to you?

Bel. Love shou'd not grow
So subtil as to play with Arguments.

Flo. Love shou'd not be an Enemy to Reason.

Cal. Tho' Love is of it self a kind of Folly,
But to love one who cannot render back
Equal desire, is nothing else but Madness.

Bel. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he should learn.

Flo. Not to love, is of it self a kind of Hardness,
But not to love him who always woo'd you
With chaste Desires, is nothing less than Tyranny.

Bel. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he should learn.

Cal. Why do you follow him that flees from you?

Flo. Why do you flee from him that follows you?

Bel. Why do you follow him? Why do you flee from

Cal. The Fates command me that I must not love you

Flo. The Fates command me that I needs must love

Bel. The Fates impose the like command on me,
That you, I must, that you I cannot love.

Flo. Unhappy Man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with Words, and court her with Persuasions,
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her Brow
Of the least Wrinkle which sat there before;
So when the Waters with an amorous noise
Leap up and down, and in a wanton Dance
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond Embraces,
And darts them back; till they with Terror scatter'd,
Drop down again in Tears.

Bel. Unhappy Woman!
When I begin to shew him all my Passion,
He flies from me, and will not clear his Brow
Of any Cloud which cover'd it before;
So when the ravishing Nightingale has tun'd
Her mournful Notes, and silenc'd all the Birds,
Yet the deaf Winds flirt by, and in disdain,
With a rude Whistle leave her.

Cal. We're all three
Unhappy; born to be the proud Example
Of Love's great God-head, not his God-like goodness.
Let us not call upon our selves those Miseries
Which Love has not, and those it has, bear bravely;
Our Desire yet is like some hidden Text,
Where one Word seems to contradict another;
They are Love's Nonsense, wrapt up in thick Clouds;
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
Which doubtless 'twill; till then let us endure,
And sound a Parlee to our Passions.

Bel. We may join Hands tho' may we not?

Flo. We may, and Lips too, may we not?

Bel. We may, come let's sit down and talk.

Cal. And look upon each other.

Flo. Then kiss again. *Bel.* Then look.

Cal. Then talk again.

What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature
Would be quite pos'd to make our Simile.

Flo. We are the Trigon in Loves Hemisphere.

Bel. We are three Strings on *Venus* dainti'ft Lute.
Where all three hinder one another's Musick;
Yet all three join and make one Harmony.

Cal. We are three Flow'rs of *Venus* dainty Garden,
Where all three hinder one another's Odor,
Yet all three join, and make one Nosegay up.

Elo. Come let us kiss again.

Bel. And look.

Cal. And talk.

Elo. Nay, rather sing; your Lips are Nature's Organs,
And made for nought less sweet than Harmony.

Cal. Pray do.

Bel. Tho' I forfeit
My little Skill in singing to Your Wit,
Yet I will do's, since you command.

SONG.

It is a Punishment to love,

And not to love a Punishment doth prove;

But of all Pains there's no such Pain

As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again.

Till sixteen, Parents we obey,

After sixteen, Men steal our Hearts away;

How wretched are we Women grown,

Whose Wills, whose Minds, whose Hearts are
[ne'er our own.]

Cal. Thank you.

Elo. For ever be the Tales of *Orpheus* silent.

Had the same Age seen thee, that very Poet,

Who drew all to him by his Harmony,

Thou would'st have drawn to thee.

Cal. Come, shall we rise? *Bel.* If it please you, I will.

Cal. I cannot chuse

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken

Much with the serious Trifles of their Passion.

Let's go and see if we can break this Net

In which we are all caught; if any Man

Ask who we are, we'll lay, we are *Loves Riddle*.

Exeunt.

LOVES RIDDLE.

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Enter Ægon, Palæmon, Alupis.

Pal. Thou art my better Genius, honest Ægon.

Alu. And what am I?

Pal. My Self, my Soul, my Friend.

Let me hug thee *Alupis*, and thee *Ægon*,

Thee for inventing it, thee for putting it

In Act; But do you think the Plot will hold?

Alu. Hold! why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,

Till we have ty'd you both in Wedlock fast,

Then let the Bonds of Matrimony hold you,

If't will; if that will not neither, I can tell you

What will I'm sure; a Halter. *Then sing, &c.*

Æg. Come, shall we knock? *Alu.* I do, *For 'tis, &c.*

Æg. Ho *Truga*; who's within there?

Alu. You, *Winter*, Ho! You that the Grave expected

Some Hundred Years ago, you that intend

To live till you turn Skeleton, and make

All Men weary of you but Physicians,

Pox on you, will you come?

Enter Truga.

Tru. I come, I come, who's there? who's there?

Alu. Oh, in good time

Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready

To give your Daughter up; the time makes haste,

Look here, do you know this Ring?

Tru. Hark aside; pray,

You have not told these, have you?

Alu. No, good Duck,

I only told them that your Mind was altered,

And that you lik'd *Palæmon*; so we three

Came here to plot the Means.

Tru. So, so, you're welcome,

Will you go in and talk about it?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hylace.

Hyl. I wonder why my Mother shou'd invite

Alupis and *Palamon* into th' House ;
 She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind
 Which she herself was of but Yesterday ;
 Besides, as soon as they came in, she bid me
 To get me gone, and leave them there in private,
 By your good favour, Mother, I must be
 For this time disobedient ; here I'll hearken.

Enter Truga, Palamon, Ægon, Alupis.

Æg. Come, I'll tell you,
 You know your Husband has refused *Palamon*
 Because his Means were not unequal only
 To his Desires, but to your Daughter's Portion.
 To save this grand Exception of *Melarnus*,
 I'll promise that *Palamon* shall be made
 My Heir. *Tru.* Alas, he knows you have a Daughter.

Æg. 'Tis reported she is fallen in Love
 With the new Shepherd, for which cause I'll seem
 To be incens'd most sharply, and forswear
 E'er to acknowledge her for a Child of mine.

Tru. 'Tis very well ;
 It grieves me that *Palamon* shou'd ———

Alu. Perish in his own Flame ; is't not so, *Truga* ?
 I know you're gentle ; and your peevish Daughter
 Had not her Cruelty from you, good Soul.

Pal. Why do we stay ? each Minute that we lose to
 A Minute, but to me a Day at least ; [you is only
 Why are we not now seeking of *Melarnus* ?
 Why, is he not yet found ? alas, that's nothing,
 Methinks he should have given Consent e're this ;
 Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*
 Married together ?

Hyl. Soft, good hasty Lover,
 I shall quite break the Neck of your large Hopes,
 Or I'm mistaken much.

Æg. Come, let's be gone.
Truga, Farewel. Be silent and assistant.

Alu. Or else you know what I have; go, no more.

Tru. I'll warrant you I am not to be taught.

At this Age, I thank *Pan*, in such a Business.

Farewel all.

Alu. Come sing, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hyl. I know not whether Grief or else Amazement

Seizes me most, to see my aged Mother

Grow so unnatural; I fain would weep,

But when I think with what an unfeard Blow

I shall quite dash their Cunning, I can hardly

Bridle in Laughter: Fate helps the Innocent,

Altho' my Mother's false, the Gods are true:

[*Exit.*]

Enter Clariana and her Maid.

Cl. Did you command the Servants to withdraw?

Maid. I did, Forsooth.

Cl. And have you shut the Doors? *Ma.* Yes.

Cl. Is there none can over-hear our Talk?

Ma. Your curious enquiry much amazes me,
And I cou'd wish you wou'd excuse my Boldness,
If I should ask the Reason.

Cl. Thou know'st well

That thou hast found me always liker to

Thy Kinswoman than Mistress, that thy Breast

Has been the Cabinet of all my Secrets:

This I tell thee, not as an Exprobration,

But because I must require thy Faith

And Counsel here. And therefore prithee swear——

Ma. Swear, to do what?

Cl. To be more silent than the dead of Night,

And to thy power to help me. *Ma.* Wou'd my Power

To assist you were as ready as my Will,

And for my Tongue, that, Mistress, I'll condemn

Unto perpetual silence, e're it shall

Betray the smallest Word that you commit to't;

By all——

Cl. Nay do not swear. I will not wrong thy Vertue

To bind it with an Oath. I'll tell thee all.

Doth not my Face seem paler than't was wont?

Doth not my Eye look as if it borrow'd Flame
From my fond Heart? Could not my frequent Weeping,
My sudden Sighs, and abrupt Speeches, tell thee
What I am grown?

Ma. You are the same you were,
Or else my Eyes are Liars.

Cla. No, I'm a wretched Lover; couldst thou not
Read that out of my Blushes? lie upon thee;
Thou art a Novice in Love's School, I see;
Trust me, I envy at thy Ignorance!
Thou canst not find out Cupid's Characters
In a lost Maid, sure thou didst never know him.

Ma. Wou'd you durst trust me with his Name,
Sure he has Charms about him that might tempt
Chast Virgins, or move a Scythian Rock,
When he shot Fire into your chaster Breast.

Cla. I am ashamed to tell thee; prithee guess him.

Ma. Why 'tis impossible.

Cla. Thou saw'st a Gentleman whom I this Morning
Brought to be my Guest.

Ma. Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he

Cla. Then shalt know all;
The freshness of the Morning did invite me
To walk abroad, there I began to think
How I had lost my Brother; that one Thought,
Like Circles in the Water, begat many,
Those, and the pleasant Verdure of the Fields,
Made me forget the way, and did entice me
Farther than either Fear or Modesty
Else would have suffer'd me, beneath an Oak
Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about;
And was it self alone almost a Wood,
I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,
Crying aloud for either Food or Sleep,
And knocking his white Hand against the Ground,
Making that Groan like me; when I beheld it,
Pity, and Fear, both proper to us Women,
Drove my Feet back far swifter than they went.

When I came home, I took two Servants with me
And fetch'd the Gentleman; hither I brought him,
And with such Cheer, as then the House afforded,
Replenish'd him; he was much mended suddenly,
Is now asleep, and when he wakes, I hope,
Will find his Senses perfect. *Ma.* You did shew

In this, what never was a Stranger to you,
Much Piety; but wander from your Subject:
You have not yet discover'd who it is
Deserves your Love. *Cl.* Fie, fie, how dull thou art,
Thou dost not use in other things to be so;
Why I love him, his Name I cannot tell thee;
For 'tis my great Unhappiness to be
Still ignorant of that my self. He comes. [choofe.

Look, this is he, but do not grow my Rival, if thou canst

Ma. You need not fear't, Forsooth. [Enter Aphron.

Cl. Leave me alone with him; withdraw.

Ma. I do. [Exit Maid.

Aph. Where am I now? under the Northern Pole,
Where a perpetual Winter binds the Ground,
And glazeth up the Floods? or where the Sun
With Neighbouring Rays breaks the divided Earth,
And drinks the Rivers up? or do I sleep?
Is't not some foolish Dream deludes my Fancy?

Who am I? I begin to question that.
Was not my Country *Sicily*? my Name
Call'd *Aphron*, wretched *Aphron*? *Cl.* Ye good Gods
Forbid! Is this that Man who was the cause
Of all the Grief for *Callidora's* Loss?

Is this the Man that I so oft have curst?
Now I could almost hate him, and methinks
He is not quite so handsome as he was;
And yet alas he is, tho' by his Means,
My Brother is gone from me, and Heav'n knows
If I shall see him more. Fool as I am,
I cannot chuse but love him.

Aph. Cheat me not, good Eyes,
What Woman, or what Angel do I see?

Oh stay, and let me worship e'er thou goest ;
 Whether thou art a Goddess, which thy Beauty
 Commands me to believe ; or else some Mortal,
 Which I the rather am induced to think,
 Because I know the Gods all hate me so,
 They would not look upon me. *Cla.* Spare these Titles.
 I am a wretched Woman who for pity

(Alas that I should pity ! it had been better *[Aside.*
 That I had been remorseless) brought you hither,
 Where with some Food and rest, Thanks to the Gods,
 Your Senses are recover'd. *Aph.* My good Angel,
 I do remember I was mad

For want of Meat and Sleep : Thrice did the Sun
 Clear all the World but me ; thrice did the Night
 With silent and bewitching Darkness give
 A resting time to every thing but *Aphron.*
 The Fish, the Beasts, the Birds, the smallest Creatures
 And the most despicable, snor'd securely.

The aguish Head of every Tree by *Aeolus*
 Was rock'd asleep, and shook as if it nodded ;
 The crooked Mountains seem'd to bow and slumber,
 The very Rivers ceas'd their daily Murmur,
 Nothing did watch but the pale Moon and I,
 Paler than she. Grief wedded to this Toil,
 What else could it beget but Frantickness ?
 But now methinks I am my own, my Brain
 Swims not as it was wont : Oh brightest Virgin
 Shew me some way by which I may be grateful ?
 And if I do't not, let an eternal Phrenzy

Immediately seize on me. *Cla.* Alas ! 'twas only
 My Love, and if you will reward me for't,
 Pay that I lent you, I'll require no Interest,
 The Principal's enough. *Aph.* You speak in Mists.

Cla. You're loth perhaps to understand.

Aph. If you intend that I should love and honour you,
 I do by all the Gods,

Cla. But I am covetous in my Demands,
 I am not satisfied with wind-like Promises.

Which only touch the Lips; I ask your Heart,
 Your whole Heart for me in exchange of mine,
 Which so I gave to you. *Apb.* Ha! you amaze me,
 Oh! You have spoken something worse than Lightning,
 That blasts the inward Parts, leaves th^e outward whole,
 My Gratitude commands me to obey you,
 But I am born a Man, and have those Passions
 Fighting within me, which I must obey,
 Whilst *Callidora* lives, although she be
 As cruel, as thy Breast is soft and gentle;
 'Tis Sin for me to think of any other.

Cl. You cannot love me then? *Apb.* I do, I swear,
 Above my self I do: my self! what said I?
 Alas! that's nothing; above any thing
 But Heaven and *Callidora*. *Cl.* Fare you well then,
 I would not do that wrong to one I love,
 To urge him farther than his Power and Will;
 Farewel, remember me when you are gone,
 And happy in the love of *Callidora*. [Exit.]

Apb. When I do not, may I forget my self.
 Would I were mad again? then I might rave
 With Privilege, I should not know the Griefs
 That hurried me about, 'twere better far
 To lose the Senses, than be tortur'd by them.
 Where is she gone? I did not ask her Name,
 Fool that I was, alas, poor Gentlewoman!
 Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods
 Is't not enough that I my self am miserable?
 Must I make others so too? I'll go in
 And comfort her? alas! how can I tho?
 I'll grieve with her, that is in Ills a comfort. [Exit.]

Enter Alupis, Melarnus, Truga, Palæmon, Ægon.

Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me,
 'Twas Fortune's Fault, not mine, but since good Fate,
 Or rather Ægon, better far than Fate,
 Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, Riches.

I see not with what countenance you can
Coin any second Argument against me.

Mel. Come, no matter for that:

Yes, I could wish you were less eloquent,
You have a Vice call'd Poesie which much
Displeases me, but no matter for that neither.

Alu. Alas! he'll leave that streight
When he has got but Money; he that swims
In *Tagus*, never will go back to *Hellcon*.
Besides, when he hath married *Hylace*,
Whom should he woo to praise her comely Features,
Her Skin like falling Snow, her Eyes like Stars,
Her Cheeks like Roses (which are common places
Of all your Lover's Praises) Oh those Vanities,
Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistress,
Are by a Mistress first begot and left
When they leave her.

Pal. Why do you think that Poesie,
An Art which ev'n the Gods—— *Alu.* Pox on your Arts,
Let him think what he will, what's that to us?

Æg. Well, I would gladly have an answer of you,
Since I have made *Palamon* here my Son;
If you conceive your Daughter is so good,
We will not press you, but seek another,
Who may perhaps please me, and him as well.

Pal. Which is impossible——

Alu. Rot on your Possibles——
Thy Mouth like a crackt Fiddle never sounds
But out of Tune; come, *Truga*, put in *Truga*,
You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring.

Inu. Yes, yes, I do; do you hear Sweet-heart?
Are you mad to sling away a Fortune
That's thrust upon you? you know *Ægon's* rich.

Mel. Come, no matter for that,
That's thrust upon me; I would fain see any Man
Thrust ought upon me: But no matter for that;
I will do that which I intended to do.
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me.

LOVES RIDDLE. I

III

Pal. Come, what say you, *Melarnus*?

Mel. What say I? 'tis no matter what I say,
I'll speak to *Ægon*, if I speak to any;
And not to you, but no matter for that;
Hark you, will you leave all the Means you have
To this *Palamon*?

Tru. I, Duck, he says he will.

Mel. Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him say so.

Æg. I will, and here do openly protest,
That since my *Bellula*, (mine that was once)
Thinks her self wiser than her Father,
And will be govern'd rather by her Passions,
Than by the Square that I prescribe to her,
That I will never count her for my Daughter.

Alu. Well acted by God *Pan*. See but what 'tis
To have me for a Tutor in these Rogueries.

Mel. But tell me now as a good Neighbour, what
Do you intend to give him? [Estate

Æg. That Estate
Which Fortune and my Care hath given to me,
The Money which I have, and that's not much:
The Sheep and Goats.

Mel. And not the Oxen too? *Æg.* Yes, every thing.

Mel. The Horses too? *Æg.* I tell you, every thing.

Alu. By *Pan* he'll make him promise particularly
Each Thing above the value of a Bean-straw:
You'll leave him the Pails too, to milk the Kine in;
And Harness for the Horses, will you not?

Mel. I, I, what else? but 'tis no matter for that.

Æg. Well, since we are both agreed, why stay we?
I know *Palamon* longs to embrace his *Bylace*.

Mel. I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this Hour
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you so,
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be,
But's no matter for that; Farewel all.

Come, *Truga*. [Exeunt *Melarnus* and *Truga*.

Æg. Come on then, let's not stay too long in tripping,
Palamon go, and prepare your self against the time.

I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,
Lest this unwelcome News shou'd too much grieve her,
Before she know my meaning.

Alu. Do, do ; and I'll go study
Some new found way to vex the Fool *Melarnus* ;
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholy, &c.

Enter Florellus.

Flo. Whilst *Callidorus* lives I cannot love thee.
These were her parting Words ; I'll kill him then ;
Why do I doubt it, Fool ? such Wounds as these
Require no gentle Med'cine ; methinks Love
Frowns at me now, and says, I am too dull,
Too slow in his command ; and yet I will not.
These Hands are Virgins yet, unstain'd with Villany,
Shall I begin to teach them ? — methinks Piety
Frowns at me now, and says, I am too weak
Against my Passions. Piety ! —
'Twas Fear begot that Bugbear ; for thee *Bellula*
I durst be wicked, tho' I saw *Jove's* Hand
Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt. Farewel,
(If thou art any thing, and not a Shadow
To fright Boys and Old Women) farewel, Conscience,
Go and be strong in other petty Things,
To Lovers come, when Lovers make use of thee,
Not else : And yet — what shall I do or say ?
I see the better way, and know 'tis better.
Yet still this devious Error draws me backward.
So when contrary Winds rush out and meet,
And wrestle on the Sea with equal Fury ;
The Waves swell into Mountains, and are driven
Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two
Which Captain to obey.

Enter Alupis.

Alu. Ha, ha, I'll have such excellent Sport,
For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

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Flo. Why here's a Fellow now makes Sport of every
See one Man's Fate how it excels another, [thing,
He can sit, and pass away the Day in Jollity,
My Musick is my Sighs, whilst Tears keep time.

Alu. Who is here? a most rare posture!
How the good Soul folds in his Arms! he dreams
Sure that he hugs his Mistress now, for that
Is his Disease without all doubt; so, good!
With what judicious Garb he plucks his Hat
Over his Eyes; so, so good! better yet;
He cries; by this good light, he cries; the Man
Is careful, and intends to water his Sheep
With his own Tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Dost thou see any thing that deserves thy Laugh-
Fond Swain? [ter,

Alu. I see nothing in good troth, but you.

Flo. To jeer those who are Fate's May-game,
Is a redoubled Fault; for 'tis both Sin,
And Folly too; our Life is so uncertain,
Thou canst not promise that thy Mirth shall last
To Morrow, and not meet with any rub,
Then thou may'st act that part, to day thou laugh'st at.

Alu. I act a part! it must be in a Comedy then,
I abhor Tragedies; besides, I never
Practis'd this Posture: Hey ho! woe, alas!
Why do I live? my Musick is my Sighs
Whilst Tears keep time.

Flo. You take too great Licence to your Wit;
Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so;
And it deserves my Pity more than Anger.
Else you should find that Blows are heavier far
Than the most studied Jest you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith, it will be but Labour lost to beat me;
All will not reach me how to act this part;
Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull Rogue, and so
Shall never learn it. *Flo.* You're unmannerly
To talk thus saucily with one you know not,
Nay, hardly ever saw before, be gone,

And leave me as you found me ; my worst Thoughts
Are better Company than thou.

Alu. Enjoy them then,
Here's no Body desires to rob you of them.
I would have left your Company without bidding,
'Tis not so pleasant. I remember well,
When I had spent all my Money, I stood thus;
And therefore hate the posture ever since.
D'ye hear ? I'm going to a Wedding now ;
If you've a mind to dance, come along with me,
Bring your hard-hearted Mistriss with you too,
Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her
Your Musick's Sighs, and that your Tears keep time.
Will you not go ? Farewel then good Tragical Actor.
Now have at thee *Melarnus* ; For 'tis but a Folly, &c.
[Exit.

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd ; She is hard
As Rocks which suffer the continual Siege
Of Sea and Wind against them ; but I will
Win her, or lose (which I should gladly do)
My self : my self ? why so I have already :
Ho ! who hath found *Florellus* ? he is lost.
Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,
(Who having miss'd me, do by this time search
Each Corner for to find me.) Oh ! *Florellus*,
Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched,
Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Alupis, Palæmon, Ægon.

Pal. **T**HE Gods convert these *Omens* into good,
And mock my Fears ; thrice in the very Thre-
Without its Master's leave my Foot has slipt, [shold,
Thrice in the way it stumbled. *Alu.* Thrice, and thrice

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You were a Fool then for observing it.
Why these are Follies that the young Years of *Truga*
Did hardly know; are they not banish'd yet?

Pal. Blame not my Fear; that's *Cupid's* Usher always;
Tho' *Hylace* were now in my Embraces,
I should half doubt it.

Alu. If you chanc'd to stumble.

Æg. Let him enjoy his Madness, the same Liberty
He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Alu. I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one
I should not be dismay'd because the Threshold—

Pal. Alas! That was not all, as I came by
The Oak to *Faunus* sacred, where the Shepherds
Exercise rural Sports on Festivals,
On that Trees top an inauspicious Crow
Foretold some ill to happen.

Æg. And because Crows
Foretel wet Weather, you interpret it
The Rain of your own Eyes; but leave these Tricks,
And let me advise you.

Melarnus speaking 'o Hylace within his Door.

Mel. Well come, no matter for that; I do believe
[thee, Girl;

And would they have such Sport with vexing me!

But's no matter for that; I'll vex them for't,

I know your fiery Lover will be here strait,

But I shall cool him; but come, no matter for that:

Go, get you in, for I do see them coming.

Æg. Here comes *Melarnus*.

Pal. He looks chearfully, I hope all's well.

Æg. *Melarnus*, opportunely; we are a coming
Just now to you.

Mel. Yes, very likely; would you have spoken with

Æg. Spoken with you! [me?

Why, are you mad? have you forgot your Promise?

Mel. My Promise? Oh! 'tis true I said indeed

I would go with you to Day to sell some Kine;
Stay but a little, I'll be ready straight.

Pal. I am amaz'd; good *Ægon*, speak to him.

Alu. By this good light

I see no likelihood of a Marriage;
Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither;
A Rot upon your Beasts; is *Hylace* ready?

Mel. It's no matter for that; who's there? *Alupis*?
Give me thy Hand, 'faith thou'rt a merry Fellow,
I have not seen thee here these many Days;
But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.

Alu. Thy Memory's fled away sure with thy Wit.
Was not I here less than an Hour ago
With *Ægon*, when you have made the Match?

Mel. Oh! then you'll go along with us.
Faith do; for you will make us very merry.

A'u. I shall, if you thus make a Fool of me.

Mel. Oh no! you'll make you Sport with vexing me;
But mum? no matter for that neither: there
I bob'd him privately, I think. [*Aside.*

Æg. Come, what's the Business?

Alu. The Business? why he's mad, beyond the cure
Of all the Herbs that grow in *Anticyra*.

Æg. You see we have not fail'd our Word, *Melarnus*,
I and my Son are come. *Mel.* Your Son! good lack.
I thought, I swear, you had no other Child
Besides your Daughter *Bellula*. *Æg.* Nay then

I see you are dispos'd to make us Fools, ———
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent?

T'adopt *Palamon* for my Son and Heir?

Alu. Did not you examine
Whether he would leave him all, lest that he should
Adopt some other Heir to the Cheese-presses,
The milking Pails, the Cream Bowls? Did you not?

Mel. In troth 'tis well! but where is *Bellula*?

Æg. Prithce leave these Tricks, and tell me
What you intend. Is *Hylace* ready?

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Mel. Ready? what else? she's to be married pre-
To a young Shepherd? but no matter for that. [scently

Pal. That's I, hence Fears;
Attend upon the Infancy of Love,
She's now mine own.

Alu. Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel

Mel. *Hylace, Hylace*, come forth. [you this?
Here are some come to dance at your Wedding,
And they're welcome.

Pal. The light appears, just like the rising Sun,
When o'er yon Hill it peeps, and with a Draught
Of Morning-Dew salutes the Day, how fast
The Night of all my Sorrows flies away,
Quite banish'd with her sight! *Hyl.* Did you call for

Mel. Is *Dametas* come? sic, how slow he is [me?
At such a time? but it's no matter for that;
Well, get you in, and prepare to welcome him.

Pal. Will you be gone so quickly? oh! bright *Hylace*,
That blessed Hour by me so often begg'd,
By you so often deny'd, is now approaching.

Mel. What, how now? what do you kiss her?
If *Dametas* were here, he would grow jealous;
But 'tis a parting Kiss, and so in manners
She cannot deny it you? but it's no matter for that.

Alu. How! *Mel.* What do you wonder at?
Why do you think, as soon as they are married,
Dametas such a Fool, to let his Wife
Be kiss'd by every body? *Pal.* How now, *Dametas*?

Why what hath he to do with her? *Mel.* Ha, ha!
What hath the Husband to do with's Wife?
Good: 'tis no matter for that tho; he knows what.

Eg. You mean *Palamon* sure, ha, do you not?

Mel. 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.
Well, rest ye merry Gentlemen, I must in
And see my Daughter's Wedding; if you please
To dance with us, *Dametas* sure will thank ye;
Pray bring your Son and Heir, *Palamon*, with you.
Bellula's call away, ha, ha, ha, ha!

And the poor Fool *Melarnus* must be cheated.
 But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?
 I thought you would have made most excellent Sport
 With abusing poor *Melarnus*, that same Coxcomb,
 For he's a Fool; but no matter for that,
Egon hath cheated him, *Palamon* is
 Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*
 Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
 But it's no matter for that; farewell Gentles,
 Or, if ye'll come and dance, ye shall be welcome;
 Will you *Palamon*? 'tis your Mistress's Wedding,
 I am a Fool, a Coxcomb, gull'd on every side,
 No matter for that tho; what I have done, I have done:
 Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Eg. How now, what are you both dumb? both
 [thunderstruck?

This was your Plot, *Alupis*. *Alu.* I'll begin.

May his Sheep rot, and he for want of Food
 Be forc'd to eat them then; may every Man
 Abuse him, and yet he not have the Wit
 To abuse any Man; may he never speak
 More Sense than he did now; and may he never
 Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son-
 In-law be a more famous Cuckold made
 Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun shall lose his course
 And brightness too, ere *Hylace* her Chastity.

Oh no! ye Gods, may she be happy always,
 Happy in the Embraces of *Dametas*;
 And that will be some Comfort to my Ghost
 When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.

Alu. May a Disease seize upon all his Cattle,
 And a far worse on him, till he at last
 Be carried to some Hospital i'th City,
 And there kill'd by a Chirurgeon for Experience.
 And when he's gone, I'll wish this good thing for him,
 May the Earth lie gentle on him—that the Dogs
 May tear him up the easier. *Eg.* A curse upon thee!

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And upon me, for trusting thy fond Counsels!
Was this your cunning Trick? why thou hast wounded
My Conscience, and my Reputation too:
With what Face can I look on the other Swains?

Or who will ever trust me, who have broke
My Faith thus openly? *Pal.* A Curse upon thee.
This is the second time that thy Persuasions,
Made me not only Fool, but wicked too;
I should have died in quiet else, and known
No other Wound, but that of her Denial;
Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd *Palemon*;
But yet methinks you might have chose some other
For Subject of your Mirth, not me. *Æg.* Nor me.

Alu. And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder,
Who it should be betray'd us, since we three
And *Truga* only knew it; whom, if she
Betray'd us, I——) if this, I say, had prospered,
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,
And him for putting it in Act; foolish Men
That do not mark the Thing, but the Event!
Your Judgments hang on Fortune, not on Reason.

Æg. Dost thou upbraid us too?

Pal. First make us wretched,
And then laugh at us? believe, *Alu.*
Thou shalt not long have cause to boast thy Villany.

Alu. My Villany! do what you can; you're Fools,
And there's an end: I'll talk with you no more,
I had as good speak Reason to the Wind,
As you, that can but hiss at it.

Æg. We will do more; *Palemon*, come away,
He hath wrong'd both, and both shall satisfie.

Alu. Which he will never do; nay, go and plod,
Your two wise Brains will invent certainly
Politick Gins to catch me in. [Exeunt.

And now have at thee, *Truga*, if I find
That thou art guilty; mum—— I have a Ring——
Palemon, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Melarnus*,

Are all against me? no great matter, hang Care,
For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

[Exit.

Enter Bellula.

This way my *Callidorus* went, what change
Hath snatch'd him from my sight? how shall I find him?
How shall I find my self now I have lost him?
With you my Feet and Eyes, I will not make
The shortest Truce, till ye have sought him out. [Exit.

Enter *Callidorus* and *Florellus*.

Cal. Come, now your Business. *Flo.* 'Tis a fatal one,
Which will almost as much shame me to speak,
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

Cal. Fright me! it must be then some Wickedness;
I am accusom'd so to Misery,
That cannot do't. *Flo.* Oh! 'tis a Sin, young Man,
A Sin which every one shall wonder at,
None not condemn, if ever it be known.
Methinks my Blood shrinks back into my Veins,
And my affrighted Hairs are turn'd to Bristles;
Do not my Eyes creep back into their Cells,
As if they seem'd to wish for thicker Darkness,
Than either Night or Death, to cover them?
Doth not my Face look black and horrid too?
As black and horrid as my Thoughts? ha! tell me.

Cal. I am a Novice in all Villanies,
If your Intent be such, dismiss me, pray,
My Nature is more easy to discover
Than help you; so farewell.

Flo. Yet stay a little longer; you must stay;
You are an Actor in this Tragedy. *Cal.* What would
[you do?

Flo. Alas! I would do nothing; but I must—

Cal. What must you do?

Flo. I must—Love, thou hast got the Victory—
Kill thee. *Cal.* Who? me! you do but jest.
I should believe you if I could tell how

To

To frame a Cause, or think on any Injury
Worth such a foul Revenge, which I have done you.

Flo. Oh no! there's all the Wickedness, they may seem
To find Excuse for their abhorred Fact;

That kill, when Wrongs and Anger urgeth them;
Because thou art so good, so affable,

So full of Graces, both of Mind and Body,

Therefore I kill thee. Wilt thou know it plainly?

Because whilst thou art living, *Bellula*

Protested she would never be anothers,

Therefore I kill thee. *Cal.* Had I been your Rival,

You might have had some Cause; Cause did I say?

You might have had Pretence for such a Villany:

He who unjustly kills is twice a Murtherer.

Flo. He whom Love bids to kill is not a Murtherer.

Cal. Call not that Love that's Ill; 'tis only Fury.

Flo. Fury in Ills is half excusable:

Therefore prepare thy self: if any Sin

(Tho' I believe thy hot and flourishing Youth

As innocent as other Men's Nativities)

Hath slung a Spot upon thy purer Conscience,

Wash it in some few Tears.

Cal. Are you resolved to be so cruel?

Flo. I must, or be as cruel to my self.

Cl. As sick Men do their Beds, so have I yet

Enjoy'd my self, with little Rest, much Trouble;

I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,

And am almost worn out with often playing;

And therefore I would entertain my Death

As some good Friend whose coming I expected;

Were it not that my Parents

Flo. Here; see, I do not come

Like a foul Murtherer to entrap you falsely,

Take your choice, and then defend your self.

[*Draws two Swords from under his Garment, and
offers one to Callidorus.*]

Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and since it must be so,
Altho my Strength and Courage call me Woman,

I will not die like Sheep without resistance;
If Innocence be Guard sufficient,
I'm sure he cannot hurt me.

[sing Tree

Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon spread-
Hath sounded out your dying Knell already.

Cal. I am. *Flo.* 'Tis well, and I could wish thy Hand
Were strong enough; 'tis thou deserv'st the Victory;
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* engraven
In all my Thoughts, I would my self play Booty
Against my self; but *Bellula*——— come on. [Fight.

Enter Philistus.

Phi. This is the Wood adjoining to the Farm,
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*
My Sister, to remain till my return;
Here 'tis in vain to seek her, yet who knows?
Tho 't be in vain, I'll seek; to him that doth
Propose no Journey's end, no Path's amiss. [Shepherds.
Why how now? what do you mean? for shame part
I thought you honest Shepherds had not had [Sees them
So much of Court and City Follies in you. [fighting.

Flo. 'Tis *Philistus*; I hope he will not know me.
Now I begin to see how black and horrid
My Attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*;
Thanks to the juster Deities for declining
From both the Danger, and from me the Sin.

Phi. 'Twould be a wrong to Charity to dismiss ye
Before I see you Friends, give me your Weapons.

Cal. 'Tis he; why do I doubt? most willingly
And my self too, best Man; now kill me Shepherd. [Swoons.

Phi. What do you mean?
Rise, prithee rise; sure you have wounded him.

Enter Bellula.

Bel. Deceive me not, good Eyes; what do I see?
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impossible!
Who is it that lies slain there? are you dumb?
Who is't, I pray? *Flo.* Fair Mistress——

Bel. Pish, Fair Mistress,——

I ask who 'tis, if it be *Callidorus*? ——

Phi. Was his Name *Callidorus*? it is strange.

Bel. You are a Villain, and you too a Villain;

Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*

That calls thee, wake, it is thy *Bellula* :

Why Gentlemen! why Shepherd! fie for shame,

Have you no Charity? Oh my *Callidorus*,

Speak but one Word——

Cal. 'Tis not well done to trouble me,

Why do you envy me this little Rest?

Bel. No; I will follow thee.

[Swoons.

Flo. O help, help quickly.

What do you mean? your *Callidorus* lives.

Bel. *Callidorus*!

Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage,

Look up a little; wretched as I am,

I am the cause of all this Ill.

Phi. What shall we do? I have a Sister dwells

Close by this place, let's haste to bring them thither.

But let's be sudden.

Flo. As wing'd Lightning is.

Come, *Bellula*, in spite of Fortune now

I do embrace thee.

Phi. I did protest without my *Callidora*

am I?

Ne'er to return, but pity hath o'ercome.

Bel. Where

Flo. Where I could always wish thee; in those Arms

Which would infold thee with more subtle Knots,

Than am'rous Ivy, whilst it hugs the Oak.

Cal. Where do ye bear me? is *Philistus* well?

Phi. How should he know my Name? 'tis to me a

Nay Shepherd, find another time to court in, [Riddle,

Make haste now with your Burthen. [thened thus!

Flo. With what ease should I go always were I bur-

Enter Aphron.

[Exeunt.

Aph. She told me she was Sister to *Philistus*,

Who having miss'd the beauteous *Callidora*,

Hath undertook a long and hopeless Journey

To find her out; then *Callidora*'s fled,

Without her Parents Knowledge, and who knows
 When she'll return, or if she do, what then?
 Lambs will make Peace, and join themselves with Wolves
 E're she with me, worse than a Wolf to her;
 Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?
 How dare I look upon her after this?
 Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,
 And *Clariana* shall henceforth——but yet
 How fair she was! what then! lo's *Clariana*!
 What Graces did she dart on all Beholders!
 She did; but so do's *Clariana* too.
 She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble;
 What then? she was as hard too. *Clariana*
 Is pure and white as *Erycina's* Doves,
 And is as soft, as gall-less too as they.
 Her pity sav'd my Life, and did restore
 My wandring Senses. If I should not love her,
 I were far madder now, than when she found me.
 I will go in and render up my self,
 For her most faithful Servant.

[Exit.

Wonderful!

Enter again.

Sh' has lockt me in, and keeps me here her Prisoner,
 In these two Chambers. What can she intend?
 No matter, she intends no hurt I'm sure,
 I'll patiently expect her coming to me.

[Exit.

Enter *Demophil*, *Spodais*, *Clariana*, *Florellus*, *Callidora*,
Bellula, *Philistus*.

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd!
 Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.
 My Daughter and my Son met here together!
Philistus with them too! that we should come
 To grieve with *Clariana*, and find her here;
 Nay, when we thought w' had lost *Florellus* too,
 To find them both! Methinks it makes me young again.
Spo. I thought I never should have seen thee more,
 My *Callidora*; come Wench, now let's hear
 The Story of your Flight, and Life in th' Woods.

Phi. Do, happy Mistriss, for the due Remembrance
Of fore-past Ills, makes us the sweetlier relish
Our present Good.

Cal. Of *Aphron's* Love to me, and my Antipathy
To him, there's none here ignorant ; you know too.
How guarded with his Love, or rather Fury,
And some few Men, he broke into our House,
With Resolution to make me the Prey
Of his wild Lust.

Spo. I, there's a Villain now ; oh ! that I had him here.

Cla. O ! say not so ;
The Crimes which Lovers for their Mistriss act,
Bear both the weight and stamp of Piety.

Dem. Come Girl ; go on, go on. *Cal.* His wild Lust--
What should I do ? you were both out of Town,
And most of th' Servants at that time gone with you.
E'en the sudden found a Corner out
And hid my self, till they, wearied with searching,
Quitted the House, but fearing lest they should
Attempt the same again e're your return,
I took with me Money and other Necessaries ;
And in a Sute my Brother left behind,
Disguis'd my self ; thus to the Woods I went,
Where meeting with an honest merry Swain,
By his help was furnish'd, and made a Shepherd.

Spo. Nay, I must needs say for her, she was always
A witty Wench. *Dem.* Pish, pish ; and made a Shep-
[herd]

Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdess
(I can attribute it to nought in me
Deserv'd so much) began to love me.

Phi. Why so did all besides, I'll warrant you,
Nor can I blame them, tho' they were my Rivals.

Cal. Another Shepherd with as much desire
Woo'd her in vain, as She in vain woo'd me,
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,
Whilst I enjoy'd this Life, t' enjoy his *Bellula*,
(For by that Name she's known) sought to take me

Out of the way as a Partition
Betwixt his Love and him, whilst in the Fields
We two were struggling, (him his Strength defending,
And me my Innocence.)

Flo. I am asham'd to look upon their Faces.
What shall I say? my Guilt's above Excuse.

Cal. *Philistus*, as if the Gods had all agreed
To make him mine, just at the nick came in
And parted us; with sudden Joy I swoon'd,
Which *Bellula* perceiving, (for even then
She came to seek me) sudden Grief did force
The same Effect from her, which Joy from me.
Hither they brought us both, in this Amazement,
Where being strait recovered to our selves,
I found you here, and you your dutiul Daughter.

Sp. The Gods be thank'd.

Dem. Go on.

Cal. Nay, nay, you have all, Sir.

Dem. Where's that Shepherd?

Flo. Here. *Dem.* Here, where?

Flo. Your unhappy Son's the Man; for her
I put on Sylvan Weeds. For her sake
I would have stain'd my innocent Hands in Blood,
Forgive me all, 'twas not a Sin of Malice,
'Twas not begot by Lust, but sacred Love;
The Cause must be th' Excuse for the Effect. . . [*vellus.*]

Dem. You should have used some other means, *Flo.*

Cal. Alas! 'twas the Gods Will, Sir, without that
I had been undiscovered yet; *Philistus*
Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd;
You growning for our Loss, upon this Wheel
All our Felicity is turn'd. [*heart.*]

Sp. Alas you have forgot the power of Love, Sweet.

Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your desire,
You shall not want a Wife that will, perhaps,
Please you as well, I'm sure besit you better.

Flo. They marry not, but sell themselves t' a Wife,
Whom the large Dowry tempts, and take more pleasure

To hug the wealthy Bags, than her that brought them.
Let them whom Nature bestows nothing on,
Seek to patch up their Wants by Parents plenty;
The Beautiful, the Chast, the Virtuous,
Her Self alone is Portion to her Self.

Enter Ægon.

Æg. By your leave; I come to seek a Daughter.
Oh! are you there? 'tis well. *Flo.* This is her Father,
I do conjure you, Father, by the Love
Which Parents bear their Children, to make up
The Match betwixt us now; or if you will not,
Send for your Friends, prepare a Coffin for me,
And let a Grave be digged, I will be happy,
Or else not know my Misery to morrow.

Spo. You do not think what Ill may happen, Husband.
Come, let him have her, you have Means enough
For him; the Wench is fair, and if her Face
Be not a Flatterer, of a noble Mind,
Altho not Stock.

Æg. I do not like this stragling, come along,
By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will
Pardon my bold Intrusion. *Cal.* You're very welcome.
What, are you going *Bellula*? pray stay.
Tho Nature contradicts our Love, I hope
That I may have your Friendship. *Flo.* *Bellula*!

Bel. My Father calls; farewell; your Name and Me-
In spite of Fate I'll love, farewell. [*mory*]

Flo. Would you be gone, and not bestow one Word
Upon your faithful Servant? Do not all
My Griefs and Troubles, for your sake sustain'd,
Deserve, farewell *Florellus*. *Bel.* Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unless you stay,
Or I go with you? you were pleas'd erewhile
To say you honour'd me with the next place
To *Callidorus* in your Heart, then now
I should be first: do you repent your Sentence?
Or can that Tongue sound less than Oracle?

Bel. Perhaps I am of that Opinion still,
But must obey my Father.

Æg. Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her,

No. Yes, I would have her self; if *Constancy* [Sir?
And Love be meritorious, I deserve her.
Why Father, Mother, Sister, Gentlemen,
Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since it must be so, I'll bear it patiently.
Shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken
With your fair Daughter; therefore if you think
Him fitting for a Husband, speak, and let it
Be made a Match immediately, we shall
Expect no other Dowry than her Vertue.

Æg. Which only I can promise; for her Fortune
Is beneath you so far, that I could almost
Suspect your Words, but that you seem more noble.
How now, what say you, Girl?

Bel. I only do depend upon your Will.

Æg. And I'll not be an Enemy to thy good Fortune.
Take her, Sir, and the Gods bless you.

No. With greater Joy than I would take a Crown.

All. The Gods bless you.

No. They have done't already. [joying

Æg. Lest you should think when Time, and oft en-
Hath dull'd the Point and Edge of your Affection,
That you have wrong'd your self and Family,
By marrying one whose very Name, a Shepherdess,
Might fling some Spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,
She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

No. How! you speak mystick Wonders.

Æg. I speak Truths, Sir,
Some fifteen Years ago, as I was walking,
I found a Nurse wounded, and groaning out
Her latest Spirit, and by her a fair Child,
And, which her very dressing might declare,
Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,
I asked her who had used her so inhumanely;
She answered, *Turkish* Pyrates, and withal,

Desired me to look unto the Child,
 For 'tis, said she, a Nobleman's of *Sicily*,
 His Name she would have spoke, but Death permitted
 Her as I could, I did cause to be buried, [not.
 And then brought home the little Girl with me.
 Where by my Wife's Persuasions we agreed,
 Because the Gods had bless'd us with no Issue,
 To nourish as our own, and call it *Bellula*,
 Whom now you see your Wife, your Daughter.

Spo. Is't possible? *Flo.* Her Manners shew'd her.

Æg. I call the Gods to witness, this is true. [noble.
 And for the farther Testimony of it,
 I have yet kept at home the Furniture,
 And the rich Mantle, which she then was wrapt in,
 Which now perhaps may serve for some good Use
 Thereby to know her Parents.

Dem. Sure this is *Apbron's* Sister then, for just
 About the time he mentions, I remember
 The Governour of *Pachynus*, then his Father,
 Told me that certain Pyrates of *Argier*
 Had broke into his House, and stoin from thence,
 With other Things, his Daughter, and her Nurse;
 Who being after taken, and executed,
 Their last Confession was, that they indeed
 Wounded the Nurse, but she fled with the Child,
 Whilst they were busy searching for more Prey,
 Whom since her Father never saw nor heard of.

Clæ. Then now I'm sure, Sir, you would gladly pardon
 The rash Attempt of *Apbron*, for your Daughter;
 Since Fortune hath join'd both of you by Kindred.

Dem. Most willingly. *Spo.* I, I, alas 'twas Love.

Flo. Where should we find him out?

Clæ. I'll save that Labour. [Exit *Clariana*.

Cal. Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd? and the rest
 Of my good Sylvan Friends? methinks I would
 Fain take my leave of them.

Æg. I'll fetch them hither.
 They're not far off, and if you please to help.

The Match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palamon*,
 'Twould be a good Deed, I'll go fetch them.

[Exit.]

Enter Aphron, Clariana.

Aph. Ha! whither have you led me, *Clariana*,
 Some steepy Mountain bury me alive,
 Or Rock intomb me in its stony Entrails!

Whom do I see? *Cl.* Why do you stare, my *Aphron*?
 They have forgiven all.

Dem. Come, *Aphron*, welcome.

We have forgot the wrong you did my Daughter,
 The Name of Love hath cover'd all; this is
 A joyful Day, and sacred to great *Hymen*.

'Twere Sin not to be Friends with all Men now.

Spe. Methinks I h' much ado to forgive the Rascal.

[Aside.]

Aph. I know not what to say; do ye all pardon me?
 I have done Wrong to you all, yea to all those
 That have a share in Virtue. Can ye pardon me?

All. Most willingly.

Aph. Do you say so, fair Virgin?

You I have injur'd most; with Love,
 With fancy Love, which I henceforth recall,
 And will look on you now with Adoration,
 Not with Desire hereafter. Tell me, pray,
 Doth any Man yet call you his?

Cal. Yes; *Philistus*.

Aph. I congratulate it, Sir.

The Gods make ye both happy: Fool as I am,
 You are at the height already of Felicity,
 To which there's nothing can be added now,
 But Perpetuity; you shall not find
 Your Rival any more, though I confess
 I honour her, and will for ever do so.

Clariana, I am so much unworthy
 Of thy Love. That——

Cl. Go no farther, 'tis I should say so
 Of my own self.

Phi. How, Sister! Are you two so near upon a Match?

Aph. In our Hearts, Sir,
We are already join'd ; it may be tho
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*
Stile you his Brother. *Phi.* No Sir, if you both
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.

Why here's a Day indeed ; sure *Hymen* now
Means to spend all his Torches. *Dem.* 'Tis my Son, Sir,
Now come from Travel, and your Brother now.

Aph. I understand not. *Dem.* Had you not a Sister ?

Aph. I had Sir ; but where now she is, none knows
Besides the Gods.

Dem. Is't not about some fifteen Years ago
Since that the Nurse 'scap'd with her from the Hands
Of *Turkish* Pyrates that beset the House ? *Aph.* It is, Sir.

Dem. Your Sister lives then, and is married
Now to *Florellus* ; this is she. You shall be
Informed of all the Circumstances anon.

Aph. 'Tis impossible.

I shall be made too happy on the sudden.

My Sister found, and *Clariana* mine !

Come not too thick, good Joys, you will oppress me.

Enter Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Hylace, Palæmon.

Cal. Shepherds, you're welcome all ; tho I have lost
Your good Society, I hope I shall not
Your Friendship and best Wishes.

Æg. Nay, here's Wonders ;
Now *Callidorus* is found out, a Woman ;
Bellula not my Daughter, and is married
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend
To do in earnest what before I jest'd,
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Heir. *Mel.* Ha, ha, ha,

Come, it's no matter for that ; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine Tricks ?

No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha !
Alas ! She is married to *Dametas*.

Æg. Nay, that was your Plot, *Melarnus*,
I met with him, and he denies it to me.

G. 6

Hyl. (to *Callidora*) Henceforth I must not love, but No.

Æg. By all the Gods I will. [nour you—

Tru. He will, he will; Duck.

Mel. Of every thing? *Æg.* Of every thing; I call These Gentlemen to witness here, that since I've no Child to take care for, I will make *Palemon* Heir to those small Means the Gods Have bless'd me with, if he do marry *Hylace*.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, I scarce believe you.

Dem. We'll be his Sureties. *Mel.* *Hylace*,

What think you of *Palemon*? can you love him?

He has our Consents, but its no matter for that,

If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.

Hyl. Why do I doubt, fond Girl? I'm now a Woman.

Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.

Hyl. My Duty binds me not to be averse
To what likes you.—

Mel. Why take her then, *Palemon*, she's yours for
Pal. With far more Joy [ever.

Than I would do the Wealth of both the *Indies*;

Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægon*,

W'are freed from Misery with Sense of Joy,

We are not born so; oh! my *Hylace*,

It is my comfort now that thou wert hard

And cruel till this Day. Delights are sweetest

When poisoned with the Trouble to attain them.

Enter Alupis.

For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

By your leave, I come to seek a Woman,

That hath out-liv'd the Memory of her Youth,

With Skin as black as her Teeth, if she have any,

With a Face would fright the Constable and his Watch
Out of their Wits (and that's easily done you'll say) if

They should meet her at Midnight.

Oh! are you there? I thought I smelt you somewhere;

Come hither, my she-Nesher, pretty Truga,

Come hither, my sweet Duck.

Tru. Why are you not aham'd t' abuse me thus,
Before this Company?

Alu. I have something more

LOVES RIDDLE.

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I come to shew the Ring before them all ;
How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus* ?

Tru. 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you ;
She told me so ; but they are married now. [News.

Alu. What ! do you think to *flam* me ? why ho ! here's

Pal. *Alupis*, art thou there ? forgive my Anger,

I am the happiest Man alive, *Alupis*,
Hylace is mine, here are more Wonders too.

Thou shalt know all anon. *Tru.* *Alupis*, give me---

Alu. Well, rather than be troubled

Æg. *Alupis* welcome, now w' are Friends I hope ;
Give me your Hand. *Mel.* And me.

Alu. With all my Heart,

I'm glad to see you've learn'd more Wit at last.

Cal. This is the Shepherd, Father, to whose care
I owe for many Favours in the Woods.

You're welcome heartily ; here's every Body
Pair'd of a sudden, when shall's see you married ?

Alu. Me ? when there are no Ropes to hang my self,
No Rocks to break my Neck down ; I abhor
To live in a perpetual Belfery ;
I never could abide to have a Master ;
Much less a Mistress ; and I will not marry,
Because, I'll sing away the Day,

For 'tis but a Folly, to be melancholy,
I'll be merry whilst I may.

Ph. You're welcome all, and I desire you all
To be my Guests to Day ; a Wedding Dinner,
Such as the sudden can afford, we'll have.

Come, will ye walk in, Gentlemen ? *Dem.* Yes, yes.
What Crosses have ye born before ye join'd !
What Seas pass'd through before ye touch'd the Port !

*Thus Lovers do, e're they are Crown'd by Fates,
With Palm, the Tree their Patience imitates.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by ALUPIS.

THE Author bid me tell you---'faith, I have
 Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very Slave,
 If I know what to say; but only this,
 Be merry; That my Counsel always is.
 Let no grave Man knit up his Brow, and say,
 'Tis foolish; why? 'twas a Boy made the Play;
 Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
 Because he goes in Plush, be of his Mind.
 Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve,
 Be merry; give me your Hands, and I'll believe.
 Or if you will not, Pll go in, and see,
 If I can turn the Author's Mind with me,

To sing away the Day,
 For it is but a Folly
 To be Melancholy,
 Since that can't mend the Play.

N A U.

Naufragium Joculare :

COMOEDIA.

Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

Domino D. COMBER,

Decano *Carleolensi* colendissimo, & Collegii SS.
& Individuæ *Trinitatis* Magistro Vigilantissimo.

Siste gradum : quoniam temeraria pagina tendis,
Auratâ nimum facta superba togâ ?

Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno ;

Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.

I, pete, sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,

Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.

Post Ca, vel Hip. Qualis ? ne ; vel, af, un. Quanta ? par.

Destruit E dictum, destruit Ique modum. [in sin.

Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandius ore sonabit ;

Setonus, dicent, quid velit iste sibi ?

I, pete Causidicos : poteris sic culta videri,

Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.

Fallor : post Ignoratum gens cautior illa est ;

Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.

I, pete Lectorem nullum ; sic salva latebis,

Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.

Limine ab hoc caveas : Procul ô, procul ito profana.

Diffimile hic Domino nil decet esse suo.

Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,

Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.

Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pœne timenda,

Et Flavum attollit sic veneranda Caput.

At scio, quid dices: Nostros Acadēmia lusus
 Spectavit; nūgā tum placuere meæ.
 Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est hic altera solus;
 Vel Granta ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
 Sed si authore tuo, pergas; audacior; ire:
 (Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit)
 Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandā
 Tristis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
 Viventi auspiciū quod sibi vellet idem.
 Non peto ut ista probes; tantum, Puerilia, dicas;
 Sunt, fateor; Puērum sed satis illa decens.
 Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,
 Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

Vestri Favoris Studioſſimus,

ABR. COWLEY.



Ad

Ad Lectorem.

NON sum nescius quanto cum periculo emanare in vulgus hanc Fabulam passus sim; tantum interest Spectator, an Lector sis Comœdiae, quamvis amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis ex se deforme est, pulchritudinem suam amittere necesse sit, quam illi Lucerna, Vestes, Actor, nobilissima frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum ceteris commune, illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eisque, qui, nescio quo fato, maxime placuerunt, ne intelligi quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Gelasimi partibus, præcipuè verò cum aperitur Schola; ita ut huic libro accadat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in civitate suâ ubique ignorantur; ita nascuntur Calendarii similes in usum unius tantum regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo; & effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas, & veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor!) pane ab infantia nugatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingrati crimen subeam, si tibi negem lusus meos; Immemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentiæ ventum est ut hornus adhuc Academicus, Comœdiam doceat? Quod nunquam quisquam eâ etate aggressus est, idne sibi arroget insolens puer? Ego ne tale quid in me admisi? Quod si crimen quidem sit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam tibi, amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, ego vel iterum tui causâ tam insolens ferem.

Valo.

Scena

Scena *Dunkerka.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

G Nomicus,	Tutor Gelasimi & Morionis.
Gelasimus,	Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.
Morion,	Suppositivus Filius Polypori.
Bombardomachides,	Miles.
Eucomissa,	Filia Bombardom.
Ægle,	Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis soror.
Psecas,	Ancilla Eucomissæ.
Æmylio,	Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.
Calliphanes, P.	Senex.
Calliphanes, F.	Ejus filius, Ægles amasius.
Polyporus,	Mercator Anglus.
Academicus 1.	
Academicus 2.	
Mulier.	
Bajuli 2.	
Personæ mutæ.	
Lorarii 2.	
Bajulus.	
Exorcista.	

P R O.

PROLOGUS.

EXI fors inepte ; nullamne habebunt hic Comœdiam ?
 Exi, inquam, inepte : aut incipiam ega cum Epilogo.
 Tun' jam Sopbista junior, & modestus adhuc ?
 Ego nihil possum, præter quod cæteri solent,
 Salvete cives Attici, & corona florentissima.
 Utinam illum videretis, plus hoc spectaculo
 Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
 Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
 Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puero.
 Tragœdia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.
 Disturus modo Prologum, novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
 Prodire ; nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam
 Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
 Illius ergò causâ, finis exorator siem,
 Ut nequis Poëta vitio vortat novitio,
 Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
 Nisi fari inceptaverit, Nemo est futurus eloquens.
 Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
 Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
 Neque annos novem posite ; non est, Spectatores optimi,
 Adulta res, sed Puerilis, Ludere.
 Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
 Quis suum diecula invidet crepusculum ?
 Quis viola, quod primò oritur, extinguit purpuram ?
 Favete & huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
 Repente exortus, repentinâ occidat.

Naufragium

Naufragium Joculare, &c.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Dinon.

[*Celeusma intus.*]

SI quidem adaptantur humeris onera, huc me actutum sequimini : Ego vobis prospiciam ; nimium hi nautæ attrectant picem manibus : Mirum herclè est quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funibus. Qui suum quotidie fatum quasi accuratè complicant. Ut clamârunt modo ! Susurrare præ his *Tempestatem* diceres. Gratias habeo quod abs sese, & his suis nos amisit mare. Utrumque est æque turbulentum, & ad adspectum utriusque vomeres. Itaque incolumem hic te videre seriò lætor, *Dinon* : *Polyporus* huc me misit *Herus*, cum Filio simul ejusque sodali, ut euntibus servirem peregrè : quorum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultrâ quæritat ; alter & industriam addidit, uti insaniret strenue. Hos ducit quasi *Tutor* eorum *Gnomicus*, ita homo, Qui rectè si saperent, stultos eis annum redderet, nil extra carmina, atque sententias loquitur carnifex ; vix soleas, nisi ex *Virgilio*, poscet, ita poetâ abutitur. Hem *Dinon*, vin' tu homini stulto auscultare mihi ? Succentuti jam nunc graviter in corde Sy-cophantias : Nam si bolus iste tantus eripiat ex faucibus, nunquam iterum occasio dabitur, fortunatus ut sis. Ignôta regio ; heri stolidi, ac divites : tum ego, *Dinon*, Plenus fallaciæ servus, & pecuniæ indigens. Næ Oves commisit lupo, hos mihi qui concedidit. Atque ecce ipsos de navi ; eccum autem *Gnomicum* ; Ut magnificè infert sese ! gradiri *Fambum* crederes, concedam isthuc ; hem *Bajuli*, an dormitis super sarcinas ?

SCENA II. *Gnomicus, Morion, Gelastus* ; *Dinon.*

Gno. Quod felix faustumq; sit (quâ formulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ. Ne à *Virgilio* nostro, poetarum omnium facile principe, quem ego honoris causâ nomino, transversum digitum aut unguem latum excedamus, ut pulchrè in proverbio.

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Mor. Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum meum.

Gno. Dixisses potius tutum, nam hoc esset more Aulico.

Mor. Imò utrumque, mi Tutor, *Gnomice*.

[*Dinon, Bajuli.*]

Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; sed quænam est hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis nota est de facie, quam si esset Terra incognita.

Din. Adsunt *Bajuli* cum sarcinulis.

Baj. Quo portamus Domine?

Din. Ad tabernam proximam diversoriam, ego ostendam locum.

Gno. Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod Simo senex in Comœdiâ, vos isthæc intro auferte; abite; *Dinon*, sequere, nam paucis te volo.

Mor. *Dinon*, st! ego paucis te volo. Memento de vino bono.

Din. Here, factum puta, nam nihil mihi potius est, quam in hac re animo tuo obsequi.

Mor. St! *Bajuli*! quin dico, sistite vos mihi *Bajuli*.

Baj. Quid est quod nos velis?

Mor. Cavete de sarcinulis, ne quassæ sint vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter. *Baj.* Numnam insunt vitra?

Mor. Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte Imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, & læsæ Majestatis reus fiam; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

[*Exeunt Dinon, Bajuli.*]

Gno. Pish, verbum sapienti sat est: norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' læticiam nautarum! ferit aurea sydera clamor.

[*Celeusma intus.*]

Mor. O muscos homines! utinam ego essem navita: Vix me abstinco quin clamem. [*Clamat*] *Gelasime*, quid tu tristis es?

Gno. Quid frontem, ut dicam metaphoricè, caperas *Gelasime*?

Gel. Egon tristis? non; Meditabar tantum de natura maris. Cui Dii Deæque malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo postea. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum est ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jo-

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cum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulis*. At antequam conscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi effluere, donecum omnes dicerent, satis, satis, satis est.

Gno. Gelasime, ut aridet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam de mari?

Gel. Amara res est; oh! benè est quod meipsum colligo: Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus; & est tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo. Adeste æquo animo, & meliores audietis postea.

Mor. Hei ho! ohi me! *Gno.* Quid est *Morion*? cur imo gemitum de pectore ducis? Secundum Poetam.

Mor. Totus contremisco cum de rebellante meo stomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud quod ego de tabulatis totum evomui! O ova! ô vinum! ô sumentum! hæc omnia infelix perdiidi. Obsonavi piscibus largiter.

Gno. Quis talia fando Myrmidonum Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssi (enphonie gratia) temperet à lachrymis? video certè rectè dici à veteribus. Πῦρ, ὕδωρ, γυνή, τρία κακά. Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transtuli. Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

Mor. Præterea, Tutor, aliquid aliud certè me nimis malè habuit, nam, cum ex alto terram procul prospeximus: Continuo ut nos propius accessimus, illa aufugit longulè Idque ita ego observavi ipse.

Gno. Vides ergo, quod post nubem Phæbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara: Multa diuque tuli: Difficilia quæ pulchra! Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum tendimus in Latium. Plurimaque alia commodè à veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

Gel. Omittis, *Morion*, tempestatem reminisci.

Mor. Rectè mones: nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cælum irem ingratiis.

Gno. Jam-jam taëtuos sidera summa putes, sed ego tu, adeon' vero metuis ἀπὸ θάνατον?

Mor. Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum; ἀπὸ θάνατον?

Gel. Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui sanguinis, præ timore, ne sub Ponti marmore sepultura

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nobis fieret. Intelligis Tutor? ambiguum id verbum est; ludo in *76* Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc? stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

Mor. Dii te perdant adeò in omni sermone facetus es.

Gel. Ain' verò? tune maledicis ingenio meo?

Mor. Quidni? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati sumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas? Vitium *Gelasime*, vitium est.

Gno. Quid est, adolescentes? revocate animos, mœstumque timorem mittite, nam jam in vado sumus, cum Proverbio.

Mor. Obsecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revortamur domum. Nam oppidò mihi arrider hujus loci facies.

Gno. Potin' igitur, ut sustineas animum, si nunquam patrem sis visurus denuo?

Mor. Hercle vero satin' mihi exciderat pater de memoria? Perquam molesta res est Pater, sed ni fallor non semper vivunt senes.

Gel. Video me frustra esse, necesse est ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

Mor. Nimis diu hercle est, ex quo ego ebrius fui, atque adeo annus videtur, donicum in hac regione probe madeam.

Gel. Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nunc: petimusne diversorium? Ibique omnem hanc ex animo eximimus lassitudinem?

Mor. Imo illic bibamus strenue.

Gel. Rectè & post illa faciam carmina.

Mor. Atque ego dormiam.

Gno. Faciesne adolescens carmina? at non constabunt tibi pedes posteaquam strenuò biberis: intellextin' *Gelasime*, quod velim per pedes annon?

Gel. Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ! ob istuc te dictum amo plurimum. At nisi eripuisses ex ore mihi, equidem prævorissem te, & certè magnus jocus est: donabo hunc pugil-
aribus, Carmina—— tibi pedes—— biberis——
Ha, ha, ha, he.

[scribit.]

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Mor. Næ istos omnes jocos Dii perdant; nam ante hoc temporis madere potuissem, nisi quod diem malè amissimus.

Gno. Eamus igitur; nam scriptum in Poeta invenimus, Ennius ipse Pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiluit dicenda? ubi Pater quia erat primum; Arma, metaphoricè: & alio loco, Fæcundi calices, quem non fecere Poetam? *Gel.* Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

Mor. Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitissarem postea. Poetam! vah! sumne ego Filius Polyperi natu maximus?

Gno. Bene habet: jam vos instituem optimis secundum hunc locum atque ætatem moribus. Docebo peregrinandi artem, atque edicam formulas, Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æquè ac me. Sed prius introeamus, nam melius hanc rem præstabimus impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguisq; ferinæ. *Mar.* Longè hercle melius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Æmylio.

Æm. Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus, meque ipse dum contemplor magis, continuò in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis suspensorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ: Næ illi vestitu solent esse ac istam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen; quanquam si eveniat, hoc volupe est mihi, quod hisce ego vestibus commodare non possim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me ditescat: sed interea temporis Dii vestram fidem! quid mihi faciendum est misero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denuo? Quî possim, nisi fortè Cynicus, adeò oblatrat stomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus: At malum herclè omen est auspicari id studium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicet aliquis, bono ingenio es; adjunge animum Poeticæ? Quamobrem vero? adeone parum inops sum ut fiam magis? Nam hæc recta via ad egestatem: præterea frustra hoc sperat animus. Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, sat scio, unam de me ipso nisi si Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere instituem

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institutam? nam agendum esse aliquid id venter admonet: Et plurimum præstat manu meâ, quam laborare in hunc modum fame: Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid est, opera quod conficiat mea? Nisi si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collochem. Quod præstare optime poteram cum ornatu hoc formidolosissimo. At non est, uti nimium properem ad id muneris, nam velim nolim, sat cito ad Corvos eundum est mihi. Labet mehercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliqua intendenda est in aliquem fallacia; hoc fixum maneat.

SCENA IV.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. Sed quis hic homo est qui sermonem nostrum auscultatur ex adversâ platea? Quantum ex vultu colligo, eodem laborat morbo, quo ego & multi magni viri laborarunt.

Din. Herus meus *Morion*, cum Tutore *Gnomico*, ejusdem farinae homine, & *Gelasimo* æquali suo, bene intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optime, hos ego nisi eman-gam aliquâ pecuniâ, sumne ipse stultus istorum multè maximus? Nam heri *Polyporus* pater adprimè dives est, nescit quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam scio.

Æm. *Ædepol* servum graphicum! ad amissam sententiam meam Locutus est adeò; hunc mihi notum esse oportuit, nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propinquâ parte amicitiz.

Din. Age *Dinon*.

Æm. Oh, idne tibi nomen est?

Din. Nunc specimen specitur *Dinon* ingenii tui, nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico, quin omnes te uno ore prædicent servum minimi pretii.

Æm. A me non impetro herclè, ut abstineam diutius, ita hominem amo perditè: *Dinon*, salve, gaudeo sane quandoquidem huc salvus veneris, Valuistis usque?

Din. Quanam hæc larva est? Quantum de veste coniecto hic stipem petit; Oh! scio quid dicturus: Milos sum, potitus hostium, occisus jam bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parce labori tuo; nihil do; bene vale.

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Æm. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, *Dinon*, Ubi est Herus tuus? pulchrè os sublinemus homini.

Din. Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum nosti meum?

Æm. Tanquam te.

Din. Ita sentio.

Æm. Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem, stipitem, asinum, ovem; Quem tondebimus auro hodie ad vivam cutem.

Din. Hic pol' herum meum (quicquid id est) suo appellat nomine. Jurares novisse hominem, ita depinxit probè. Quoniam vero tam familiaris es; facito ut sciam, quod nomen tibi sit amico atq; necessario meo.

Æm. Quasi verò oblivisci potis sis, facetus es, *Dinon*.
[amplectitur.]

Din. Non, non, quæso move te abs me longius, nam licet te amem, memini me semper odisse servulos tuos, nihili bestias.

Æm. Quos servulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui domi.

Din. Nempe à tergo sunt, funguntur officio suo; nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuas tecum portas.

Æm. Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuisti prius. A puero te novi, semper mordebas aliquem.

Din. Egon' verò mordebam? id servuli faciunt tui.

Æm. Non est ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear, Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie. Cogitabam domi me mansurum, sed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non est nti laborem de vestitu.

Din. Falsum; ego te non novi, Diis gratias; sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, nam virtute formæ evenit, te ut quicquid habeas deceat. Sed si tenebris fortè surgeres, diligentia opus est, ne indovas subligaenla in diploidis loco, adeò difficile est utrumque in te distinguere.

Æm. Æstivè testus sum de industria; sudor me enecat.

Din. Consilium dabo, amice, si me audias, perbonum, in rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum

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poteris: Nam tunc te *Ædiles* forsitan ad sepulturam ducint, Et, quod anno non fecisti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

Æm. Nolo obsonare vermes.

Din. Quam pediculos satius est. Obsecro amice, quo avolavit collare, & subucula? Ne tantillum quidem usquequaque gerit lintei quod digitum tegat, si cum casu vulneret. *Æm.* Lotrix habet, quid tua?

Din. Iste galerus jam exibitum est. Revereri me necesse est, operire non potes caput.

Æm. Admitti solem volo; quæso an id invides?

Din. Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare sterquilinum.

Æm. Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si serio faceres — *Din.* Quid tum?

Æm. Acciperem joco.

Din. *Ædèpol* hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotiosum me decet esse aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocàrim in memoriam qui sis, revortar tibi.

Æm. Obsecro, num amicum deseris? quid faciam?

Din. Teipsam pensilem.

Æm. Da igitur drachmam, non placet ita prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid est quod te velim. In Morionem herum tuum fragulam injicere animum induxisti, ne nega; induxti, scio. Hanc si devolvam mihimet provinciam, ita argento illum circumvortam consutis dolis, ut reverà me dicas postea necessarium tuum. Miles hanc domum nostræ commisit fidei servandam in reditum suum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunitus istic locus est, tum autem ego (dimidium mearum audum prætereo præ modestiâ) ita retexo omnes mortales quemq; prehendero, ut oppido se tactos credant modo si conspexerim.

Din. Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertusa sit, mihi valde cautio est. Nimio fuit familiaris.

Æm. Idem à te caveo, *Dinon*, nam prope adsticisti lva res, nihil nactus es.

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Din. Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem ob-
jecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido.
Nam cum istoc comite vel ipsi Mercurio verba darem, ita
omnes articulos callet Sycophantiæ. Quod nomen tibi
dicam esse? *Æm. Æmylion.*

Din. Tum bene, *Æmylio*, da mihi manum, conditio-
nem accipio. Dabin' verò iurandum te fidelem fore?

Æm. Do Deos testes: quæso cui mortalium præstanda
est, fidem si inter nosmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis
creas, dic qui sint homines, unde, quid veniant, nam adi-
bo, quæsi ætatem nossem. It dies, & nondum pecuniæ
injicio ungulas.

Din. In via tibi dicam omnia; sed cum istoccine orna-
tu, mi *Æmylio*?

Æm. Pish, potin' ut quiescas? Annon vestitus tibi vi-
deor satis basilicè?

Din. Ut voles esto; fatin' ex improvise tandem amici-
tia tanta icta est? *Æm.* Meus bonus Genius!

Din. Meus alter idem! *Æm.* Meus Pylades!

Din. Orestes meus! *Æm.* Meus — *Os d. c. d.*
μυχαῖς! *Din.* Mitte tricas, I præ, sequar.

Æm. Quasi essem tam male moratus, mi Pylades? pe-
regrino semper. —

Din. Vix audeo te à tergo relinquere, tibi herclè lo-
cum cedo, tu major nebulo es.

Æm. Eamus ergo simul, mea commoditas.

Din. Mea opportunitas, eamus. [Exeunt.]

SCENA V. Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Puer.

Gno. Uti in primo Actu Menæchmi, Scenâ secundâ di-
citur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hunc comburamus diem.
Eugè Plautus, *ὁ δὲ πλάτῳ* dictus! sic Horatius Diem
conderet, & *ὁ ποιητὴς* Latii per excellentiam, jamque di-
em clauso componit vesper Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortua est? ha, ha, ha, an inquam
dies mortua 'st, Tutor?

Mor. Moriatur sanè, aut suspendat se, si volt. *Puer,*
cedo vinum. *Hum* — nullumne magi' vetus?

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Puer. Illicò, illicò. [*bibit.*] Nullus est in totâ urbe qui tibi melius præbeat, si ejus frater esses.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? non sum ego Polyperi unicus? sed periculum faciam. [*bibit.*]

Pu. Et scintillulat quasi —

Mor. Scintillulat? videam. Fortassis hoc præstat — certè scintillat probè. [*bibit.*] Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos?

Pu. Egon' Domine?

Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus sum melius — da Tutori, *Puer.* [*bibit.*]

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non possum esse hic & illic simul.

Gel. Obstupetaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo. Adi sis.

Pu. Maxime.

Gel. Adestum verò Minime. Ut verbum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

Pu. Vides.

Gel. Ita nimio exiguus fueras, ut vix hercle poteram.

Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocus in Coronam.

Gel. Ayolavit; unico planè dicto occidi hominem. Ita omnes quibuscum loquor semper macto infortunio. Hominem tetigi joeis quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo Rosæ. [*scribit.*]

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum *Gelasime*. Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenuique pudoris. Adi sis propius; quid oculos defigis adeo? attollas caput. Nescis derivari *ἰσχυρὸν ἔνδ' τῷ αἵνῳ ἀδελφῷ*; Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram, Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit respondere; ita joco interteci modo. Euge *Gelasime*, nunquam commutatus clues.

Mor. Puer pete ocus vinum; quid horas bonas perdimus?

Gno. Audin'? sit Coum, Massicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cæcubum, atque audin'? ne sit aut Vaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave; Namque hæc in aliam partem accepta apud Authores legimus.

Pu. Factum puta; Vinum ocus in Rosam.

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Mo. Puer revertere sis; Fac poculum teipso majus uti simul afferas. Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

SCENA VI.

Emylia iisdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi fidicinem; Abi eum cantunculis novis.

Em. Ain' Nanule, Ramentum! Triental hominis! Naturæ avaritia! Non licet amicos alloqui?

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popinâ cæcâ querites; vinum non bibunt, nisi fortè in Principis natali eum ex canali bus funditur.

Em. Quin abi in malam rem furciferule. —

Pu. Illico; illico.

Em. Salvere vos plurimum jubet amicus vester vetus: Et vivos valentesque huc advenisse id volupe est mihi. Facit hoc fortasse vestis insolentia ut fugiat vos memoria qui sum. *Gel.* Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigisti, nam sic melius dictum reor.

Em. At vestrum ego & memini & semper faciam ut meminero. Nam *Morianis* patri *Polyporo* jam olim summus fui, postquam peregrè advenientem hospitio me exceperat.

Gno. Na bonâ memoriâ es; didicisse artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cicerone) invenisse dicitur *Simonides*.

Em. *Gelasime* salve (Dii faciant ne falsus sim) salve *Morian*.

Mon. Ego non magis te novi quam hominem in Lunâ. Sed si vis, salve.

Gel. Hanc etiam hominem ludos faciam. Nunquid vestes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, ha,) abierunt peregrè?

Em. Modò admodum ex bello redii, commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audiui advenisse properavi visere.

Gel. Addepol vestes malas! an ex bello aufugerunt? An ostenderunt terga? tua terga hic intelligo.

Em. Oh; benè herclè gaudeo quod significaras mihi, Nam illic locus est; *Gelasime*, antiquum obtines.

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Gel. Novit me iste proculdubio, non urgebo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An ostenderunt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino, post scribam tamen.

Æm. Hanc mihi quam videtis, stragem effecerunt gladii. Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odos Pyrii pulveris objectu' est naribus?

Gel. O bellum quasi minime bonum! Ibi ego iterum; nunquam cessabo hodie.

Gno. Bella per Æmathios plusquam civilia campos. Satin' hic homo excidit mihi memoriâ? Pudet oblivisci familiares tam malè, Ne superbum dicat, assimulabo quasi sciam. Incertus sum quis fiet, sed hoc nil refert. Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

Æm. Ut valet uxor *Polyperi*? ut senectatē fert?

Gel. Quasi injuriam Malè? Si centum peregrini adsint, Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. [*Scribit.*]

Gno. Ohe! jam satis est, nunc salve, amice optime, Dissimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non possem prius.

Gel. Nostin' verò, Tutor, serio? dic nomen obsecro.

Gno. Nomen? quasi——vorsatur mihi in labris prioribus.

Æm. Perii; nomen amisi: oh! *Peripolēmarachus* est.

Gno. Dii boni! ita est profectò; sæpe obliviscimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbium facetissimè, tanquam digitos.

Gel. Certè quoque cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

Mar. Tum ego memini quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem, *Periple*——*Periplome*——Non multum refert, noli quid velim, tibi præbibo.

Gno. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est Methodus. Sic melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum, *Gelasime*.

Gel. Non parebit mihi Tutor, ita derisi modò.

Gno. Heus puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

Puer. [*Subt.*] Statim venio, Illico.

Gno. At citius quam coquuntur asparagi, En, age, segnes rumpe moras.

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Æm. Prædam habeo : Salvus sum ; tres hosce Afinos
Dnæ res statim pessundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego. Eho ru!
dum nos hic largiter siccamus cyathos, Jube cytharistria
intus nos oblectet cantuunculâ. Circumfer tu merum ;
da bibere plenîs cantharis. A summo incipe.

Gno. Peripolemarche, pulchrè admones, Juvat infanire.

Mor. Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St! Pax! oh harmoniam! ut vibrissat! [*Cantio.*]

Gno. Hem, *Morion*, clauduntur lumina somno?

Mor. Non, non, non, Sine me esse nihili.

Gel. Madet pol *Morion*.

Mor. Madeon' *Gelasime*? An ego madeo, Tutor? cedo gladium Peripomarchides.

Gel. Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum? I lanè ebrîus es, *Gelasime*, per Deos immortales ebrîus es.

Gno. Arma virumq; cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italianam fato profugus—hic illius arma Hic currus fuit—circumfer merum, carnufex. Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto Vi superum, sævæ memorem—porrige mihi poculum, Amice, benè me, benè te, benè noster Virgilius Arma virumq; cano— [Bibit.]

Mor. Benè habet; ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrîum.

Din. Horuncee hic ego facta & sermones legam. Quam frenuè Genio indulgent! faxo, si vivus vivam, Plus uti eras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodiè. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum, hilarem Sumemus diem, atque amœnum: Ebrietatem sitio.

Æm. Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, hercle me evertent cyathis, Ita properant interire: Dii me beatum volunt.

Mor. Ego non sum ebrîus, *Gelasime*.

Gel. Neque ego. *Mo.* Neque ego.

Gel. Bene igitur; salutem tibi.

Mo. Enimverò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

Gel. At ego multò magis.

Mo. Tun' magis? *Gel.* Inquam, Magis.

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Mo. Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus, hem! propino tibi.

Gel. Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ità te amo *Morion*.

Mo. O *Gelasime*. *Gel.* O *Morion*!

Gno. Move manus ocyùs; [Puer Exit.]

[*Dinon* intus sonitum facit & celeusma.]

Quid stas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

Mo. Dii vostram fidem! tempestatem magnam! camus oratum Tutor.

Gel. Tempestatem vero! certo certius turbo exortus est, Ità vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam stare.

Gno. Ecce autem, clamorque virum, stridorque rudentium! Satin' in navi nos esse oblitus fui? hem, curate navitæ, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitan in Scopulum, Tempestas increbrescit.

Din. Pol mortales graphicos, Periiimus, navis periit, ad extrema se paret quisque. Nesciunt jam vocem meam; ego pulchrè delulos dabo.

Em. *Dinonis* illa vox est; *Eugepæ*! factum est optime.

Gno. Apparent adhuc sidera; hic Pol- [ad lucernas.] lux, illic *Castor* est.

Em. Hem! naclere, naclere, inquam! quamdiu vivimus? *Din.* Vix horæ dimidium: periiimus!

Mor. Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo postea.

Em. Adesdum, adesdum inquam, *Gnomice*, Viden' fluctum illum decimum?

Gno. Decimæ venit impetus undæ; Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

Gel. O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non joculari hoc ipso in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

Mor. Non possum pati me mori. [genua flectit.]

Quoties peccavi ego! [bibit] Madui quoties! [bibit] Quoties scortatus sum [bibit] Nunquam videbo patrem, Nunquam post hæc bibam, [bibit] abi sis uter miser.

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Convertamus nos, Tutor, ad preces illico.

Gno. Maxime?

O terque quaterque beati,
Quois ante ora Patrum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Contigit oppetere.

Pa. Equid nos vocastis?

Em. Dii te perdant, ita inopportune huc te conjiciis.
Abi sis furcifer. [extrudit.

Gno. Quod fit?

Em. Rogas? Vidistin' ut ad proram modo Deus aliquis marinus adstitit?

Gel. Non, erat piscis magnus.

Em. Piscis?

Gel. Piscis mehercule: Mehercule, inquam, piscis, ex voce id satis colligo.

Din. Funes rupti sunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera est. Actum de nobis, Socii.

Mor. O mortem — — — quid faciam? Obsecro atque oro vos pisces mihi parcite. Ego filius sum *Polyperi* natu maximus.

Din. Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Perimus, ho! socii, perimus, absorbet nos mare,

[dejicit.

Jam, jam absorbet, perimus.

Gno. O nos miseros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus, Ut pessime Comicus. O *Peripolemarche*, queso duc me in inferiora navis.

Gel. Et me, me, me, etiam obsecro.

Detrudit in cellam Bombardi.

Mor. Valet; ego jam moriar.

[cadit.

Din. Ha, ha, ha! Dii vestram fidem, rem venustam & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenirist hæc fabrica.

Em. St! *Dinon*, st! descende, altum dormiunt;

[*Dinon* descendit.

Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

Ruer ingreditur.

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Ps. Non, non, non; repræsentatam prius Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus, antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis oculos spoliatur, & dat Puero pecuniam.*]

Am. Pecuniam? lubentissimè, lubentissimè accipè sis.

Ps. Jam habe tibi hunc asinum; illicò illicò. [*Exit.*]

Am. O Jovem, cæterosq; cælites! [*Tollunt Morionem.*]
Necesse est risu spectatores emorier, Si rem transferret istam in Comœdiam quispiam. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Dinom, Amylio habitu Morionis.

Din. **Æ** Mylio, ecquid stas animo? quin iterum inquam *Amylio*; Hæredis illæ vestes sunt; vereor ne cerebro incommodent.

Am. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator postea, Quamquam insolens fecero, si sermonem feram cum servulo, Fortunas hæc meas sublatus animus decet. Siquidem fidelem te præstitisti, hem manum ad oscula:

Din. Faxo pol osculeris meam, siquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

Am. Siquidem herclè ingeras; faxo mihi os esse senseris. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias. Scio quid dicturus, miles sum, potitus hostium, Occisus bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo; nihil do; benè vale.

Din. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas;

Amylio.

Am. Ego comes *Amylio* vocor, ne nomen nescias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi *Amylio*, respondeas velim.

Am. Rogandi copiam tibi facio, andacter loquere.

Din. Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos Rogo: Nunc Te, scripsisti literas ad Polyporum?

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Æm. Hum ! quid ais ? nos magni viri negotiis majoribus impediti sæpe non advertimus quæ dicta sunt.

Din. Exemplar litterarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim. Jamne audis ?

Æm. Hum ! Litterarum ? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.

Din. Potest fieri ut diminuam tibi caput, nisi mittas has tricas.

Æm. Obloqueris mihi sic ornato ? lego has inquam, ocyus.

Din. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & seorsim, meo Domino atque Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerei greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tuum, Duosque amicos ; servo nunc victos domi, Victore me superbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale. *Dux Bombardomachides.*

Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit *Bombardomachides* ?

Æm. Sic loquitur quotidie : linguam cothurnatam gerit.

Din. Avi sinistrâ hæc res procedit, atq; ex sententia, quid agimus nunc jam ?

Æm. Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*. Tu custodem ; barbam induas, atq; ornamenta cætera. [*Induit.*

Hem istuc ocyus ; jam Custos purus putus es. Abi atq; edue captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti sint vi & armis ; hic vos operibor, abi. [*Exit Dinon.*

Poteram ego nunc universos Mortales ludos facere ; Equidem meipsum pene metuo ; ne personatus *Bombardomachides*.

[ornat se.
Verum *Æmylionem* fallat. Adeon' pervorsa es, *Chlamis* ? Efficiam ut rectins sedeas ; Heic isthæc tiara'it, *Pyramis*. Exædificabo cum hac caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim gesto, Hem. Ego sum *Bombardomachidissimus*.

Gno. Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem. [*Intui.*

Gel. Quid ego tunc egi ? nonne pugnabam quemadmodum Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli ?

Din. Strenuissime omnium.

Gel. Certè ; nisi multum me fallit memoria.

Mor. Ego etiam aliquid feci.

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Gel. Vincuntur sæpe fortissimi ; Tutor, bono animo es.

Gno. Maximè ; nam dictum est verissimè. In re malâ animo si bono utare, juvat.

Din. Sequimini.

[Exit.

Em. Adsunt ; ego nondum comparebo.

SCENA II.

Dinon, Gnomicus, Gelasius, Morion (habitu Æmylionis.)

Mor. Hei ! Tutor ! Tutor ; ego non sum *Morion*.

Gno. Quid ais ?

Mor. Per Deos immortales non sum, ego novi *Morionem* sat benè.

Gno. De cælo descendit *ἡμεῖς οὐρανὸν*, Noscis teipsum.

Mor. Non, non, non novi meherculè.

Gno. Quis igitur es ?

Mor. Quomodo ego scire possim ?

Gel. Phy, phy, idem es.

Mor. Sumne ? benè habet ; sed unde hæ vestes, *Gelasime* ?

Gel. Sane nescio.

Mor. Nescis *Gelasime* ? an hoc sufficit ! quid ego respondeam patri ? Quid faciam ? Tutor viden' ?

Gno. Non equidem invideo, miror magis—

Mor. Hei ! Galerum ! video vos omnes per isthæc foramina.

Gel. Quasi fenestras habet.

Mor. Fenestras ! imò fores ; habet fores *Gelasime*, hei mihi !

Gel. Omnes ingeniosi sunt infelices propemodùm. Utinam cavissem isthoc crimine ; parentes prædixerunt mihi.

Mor. Et mihi, sed ego morem gessi, & tamen vestes perdididi.

Gno. Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcocis ingenii, inquit Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego irâ comptè loquor in miseris ? Jam licet verè dicere *Gelasime*. Ingenio perii, Naso Poeta, meo.

Din. Nisi aliter vobis visum est, accersam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

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Gno. Imò pro libitu tuo? Siquid me velit, Poeta respondere docuit, Coram, quem, quæritis, adsum, Troius Æneas.

Mor. Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? dic, qui sim, Tutor.

Dis. Expectant te; cave sis titubes; atque audin' etiam? Fac risum teneas, nam periculum id est.

Æm. Pilh; vultum in manu habeo, *Æmylio.*

Gel. Basilicæ se infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui spectatorum omnium oculos fertur perstringere.

Gno. Ora humerosque Deo similis!

Mor. Tutor, horreo tremoque; ego statim vomam.

Æm. Tonitru cum hostes vicinus feros bellico, Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens nostra frangit nescit, at flecti potest.

Gno. O quem te memorem, Miles, namque haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certè!

Æm. Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur potestas Jovis, Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis possim, estis vos experti satis, Dabimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

Mor. Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decidit, Anima exire nostra per posticum cupit.

Gel. Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem jocis ludere.

Æm. Ob hoc Polyporo celerem misi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos salvos ducat.

Gno. Mecenas Atavis edite Regibus, O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum!

Mor. Ego iterum reviviscam, nam aquam vitæ loquor.

Gel. Ut jam mitescit ferox! haud multum aliter Hyæna (mirum) ex mare in scæminam migrat. Boni ingenii est similitudines rerum fingere. Et concinnam ego comparisonem aliquando jocis præfero.

Æm. Quis tu? vel fere nomen, vel longum file.

Mor. Ego? servus tuus.

Æm. Quid aures tundis meas? ha!

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Mor. Favoris tui studiosissimus.

Em. Ambages mittito.

Mor. Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

Em. Nomen rogo.

Mor. Utinam esset dignum quod exaudias.

Em. Frustrà sum ; tuum ?

Gel. Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris *Bombardomachides*, Eodem planè modo delector ego nomine *Gelasmi*. Facetè meum nomen cum illius conféro, quo illi assentari possum magis. (*scribit*) Insinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto nonas *Feb.*

Em. Tuum.

Gno. Sed si tantus amor nomen cognoscere nostrum, Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuq; refugit Incipiam——*Gnomicus* (si tibi visum fuerit) seu *Gnomico* nomen est mihi.

Em. Fac, serve, officium ; rursus revortar intro.

[*Exit.*

Gel. Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite, Admiratur ingenium meum ; medius fidius captus st.

Mor. Non respondebam illi rusticè *Gelasme*. Euge *Morion* ; nolo me indoctum prædicant, Liceat indigeam vestium.

Din. Placetne hinc vos ?

Gel. Quo ?

Din. Unde educi.

Gel. In cellam illam angustam ac tenebricosam obsecro ? Quam ego *Orci* januam per joenum nominavi modo.

Din. Scilicet ; donec vos *Polyporus*.

Mor. Eamus igitur ; placent tenebræ, Nam si diutius hos pannos conspiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

Gno. Plautus Comœdiam scripsit, Cui Captivus titulus. Vates ô Plaute, fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum st. Nos jam Captivi. *Δις δ' ἀνελάνθην*

Mor. Tutor, Tutor, revortere sis ocius, Tutor.

Gno. Quid est ?

Mor. Nihil jam ; sed aliquis momordit me de tergo ; camus fodes.

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S C E N A III.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. Absumptus sum planissimè; *Gnomici* me expetant pedicæ. Neque unquam ex illius sententiis habeo; quâ me consolet miserum. Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus factus continuo ut vapulet. Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyùs; inquam, *Dinon*.

Intrat Dinon:

Din. Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

Æm. Quî possim? modò in viâ—

Din. *Bombardomachidem*?

Æm. Dixti. Nullus sum.

Din. Quam mox aderit obsecro?

Æm. Quin adest; vix punctum temporis ad consili-um datur. Jacebit in fermento totus; tum loquetur me-ros lapides.

Din. Imò pistrinum, fustes, vincula; isthæc ne loqua-tur plus metuo. Nullamne expurgationem habes?

Æm. Hum! nimium hoc callidum est; imò si erit—
Dinon, ita facito.

Din. Quid?

Æm. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

Din. Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

Æm. Ad summam domum ascendas ocyùs, & conti-nuo ubi ille in ædes se penetrârît, fac sonitum horrendum facias. Quasi (intellexit?) quasi esses *Dæmon* aliquis.

Din. Quamobrem?

Æm. Pilh, id mora est dicere, abi.

Din. Abeo; sed vidistin' ipse Militem?

Æm. Duobus his inquam oculis; molestus es.

Din. Abeo; verum dices *Dæmonem*.

[Exit.]

Æm. Ecce autem adest! morari certum est aliqui ho-minem.

Bom.
Ubi su
Glacia
Extrem
O salu
Videor
Imago
Æm.
Hum—
viam.
Bom.
Anticip
Verum
Decept
Æm.
Nam fa
Bom.
Sit licet
Quis u
Cannib
Abibo,
Pati nar
Pars ma
Æm.
Bom.
go mi
Æm.
Bom.
ratus n
Æm.
Bom.
Æm.
Bom.
inguâ

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SCENA IV.

Bombardomachides, Æmylio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?
Ubi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine
Glacialis ursæ? numquid Hesperii maris
Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum?
O salve domus, vosque penates Dei.
Videon' te patria? ludit an oculos meos
Imago fallax? non ludit; video satis.

Æm. Non opus est; manedum, & ego te ludam satis,
Hum——plenum id pericli est——hanc prius insistam
viam.

Bom. Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsabo pede,
Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quærit sibi? [*Æm. pulsav.*]
Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ
Deceptus umbrâ? verum est? quid velit sciam.

Æm. Expergiscere ensis; teque ad officium para:
Nam factum ex milite faciam, & comedam postea.

Bom. O scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,
Sic licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo,
Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi,
Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos?
Abibo, atq; isti cedam furori locum,
Pati nam mortem possum, at exedi pudet,
Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est.

Æm. Quis istic? hem! revortere, si malo caveas.

Bom. Nihil formido, sed tamen totus tremo,
go miles juvenis non sum, credo, falleris.

Æm. Proh deos, deasque omnes! men' falli dicis?

Bom. Non dico; at magni sæpe falluntur viri.
ratus ne sis; ira nam res est mala.

Æm. Tun' nosti ubi sit gentium *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Non novi.

Æm. At nisi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Per cælum, & cæli faces non notum est mihi.
ingua juro, mentem injuratam gero.

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Æm. Sed nosti probè hominem.

Bom. Novi aliquo modo,
Imò fortè novi, non novi forsitan,
Videtur ille fortis, necnon vir bonus.

Æm. Itane coram in os inimicum laudas meum?

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi? non est vir bonus.

Æm. Rectè animum tuum advestis ad animum meum,
Si has in ædes intrà mensem se conjiciat,
Ita inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas,
Ut istum perpetuo locum pejus angue oderit.

Bom. Ego rus revortar; periculum sapiens fugit.

Æm. Ha, ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata quid facit?

Bom. Quæ verba fundit? — faciem vidi prius —
Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquando bonum est.
Ipsus est; dominum servus deludis tuum?

Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet,
Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas
Eripiat oculis?

Æm. Occisa res est, perii.

Advenisse saluum gaudeo; valuisti' usq; athleticè?
Per jocum hoc feci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas? timendum est; aliquis hic erat dolus.

Æm. Nunc homini subpalpabor; experiri volui,
Utrum istoc sub ornato satis delitescerem,
Tu nosti usq; in initio, quanquam dissimulasti sedulo,
Operam profecto ludet, tibi verba qui daturus est.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum Jovem.
Sed in jocante rursus joculari placet.

Æm. Scio, sed ubi est *Eucornissa*, & soror mea?

Bom. Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari virgines?

Æm. Quid hic sermones cædimus; ibo illis obviam,
Et dicam ut revortantur domum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Æm. Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt gentium?

Bom. Domi.

Æm. Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intro
pedem retulit.

Bom. Desine; joculari nolo.

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Æm. Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Satin' oblitus fui; aded mihi nunc jam res vetus est? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, malorum Geniorum isthæc habitatio est. Quotidie colloquuntur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret si quæ monstra hic sunt dicerem.

Bom. Loqueris rem miram; nulla quam credet dies, Sed nec tacebit; bonân hæc dicis fide?

Æm. Quin inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi capite non eram.

Tantum hæc mihi res de improvviso incussit metum.

Bom. Metuistin? non oportuit servum meum Metuas isse quicquam?

Æm. Rectè, si esset similis tui. Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, faxo uti omnia ipsus audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo; sed egon ut non credam tibi? Credam plus isthoc; & nihil timeo tamen.

Æm. Vellem mehereculè testem te hujus rei; sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam, atque huc ducam nisi aliud impares.

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? benè est, Abeas—*Æmylio* redi—nil timeo tamen.

Æm. Id scio; obtundis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est; abi.

Æm. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. *[Exit]*

Bom. Pavet animus, horret, magna perniciies adest. Incendor irâ, rapior, sed quo nescio, sed rapior: Spectra in nostra triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phœbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioque ruptum merleris cœlo Diem.

Din. *[Supra]* Oh, oh, oh.

Bom. Sero occidisti—nescio quid faciam miser, nam aliquid audio—Tūque O Neptune—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—Redeunt tempore; rerum quod prius est omnium.

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SCENA V.

Amylio, Eucomissa, Agle, Psecas, Bombardomachides, Servus.

Em. Quid est, here, ecquid times?

Bom. Timeon' ego? Proh Deos Deasque omnes! æthereas prius Perfundet Arctus Pontus, & Siculi rapax Confistat æstus unda, & Ionio seges matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' ego?

Eg. Cacodæmones? O superos! audire hoc nomen mihi febris est.

Eu. O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Agle*, dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier, *Psecas*, quin *Psecas*, inquam, surda est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmones, nonne?

Pf. Non, si placet. Sed novi aliquam, quæ novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

Eu. Quâ facie erant *Psecas*?

Pf. Unus erat caninâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æque longâ ac— & clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

Eg. O mirum! tota trepido.

Eu. Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo—perge *Psecas*.

Pf. Nos omnes illicò fugère. *Eu.* Tun' ergo aderas?

Pf. Nòn si placet, Sed illa fuit quam novit familiaris mea Philocomasium.

Eu. O, jam intelligo *Psecas*, perge porro.

Pf. Alteram fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam Aquæ aquæ similis est. Et erat nudum totum corpus.

Eu. Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio videre istos Cacodæmones.

Pf. Imò si magis noveris, *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes, Nam habuit—ha, ha, hæ, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

Eu. Quid habuit *Psecas*?

Pf. Non intelligis? habuit—

Eu. Quid? Eloquere.

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Pf. Tam magnam rem—Nos omnes admirari illicò.

Eg. Profecto hic ipse 'st Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

Eu. Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis, *Psecas*?

Pf. Imò sunt omnium generum; nam quidam latent sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumque etiam animalium, Imò novi qui ambulant per noctem induti sindone. Atque inde evenire solet tot quod insaniant vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis. Demergunt se aliquando in ganeum, Atque illic nocte totâ præ timore combibunt. Post cœnam, si placet, plura de re isthac disputabimus.

Eu. Nunc eamus visere spectra.

Eg. Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Mallem spectra; sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

SCENA VI.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius, Æmylio, Eucomissa, &c.

Eg. Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

Eu. Citius mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit *Psecas* tam viri similem.

Eg. At ego ne Jovem præfero in se ferentem precium, sine quo Jupiter nihili est.

Cal. p. *Bombardomachides* salve; huc te salutatum advenimus.

Bom. Gratias; sed multus animo occurrit dolor, en alta muri decora, & congestas trabes, ut omnis latè splendet infœlix domus! Quicumque regno fidit, & magnâ potens dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit Deos me videat & te domus.

Cal. p. Quid ait, *Æmylio*?

Em. Nempe quia spectrorum plena est, id dolet.

Cal. p. Spectrorum? ubi sunt? [*utitur spec.*] Nulla hic video, *Æmylio*.

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Em. At intus potes sine quatuor oculis.

Cal. f. Si ita est, Pater, utantur nostrâ domo; superest illic locus.

Cal. p. Nunquam vidi melius consilium dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides*? Potes ibi opportunè filiam tuam huic nostro nuptum dare.

Bom. Consilium bonum est, animoq; aridet meo.

Cal. f. Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquisti ruri?

Bom. Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod quæras adest.

Cal. f. Latere miror posse tam diu sidera. [*Osculatur.*] Rediisse salvas gaudeo, & meum simul hunc esse reditum credo, nam vobiscum absui: Condonate Amori cæco, vos si conspexi minus.

Eu. Si nunquam conspicias postea, lubenter tamen condonabimus, misericordes omnes sumus naturâ mulieres.

Æg. Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes*? imò oculis nimium vales, quod nec est, nec futurum est vides, cum nos appelles sidera.

Cal. f. Imò *Ægle* verum dixi! nam si cæli facibus formosum nondum nomen imponeretur siderum, propter similitudinem quandam vestrum id jam nancisci poterant.

Pf. O *Diana*! toto corde amo has confabulationuculas.

Bom. *Calliphanes*, oculis nil tale objectum est meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncta conculeavi loca Asiaque, Europaque, America atque Africa, aliasq; terras partes quas tæceo sciens.

Cal. p. Memini idem accidere olim cum essem puer, anno abhinc—hum—Grammaticæ tum operam dedi. Anno—hum! quinquagesimo secundo—hum? non convenit numerus, O—quinquagesimo tertio—is profecto annus est.

Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras, & malos Genios?

Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo, fac ut voles.

Eu. Aperi sis ostium, *Æmylio*.

Em. Perit in perpetuum modum, nimid nimis me tuo ut sint isti probi Cacodæmones. Sanus es? credin' illos aspectui tuo objici perperam?

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Eu. Num loquuntur?

Æm. Satis id quidem; sed horrendum in modum, cave sis ne animam agas.

Eu. Disputabit cum illis *Psecas*.

Pf. Parata sum satis, *Æmylio*, ante hoc temporis disputavi cum Dæmone.

Æm. Scio te bonâ esse voce; proculdubio illum ob-
rues, si tympana, bombardas, tubas & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

Pf. Irane me accipis indignis modis? nunquid cristas erigis de illis vestimentis? amabo, unde habes, mi *Æmylio*?

Æm. *Pish*, dicam tibi cum sit otium. Quid ais *Calli-
phanes*?

Cal. f. Ubi clavis? cedo mihi fis.

Cal. p. Quid stas lapis? quin aperis?

Æm. Dii te silicernium—Unum pedem in Charon-
is cymbâ habet (*secum*) Et altero tamen ambulat.

Eu. Oh! non audis malos Genios? *Bom.* Ha!

Cal. f. Nihil est; crepuerunt fores.

Æg. Crepuerunt? O sordidas fores.

Din. Oho, oho, oho, urite, fundite, tundite, vertite
domum. [Supra.]

Bom. Oho, oho—valet; & timeatis nihil.

Eu. Quo abis Pater?

Bom. Videre non sustineo tot timidos simul.

[Exit Bom.]

Eu. O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox est, *Psecas*.

Æg. Abeamus obsecro, *Calliphanes*.

Gno. Flectere si nequeam superos, Acheronta movebo.
[Subt.]

Cal. f. O Poeticum Dæmon!

Æg. Est furiosissimus omnium proculdubio.

Cal. p. Mira sunt; nunquam vidi tale quid, nisi anno
hinc quinquagesimo tertio.

Mor. O! profecto sum in Barathro,

[Subter.]

Eu. O *Psecas*, quid faciam?

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Pf. Quid? faciam periculum in disputatione. Quodnam est tibi nomen Dæmon.

Æm. Itane ineptè stulta es? cavè ne te rapiat in maximam malam crucem.

Pf. Mene? non audet; ego illi oculos effodiam Carnifici.

Gno. Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἰδοὺν με δὴν, κί' ἴδῃς, μί' ἴδῃς
καὶ πόταμοι, καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ὑδάτες καὶ ἄνθρωποι,
τῷ τῷ μάρτυρι ἐστὶ.

Pf. Immo etsi loquaris Hebraicè, Ego bene intelligo.

Æm. Abi sis stulta; Græcum est hoc tibi.

Din. Oho meretrix!

Pf. O scelus! ego introibo; ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon meretrix appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.

Æm. Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon est.

Æg. O Venus! nihilne vides, *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Maxime; ubi est?

Æg. Ingentem, nigrum ursum!

Eu. Proh Deos immortales! cum caudâ igneâ.

Cal. f. Ubi est? ego nihil planè.

Æm. Nihil? circumspice ut scintillant oculi! *Pfecas*, cave malum; nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

Pf. Oh?

Cal. p. Quid aiunt *Æmylio*?

Æm. Ingentem belluam illie—vide modo.

Cal. p. Ubi specularia mea? Oh nisi fallor, Leopardus est. Quid hoc monstri? Gnate abeamus, precatum Deos.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illicò. [Sonitus supra.]

Eu. O *Ægle*! cedo manum, & fugiamus. [Exeunt.]

[Infra sonant Catena.]

Æm. Ha, ha, hæc, descende ut te exosculer, bone Cacodæmon. [Exit.]

Din. Venio; urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite, &c. [Descen.]

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Em. **A**GE, incipe Dinon.
Din. Non, non; exemplum à te capiam.

I.

Em. Purgate cerebrum, Medici O insani,
Nec sitis amplius Mortis Publicani,
Ob hominum peccata Orbi
Vos primum missi, postea morbi.
Doctrina cepit egrotare,
Et sese voluit expurgare :
Tum uestrum quidam vomitu per ora
Existis, quidam per Posteriora :
Sic natos, via est inventa,
Ut vos nutrent Excrementa.
Nos melius homines euacuamus,
Et oculis Clysterium damus.
Am. O sacram rem ! scientia talis
Dicenda est sola Liberalis.

II.

Din. Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,
Jam vobis longa facta est Vacatio.
Vestri parentes litigarunt
Tunc cum vosmet generarunt,
O vos miseros, si uxores
Similis vestri essent oris !
At suos multa Clientes habuerunt
Tunc vestras causas alii egerunt.
Recte nam nulli velint haberi
Causidicorum filii veri,

I

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*Fam vobis fallere Lege ne sit cura,
Sed fallite nobiscum Fure.*

Am. O sacram rem ! &c.

III.

*Æm. Friget inter ignes ars tua, Alchymista,
Argentum, nisi vivum, non habet ista,
Cum qui sunt & qui fuerunt
Omnes Philosophi eguerunt.
Quem fore reris divitem
Per Philosophicum lapidem
Huc adsis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis ;
Quid aliud stultus, nisi Philosophi lapis ?
Hunc sapiens coquit, distillabit,
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.
Quid ex sideribus queris cursum Fati ?
Prudentium gratia stulti nati.*

Am. O sacram ! &c.

IV.

*Din. Prætorum, Mathematici, Vates,
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis.
Queis cælum creditur magis notum,
Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum :
Qui illud tam se putant scire
Illuc ut recusant ire.
Vos, à secretis syderum —*

Æm. Aufer te ocyus, Mathematicæ, nam adest Bon-
bardomachides.

Din. Opportunè ; nam hæere cœpit carmen

*Scientia talis
Dicenda est sola liberalis.*

[*Ext.*]

SCENA

SCENA II.

Bombardomachides.

Bom. Æmylio.

Æm. Hem!

Bom. Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas?

Æmylio, rursus voce non parca tono.

Æm. Et ego rursus tono. Hem tibi.

Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca Nigri profundo Tartari emissus specu, Incertus utras oderit sedes magis.

Æm. Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi hercle viatico usus est.

Bom. Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.

Æm. Scilicet; & hoc me vis ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.

Bom. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares, Hic Fulminantes stringere jambos decet. Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?

Æm. Meherculè cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti pulchrè.

Bom. Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)

Quique evocavit nubibus siccis aquas, Egrotque ad imum maria. Oceanus graves interius undas æstibus victis dedit.

Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris Et Solem & Astra vidit.

Æm. Orationem compendiface, scio quid sequitur, Et vetitum mare tetigistis ursæ, temporum flexæ vices, &c. Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.

Bom. Hic monstra tanta voce terrebit suâ.

Æm. Prohibessint superi, cavè ne committas tandem, Ut malè distiteret tibi sermone publico, cum istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.

Æm. At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere; Ubi est?

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Bom. Mox moxq; nobis aderit ; hoc lentum est ; Adest.
Parum est & hoc, quin adfuit——Claves mihi.

Æm. Quamobrem ?

Bom. Illis ictu noster hic cardo strepet ;
Ædesque viset——Verba compescat miser,
Perfibus, at quid dixerim ? infelix Peris.

Æm. O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet denique !
Itane tantum facinus tam insigniter te admittere ?

Ten' claves ferre ? Ætherias prius
Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax
Constet æstus unda, & Ionio seges
Matura pelago surget, uti modo pulcherrimè
Dixisti : I præ, sequor, subsequor te.

Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo, consilium placet.

Æm. Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit !
Bona machina quam nequiter expetivit !

SCENA III.

Dion.

O *Dion* audisti'n' nos nullos esse ?

Din. Auscultavi ab ostio omnia ; Dii te infelicitent
cum cantionibus. Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriæ Enco-
mium canere. Perdidisti nos planissimè.

O sacram rem ! Scientia talis

Dicenda est sola liberalis.

Quando aderit ille

Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo manè, perterret adeo
Cacodæmones ?

Æm. Modo.

Din. Modo ?

Æm. Modo ; jam, & veniet hercle non ingratis meis

Din. Sed enim de captivis ?

Æm. Manè modò ; istuc ibam.

Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numero mihi in mentem
fuit. Abi sanè ; educ legiones tuas, traduce propere ad
proximum.

Din. Nempe in quem finem ?

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Æm. Illie (nostin'!) scholam aliquam aperiant.
Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longe uberrimu'st.
Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam in-

[gentem facient,

Ut brevi se captos redimant præsentì pecuniâ.

Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.

Din. Quid si litteras?

Æm. Pol istud nunc dierum inusitatum satis.

Sed quis eas gratis d. scet; tantum, ut det mercedem, abest?

Din. Chiromantiam; Physiognomoniam aut aliquid ejusmodi?

Æm. Omnes jam illas technas despicias habent ac ni-
Nisi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquisitum est, [bili,
Aut ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus aupta sit futura.

Din. Quid tandem?

Æm. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines videri volunt
Faceti atque elegantuli; ad eam rem quovis pacto affectant
viam; Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam jo-
nem malant, Ita risum captant, & habent quod volunt,
nam meherculè sunt ridiculi; Eadem hâc scabie laborat
Gelasimus, ut qui maxime.

Din. Vis itaque illos profiteri Jocandi Artem?

Æm. Tenes.

Din. At enim commovere risum nequeunt, nisi deri-
dendos se propinent.

Æm. Rectè; hoc est joci nunc dierum, præterea quis
est qui nequit in cognatione verborum, & Sympathiâ
quâdam ludere? Quot vocabula ad suturem pertinent,
quasi destinata hujusmodi salsibus? Ea habeat in mundo
omnia. Quot autem ad Philosophum? Ars prædicabile,
Arbor Porphyriana, prædicamentalis scala, Conversio,
Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæsare, Celarent, Fe-
rio, Festino, Sic tollo, Dictum simpliciter, Secundum
quid, Disputo ad Hominem, Reduplicatè, &c. Nam ad
conclusionem venio. Terminorum hic usus optimus est:
Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, jurabis non esse
scriptos serio. Commoda sunt & Authorum quorundam

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nomina Ramus, Schotus, Faber, Tostatus, Suarefius, Nafo, Tranquillus, Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.

Bom. Æmylio.

[*Intus.*

Æm. Me vocat, Illicò. Quid dixi? oh! est aliud genus salis. Deridere omnes mortales; parata sint (nam vacua pudet esse pugillaria) scommata in omne genus hominum; sed hi joci consistunt plurimum in ridendo elare, in contrahendo nasum & induendo jocularem faciem. Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis est, si attrahant benè. Aliquando etiam jurent ornamenti gratiâ, sed Dii boni! (Penè excidit mihi) mercede conducant aliquos qui domi fastitent, aliquos qui eant petitum foras, Ex conviviiis, Disputationibus, Comœdiis, Concionibus. Aliquos etiam qui excribant, nam venales habere debent seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Generosos jocos. Hæc & similia doce illos, abi sis; fac officium; sed audin'? Adesto illis semper, ne liberati in pedes se conjiciant. Quod ego jam faciam.

Din. Effectum dabo: Jocandi artem; ha, ha, ha!

O miram rem! Scientia talis

Dicenda est sola Liberalis.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius.

Cyl. p. Itane obstinatè operam das facere me adversum

[*omnia?*

Ego istuc ætatis obsequens obediensque imperio Patris, In mare ibam, rem familiarem angebam lucro.

Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxorem ducere, Cui tantum dotis dictum est?

Cal. f. At hodiè, Pater?

Cal. p. Eja! quam elegans! cras etiam dices, At hodiè Pater?

Cal. f. At vetant Mathematici infaustâ hâc luce adornari nuptias.

Cal. p. Imò non ægrotus jam, sed malè habes *Calliphanes*. Si animus ibi esset——& quidni sit?

Cal. f. Præterea——

Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?

Cal. f. Nihil est parati; solitudo in ædibus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?

Cal. p. Nempe id de industriâ; volumus isthoc sine tumultu peragi. Utine tanti fiant sumptus, tamque in nullam rem utiles. Quid sibi volunt Hymenæum & cantiunculæ? quasi tu nequeas ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine auxilio fidicinis. Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi injussu nostro, tacitè agite, nisi fortè *Æmyli- one*, & *Ægle* arbitris.

Cal. f. *Ægle*? maxime.

Cal. p. Abi modò, atque morem mihi gere.

Cal. f. Quid si nonvult pater?

Cal. p. Nequicquam non vult; ita intùs admonuit pater, Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis——Sequere me sis intrò; Audin'? nisi quod imperavi facias Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*. Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum! [Exeunt.]

SCENA V.

Æmylio, Psecas.

Pf. Quid ais *Æmylio*? amabo audistin' adhuc De novâ scholâ? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam: Vehementer cupio videre, & periculum facere Quid in jocis possint, sentient quæ mulier siem. Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram. Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam cum Dæmone? Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.

Em. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ [odit,

Aut Concionatoris rustici, Qui illum Leonem vocat. Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam

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(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia
Tantum loquendi illic manere dicitur.

Pf. Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ita lepidè loque:
Deridere me facile patiar, si isthoc fiat modo, [ris.
Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.

Æm. Si me necesse est herclè hoc pacto remunerarier,
Abhorrentem feceris brevi à facetiis omnibus;
Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata fieri?

Pf. Equidem cupio; etsi infœlix non sum, Diis gratias.

Æm. Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis splen-
Et filiam te esse similes *Bombardomachidis*. [deas,

Pf. Cupio id mecastor: sed erro quam insistas viam.

Æm. *Gelasimus* hic in proximo vendit jocos
Hæres ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solent,
Merus stipes, huncce hominem admutilari pervelim.
Itaque hodie inter te atque illum nuptias cupio facere.

Pf. Nuptias? ha, ha, hæ? mecastor facinus lepidum!

Æm. Sic tu tibi divitias facies atque illum pro arbitrio
Multoq; tam liberius amare licet quempiam [reges,
Quam nunc licet; ut voles eris: Ille, Vir bonus,
Aut ignorabit prorsus, aut ad calcem dormiet vigilans.

Pf. Scio; nam cum facta ero *Horoina nobilis*,
Æquum est oblectare memet illo more *Aulico*.

Æmylio, Tum me vises aliquando, tui immemor
Non committam ego ut siem.

Æm. Sed properato opu' est.

Para te ocyùs; ego te producam illuc.

Pfecas, insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cautè.
Nam nisi sedulò fingas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,
Nihil agis.

Pf. Pish! potin' ut molestus ne sis?

An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?

Ego vel te, *Æmylio*, captare poteram; abj.

Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.

Quiescas cætera.

Æm. Imò non metuo, ut sis satis mala,
Te magistram quæram mihi, unquam si defecero.

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Ps. Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum modè.

[*Exit Æm.*]

Nubam sanè non gravate; sed nunquam filio

Me gravidam faciet; ad hanc rem alius

Illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me fiet,

Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque ingenio meo.

[*Exit.*]

SCENA VI.

Gnomicus, Gelasius, Morion. (Schola aperitur.)

Gno. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium

Coryphæus (quo verbo ipse usus est) De Orat. 2do libro,

Quem oculis meis plus amo, Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit; Ciceronem semper ego existimaui hominem.

Gel. Pish! Cicero saltem non habuit; quisquamne de

tot vocabulis Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam

faceret jocum? Poteram hercè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc

quod est diei——Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum;

& lepores hercè hujusmodi ex Academici lectoris ora

tione collectos habemus plurimos. O Dii boni! jocum

puleherrimum exscripsimus in Tullium qui nudius quar

tus in Scholis publicis dictus est proximæ Academiæ.

Legam vobis——

[*ascendit in cathed.*]

Gno. Sed ferox nimium ne sis in Ciceronem nostrum,

Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

Gel. Quid hoc? oh——Jocus magnus in prætoris op

pidani cornua——novi——

[*quærit paginam.*]

Jocus in militem malè vestitum——An ostenderunt ter

ga?——oh——Hic exemptu'st ex meis pugillaribus——

& certe magnus est——hum! Quid hoc? Ex declamati

onibus publicis nono die Novembris unus jocus,

Sex demi joci & tres egregiæ sententiæ.

Oh! memini——Joci sacri

Et pia Hilaria——nunquam hæc vendemus——

Oh——jam inveni——Jocus magnus in Ciceronem.

Gno. Lege, arrectisque auribus asto.

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Gel. (legit) Ciceronis nomen vanum,
Abeant nunc in Tullianum, & potest converti
Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum——

Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.

Mor. Tutor, hoc tuum est verbum.

Gel. Cæteri abeant in Tullianum. •

Gno. Optimè! Nam locus est in carcere, quod Tullia-
num appellatur.

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ!

Gel. Quid rides?

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ: Abeant in Tullianum? hæ, hæ.

Gel. Hoc dictum in utramque partem accipi potest, est
jocus ambidexter. Ibi obiter facetus sum; audin' Tu-
tor? *Morion*, scribe isthoc.

Mor. Maximè.

Gno. Hem! suntne in mundo omnia?

Gel. Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum: Ludo Tutor
in dictum tuum.

Mor. Joc: jo——jocus——Estne *Gelasime* cum, g, o,
vel cum i, o?

Gel. Cum i, o: Scripsistin'?

Mor. Ita credo.

Gel. Repete:

Mor. Dexter est ambo——joci.

Gel. O scelus! est jocus ambidexter, cedo calamum.

Mor. Maximè: in idem redit. Scripsi valdè benè,
Tutor.

Gno. Immò; insanum benè, ut Comicè loquar: Ibi
ego *Gelasime*——

Gel. At malè vereor ne hoc non de gravitate mea detra-
Non, non, ipsi Doctores joeantur in his regionibus. [hat.
In condemnatos falsi sunt ipsi Judices,
Dormiunt, capite annuunt, & ille Judicialis jocus est.
Ceperosi jocis solvunt Creditoribus.

Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.

Toco jurant, joco fallunt, rem agunt divinam joco

Benè dixi, vivunt joco; tantum jocantur serio.

Gno. Atque ego ita faciam; si canimus sylvas, sylvæ
sint consule dignæ.

Gel. *Morion*, vide ecqui licitatores prope sint; an pro-
spectus est sterilis?

Mor. Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci, quis emit novos jocos?

Gno. Nullos ne nundinatus es modò? hic dies sceleratus est (Ut utar Comici phrase) dividendis jocis.

Gel. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos; ita supercilium Non sum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodiè, [salit.
Nunquid cessavi hoc mane lucri facere?

Vendidi modò mulieri, nescio cui, duos jocos
In papam *Johannem*, quos missuram aiebat sese
Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pastorem in Angliâ,
Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus & Coronâ triplici.

Gno. Quanti emit?

Gel. Unis Drachmis in jocos singulos.
Sed corollarii loco voluit sibi unum dari.
Demi—jocum in *Bellarminum*; itaque dedi, Mentiris,
Bellarmine.

Gno. Benè habet; Capram cælestem orientem conspeximus, id est, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roterodamo in Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?

Gel. Præstinavit etiam Justiciarius quidam quatuor jocos
In honorem Legis! & sex ingeniosas sententias. [cos,
Quas in cœnâ dicturus est, cum vicinos quotannis accipit
Clientum alitibus. Venit post illa Jesuita aliquis,
(Quantum conjecturam capio, nam ornatus erat basilicum
[in modum])

Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi facerem
Salsum & ingeniosum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Di-
Omitto reliquos— [abolum-

Mor. Pax? st! adest emptor; quid vis tibi, Domine,
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

SCENA VII.

Juvenis Academicus.

Aca. Vellem mihi dari Archididasalum hujus Scholæ.

Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, si vis emere tibi.

Aca. Quis est Archididasalus?

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Mor. Ego sum *Morion*.

Ac. Sed illum conventum cupio.

Mor. Non me cupis?

Ego possum joculari aliquando.

Gel. *Morion*, exscribe sis hanc paginam.

Mor. Totam! vis, credo, vitam meam interimere.

Gno. Juvenis, eccum me præsto tibi. Coram, quem quæritis adsum Trojus *Aeneas*.

Ac. Si *Aeneas* tibi nomen sit, alium volo.

Gno. Non; sed loquor cum Poetâ; is sum, quid venisti loquere.

Ac. Muneris nostri est moderari inter disputantes in scholis publicis.

Gno. O! Agonotheta es, ἀγὼν ῥήτορας καὶ ἰδοῦμαι, nam sic docti vocant.

Ac. Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo Mercedem quantam alii solent, eodem qui officio functi sunt.

Gel. Rectè; nam si argumenta non potes, solvenda est pecunia. Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion*, scribe hoc sis ocynus.

Mor. Dii te perdant,
Credo te joculari solitum fuisse in utero Matris, [tium.
Atq; ita semper facis, mihi ut faceffas in scribendo nego-

Gel. Memento tamen, Juvenis in quo sis loco.
Ingeniosus esse non des nimis.

Nullumne adhuc habes in parato joculum?

Ac. Nullum æquidem præter, satisfecisti officio tuo.

Mor. A—r—g—u—m—e—n—t—u—m—O jam habeo—

Ac. An bonam habetis copiam Philosophicorum salium?

Gel. Videbis; *Morion*, cedo libellum de jocis philosophicis.
Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

SCENA VIII.

Mulier.

Mul. Quis intus est?

Mor. Quæ hæc mulier est? quid vis?

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Mu. Tunc es Magister Scholæ?

Mor. Ego sum; Ego; quid tua? Magister? maximè?

Mu. Recede quæso; est tibi quod in aurem dicam.

Nupta sum, si placet

Imperito morum, & impuri oris viro,

Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.

Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.

Mor. Nupta es imperito morum & impuri oris Viro,
[clara voce.]

Qui te meretricem vocat; hæc in aurem dicis mihi?

Non, non; quid si dolus hic latet?

Gno. Mulier, adi sis propius.

Ac. Ha, ha, hæ! non abstinco quid plaudam—accipe sis pecuniam.
[plaudis Manib.]

Ob isthoc credo dictum me sustollent humeris.

Gno. Cujus generis facetias vis?

Mul. Omnium, si placet generum.

Gno. Morion, cedo Pia hilaria, nunquam hæc vendemus

Mul. Non multa, si placet, Pia.
[aliter.]

Gno. Non, non, pauca pro Die Dominico.

Vin' etiam jocos generosos?

Mu. Quoscunque tibi visum est.

Gno. At aliqui lascivi sunt.

Mul. Non refert, si sint tantum aliqui.

Indica, fac pretium.

Gno. Non cari sunt sex minis, Tu verò quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior est virtus veniens è corpore pulchro, Sex solidis feres.

Mu. Accipe; Dii vos sospitent.

Mor. Nunquam sic auferes, aliquid mihi dabis.

[osculatur] Exit.

Ac. Profectò, si unquam te in Academiâ uspiam viderim, Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cervisiâ primariâ. Sed necesse est, ut confutationem Orationis componas mihi.

Gel. Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facile effluit.

Morion, adesdum, scribe, quæ loquor; paratus es?

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Ac. Sed ita componas oro, ut eadem confutatione hanc Respondeam aliis Orationibus.

Gel. Omnibus si vis.

Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vestibulo Orationis tuæ——

Mor. Quid? vest——vestibulum——delectaris credo vocabulis quæ sunt scriptu difficilia.

Gel. Aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ingenuè fateor me Non mernisse tantum de meis laudibus. Dixisti porro——Dixisti porro, aliquid de Mari Philosophico——

Ac. Quid si non dicit?

Gel. Pish, ne time: nunquam quisquam omittet Mare Philosophicum——Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres——ha! Quid ais Juvenis?

Ac. Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius pulchrè.

Gel. Dixisti etiam quod——& tum interponas illius verba.

Ac. Quæso tu id facias; non possum quicquam interponere.

Gel. Benè habet; non est opus; perge ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt, itaque sic——& tum Accingas te ad disputandum, scripsisti? *Morion?*

Mor. Ferè; Dilapsa sunt, itaq; sic——& tum te accingas ad disputandum. • [legit.]

Gel. Pish; non oportuit scriptum——& tum te accingas.

Mor. Non? significatum hoc oportuit mihi——sed delebo tamen.

Ac. Nihil suprâ: O si repetere possim cum ingenioso tono.

Gel. Id facillimum est; audies Morionem. *Morion*, procede in medium, Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.

Mor. Tun' me docuisti; non; ego naturâ sic loquor. Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vest——vestibulo Orationis tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ego

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ingenue fateor, Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus, dixisti porro aliquid de mari Philosophico, pish ne time, nunquam quisquam.

Gel. Quid? scripsisti id? dele, inquam ocyus.

Mor. Quid? non est locus? delebon' ego jocum optimum? bene, si vis——

[Exit.]

Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena.

Gel. Quid? venena?

Mor. Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?

Gel. Pish! Veneres.

Mor. Veneres? bene in idem redit? ——Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt, itaque sic——

Ac. Legit pol' facetissime; quî datur, tanti indica.

Gel. Non cara' st auro contra; sed solido tibi destino.

Mor. Non, non; ponam precium illi' quia repetebam bene. Viden' has vestes, joculars nimio nimis? Dabis mihi subligacula.

Ac. Hem tibi solidum——adest peregrinus——

Valete; consutabo nunc omnes homines, quibuscum loquor.

[Exit.]

S C E N A IX.

Bombardomachides.

Gno. Adest alius:

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Bom. Heus! ecquid istâ venditis jocos scholâ? Effare & istud pande, quodcunque est mihi.

Gno. Dicit vera quidem, veri sed graviora fide. Ut Ovidius in Tristibus, quem librum composuit Postquam in exilium missus est ab *Augusto*.

Sed sine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic nomen.

Bom. Meumne nescis nomen? O ingens scelus! Dum terra cælum media libratum feret, Nitidusque certas mundus evolvit vices, Numerusque arenis deerit, haud nomen meum latebit ullos,

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Gno. Hic homo (quantum video) nondum Virgilium le. Nam eandem rem cum poeta quanto dixisset melius. [git.] In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ Lustrabunt, convexa polus dum sydera pascet, Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Mor. Vix audio herclè; Hem! fortem me præstabo. Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emisne novos jocos?

Bom. Ain' caranfex?

Mor. Nihil, profectò nihil.

Mecum ipse loqui soleo; hic homo non jocatur.

Bom. In profligatas hostium turmas jocos empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum; Minusque quisquis numerat, inveniet duas. [ostendit pecuniam.]

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum. Ad hunc modum hostibus responde: Abite in Tullianum, Et ad laudem eorum converti potest, ha, ha, he! Ne abeat in Tullianum, ha, ha, he!

Gel. Ecquid pestis te tenet? in Ciceronem id oportet dictum.

Mor. Scio hoc, sed aliis applicari facillè potest; annon Locus est in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur? Possum ego jocari satis in loco, diis gratias.

Gel. Hem tibi sales militares!

Gno. Alexander, seu Pellæus juvenis Nunquam est locutus meliores, exempli gratiâ Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipse dedit, Tum dicet aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam? Respondes facetissime, Tergum vel Pœnas dedit.

Bom. Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede; Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. [Exit.]

Gel. Ædepol nã commodè processimus, lepidè hoc officium fungimur.

Mor. Pulchrè nos inter nos congruimus, ingeniosi omnes sumus.

Gno. Sævis inter se convenit urbis, ut Vir omni litterarum genere cultissimus.

Gel. Hei! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua est is multorum caput, Ha, ha, ha! multorum caput! ha, ha! redite post prandium,

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Vos qui estis bellua multorum capitem. Tutor, camus
quæso ad prandium.

Gno. Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poeta,
Ludit permittis sobria Musa jocis.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Calliphanes Filius, Eucomissa.

Cal. f. O Me hominem invenustum!

Eu. O infortunatam me puellulam!

Cal. f. Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogor.

Eu. Odisse res est liberrima, Odisse tamen vector.

Cal. Cur Superi, quam amemus eligunt, quâcum viva-
mus Patres?

Eu. Cur Patres in corpora potestatem habent, in ani-
mos Superi?

Cal. Adest *Eucomissa*, aliquid ei dicerem sed quid di-
cam nescio. *Eucomissa* ——— *Eu.* Quid?

Cal. Ne valeam, si verbum de nuptiis.

O *Eucomissa* ———

Eu. Quid? fac me ut sciam, siquid vis.

Cal. Egon? nihil.

Eu. Cur vocasti autem?

Cal. Immo tantum est, Salva sis!

Et ——— aliud certè volo si ad audiendum adest benignitas.

Eu. Adest, sed in pauca conferas.

Cal. Siquid unquam ego ———

Eu. Exordia, *Calliphanes*? quasi docilis reddenda sim
& benevola? Ad rem veni.

Cal. Verbo expediam, Vale.

[*Exit.*

Eu. Enimverò ad hoc audiendum adest benignitas. Vale.

Næ ego infelix puella, tam suavem quæ amasium nacta sum!

Intemperiarum hominem tenent, at patrem multò magis,

Qui huic me hodiè nuptum terro daret.

O *Æmylio*,

[*Calliph. redit.*

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Tecum vivendum est solo, si vivendum est mihi.
Te Pater, tu me cepisti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es.

Cal. Eucomissa, salve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit qua
me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

Eu. Satin' molestus tandem? quæso te ut sanus sis.

Cal. Præter jus æquumque oras, nam amare, & simul
sapere, Ne deos quidem penes est, sed *Eucomissa*, hodiè?

Eu. Aiunt.

Cal. Quid pater?

Eu. Jubet, instat, urget.

Cal. Si hodiè nuptura es mihi, cras me efferes.

Eu. Falsus es, nam si nubam hodiè, hodiè moriar.

Cal. Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithalamii loco.

Eu. Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fungetur vice.

Cal. Ob lepidum isthoc dictum nunc demum places
mihi. Nunc illud est, cum te libenter penè in uxorem
acciperem. Quam vox sonabit blandum cum promittat
tua, Quæ tum, cum negat, suavis est!

Eu. Mecastor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem,
Cum te amari nolis ità amanter facis.

Cal. O amore omni dulcior contentio!

Eu. O omni pace jurgium optabilius!

Cal. Sic suâ Turtures molliores Venere,
Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur invicem.
Sed quæstus inter, gemitum, & murmur, amant.

Eu. Sic gratum nostris furtum cum fiat auribus,
Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantes agitur,
Concordant simul, simul & litigant soni.

Cal. Per Venerem, *Eucomissa*, liberalis es; si daretur
Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam. [optio,
At cætera sponte facimus, amamus fato.

Eu. Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri mos est.

Cal. Ne valeam, cum contempler faciem, si quicquam
[supra est,

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut effundat aciem.

Cincinnati vinciendis animis nati tibi.

Modestus genarum color, & qualem aliæ

A verecundiâ mutuantur, genasque æmulantur labia.

Abeamus, nam si te conspexero diutius,
Periero, Venena mellea in medullas serpunt.

Vin' te *Eucomissa* mihi in Uxorem dari?

Cupio, per Deos cupio, *Eucomissa*, loquere.

Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.

Nisi dura, & difficilis mancas, me interficis.

Nam conceptis ego verbis jusjurandum dedi,

Uxorem, nisi *Æglen*——

Eu. Æglen, Calliphanes?

Cal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci? aliam volui dicere,

Eu. Afficiam te hodiè *Calliphanes*, nuntio lætabili,

Si *Æglen* deperis, mutuum tecum facit.

Cal. Quid ais? ah noli in spem fluxam me conjicere.

Men' *Ægle*?

Eu. Oculis plus, inquam, suis.

Cal. Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O *Eucomissa*,

Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam exosculer,

Ne vivam, nisi semper te feci meritò maximam.

Eu. Accersas *Æglen*, rem tibi Authorem dabo.

Consilium unà capiemus; intereà temporis, Vale.

Cal. Nunc illud est cum me——

Eu. Pith, supersele istis verbis, abi.

Cal. Abeo——sed *Eucomissa*——benè; abeo. [Exit.]

SCENA II.

Æmylio, Eucomissa.

Æm. *Ædipol* nā hæc machina successit lepidè sub ma-

Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilia. [nus.

Accommodavit illis *Dinon* aliquid pecuniæ præ manu

Unde utantur, & nunc, credo aperuerunt Scholam.

Eu. Ha! adest: amorem meum non est uti celem am-

plius. *Æmylio*, adestum, paucis te volo.

Æm. *Eucomissa*, salve.

Eu. *Æmylio*, hodiè nuptura sum.

Æm. Dii vortant benè.

Eu. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti nuptiis prodat

dies. Estne hoc miserum?

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Æm. Enimverò nihil prolixius.
Nam eo citius virginem exues.

Eu. Sed fac *Æmylio*,
Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeo faceres?
De improvviso daceres?

Æm. Utinam faceres periculum.
Equidem nullis rebus prævortercm.

Eu. Mecastor, pone ita esse.
Ego amo te, sed adversum nos affirmat Pater,
Quid enim ageres?

Æm. Quid? si esset centies pater,
Glaucemam ob oculos objicerem, uti ne quod videt, vi-
deat. Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodiè mihi nubere?

Eu. Volo.

Æm. Lepidè partes tuas agis; sed da mihi firmam
fidem. *Eu.* Do testem Venerem.

Æm. Et Martem ego tibi
Me hodiè te ducturum; dicta confirmemus suavio,
O festivum facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi seriò
Da suaviùm alterum. [uxor es.

Eu. Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!

Æm. Osculandi pausam faciam, si os non placent;
Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames meritò.

Eu. Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyus, nempe quod dixi
Ten' aliam in partem accipere debet, impudens? [joco
Mecastor faxo ut ne impune, in me inluseris.
Unde isthæc confidentia est? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?
Servitutem servire te memineras captum manu.

Æm. At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familiâ.

Eu. Linguam comprime,
Aut dicam patri ut me in tricas conjicis.

Æm. Iste herclè exitus rem lepidam pervortit malè.
Vale igitur, si vis: ad novam scholam me conferam,
Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam virginem.

Eu. Quam ineptè stulta sum! timeo, ut severa fuerim.
Quid si revocem? *Æmylio* rodi, quid præter morem ita
Præterque ingenium taum ea mali consulis
Quæ jucundè dicta sunt? credin' me locutam seriò?

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Æm. Non, non, seriò? neq; posse fœminam arbitror.

Eu. Cape sis hunc annulum tibi, indignum quo done-
ris dono. Si memoriâ nos excidimus, hic facito ut sub-
veniat tibi.

Æm. Annulum? maxime, sed jâmne locutus es seriò?

Eu. O *Æmylio*, si nosceres—— & quidni noscas tamen?

Æm. Quidni? quia non sum Oedipus; præter annu-
lum nil intelligo.

Eu. Adeone tardus es? facis haud consuetudine.

Quin vultum legas, legas & suspiria,
Hunc ipsum legas annulum; sat loquor tacita.

Æm. Legam herclè lubentissimus——oh——cum an-
[nulo]
Quid est? *Eucomissa*, verbum non vult legi.
O effeiam ut velit——Cum annulo animus.

Eu. Ineptus es; res alias si sic agis, Vale.
Quid dixi? Immo Vale, sed ne abeas.

Æm. Hum! sic profectò; nam si memini bene
Concinnâ facie sum; staturâ commodâ, & ætate integrâ.
Experiar quid sit; *Eucomissa*, advorte animum.

O *Eucomissa*, diu te amavi pordite. *Eu.* Ha!

Æm. Usque adhuc ausus nihil, nisi oculos pascere.
Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum
Perspicere animum, ut sese habeat velim,
In spe atq; in timore attentus sum. *Eucomissa*, loquere.

Eu. Pudet confiteri; ô, quid faciam misera?
Mene? similitatem non revereris Patris?
Sed mitto Patrem——

Æm. Missam hanc facito modestiam.
Vin' me Maritum tibi? verbo expedias.

Eu. Maritum? ha? quid si id cupiam maxime?
Cupiam? non nolo, *Æmylio*; habes brevissimè.
Quid respondes?

Æm. Me esse infelicem. Vale.

Eu. Non, non, manta sis modò? Volo, inquam, Volo.
O *Æmylio*, tua sum, tuæ me commendo fidei.

Æm. Et ego *Eucomissa* tuus; præ lætitiâ, ita me Dii
ament, Apud me non sum; sed mittamus hæc, adfuit
arbitri.

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S C E N A III.

Cal. f. Ægle, Eucomissa, Æmylio.

Cal. f. Beasti me ; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.
Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii æstimo.

Eucomissa — Æmylio, — Divorum vitam adepti sumus.

Æm. Quid soror, tunc *Calliphanem* amas?

Æg. Meipsam minus.

Eu. Frustrâ adhuc sumus ; quid Patri respondebimus ?

Cal. Ha ! Patri ? quantâ de lætitiâ quam subito decidi ?
Nullamne facere possumus in nuptiis fallaciam, *Æmylio* ?

Æm. Non minus mea hic res agitur, quam tua, Ita-
que admonere desine.

Eu. At siquid potes, *Æmylio*.

Æm. An hodiè te uxorem commissurus es *Calliphani* ?

Eu. Itâ.

Æm. Dic te velle.

Eu. Ah *Æmylio*, tam subito animum
A nobis segregas ?

Æm. Dii avortant omen.

Nemo te unquam nisi mors eripiet mihi.
Nunc quam rem agam accipe ; hic nuptiis dictus est dies.
Veras esse credat Pater, at ne sint tamen.

Nam *Ægle* tuam vicem cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.

Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus.

Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud se nobis offeret.

Amolimini hinc vos properè, si consilium placet.

Eu. Nullum vidi melius.

Cal. Abeamus, *Ægle*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N A IV.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Academicus secundus.

Gno. Ad Cathedram, ad Cathedram ocyus, nam adest
peregrinus. Titubatq; pede pes, densusque Viro Vir.

Aca. Tune es Magister Scholæ ?

Mor. Hei ! Magister ! nemo homo
Me quærit uspiam ; his vestibis nimium lateo.

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Aca. Professor jocorum *Academicus* proximâ Hebdomade jocaturus sit publicè.

Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem,
Opemque in hâc re expetissit, & consilium vestrum.
Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat.

Gel. Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius; meus frater est.

Aca. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.

Gno. Quanquam te, Jocator Frater, annum jam sales
in hoc tempus colligentem, idque Academiâ, abundare
oportet præceptis institutisq; hujus artis propter summum
& Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem,
nos (ut videmur) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus;
atque hoc velim in transitu; sæpiusculè excurro Ora-
toriè.

Gel. Præ re isthâc rem prævortam nullam,
Sed equos ipse fecit sales?

Aca. Collegit aliquos;

Sed fecit ipse adhuc, quod sciam ego, paucissimos.
Fortè an duos tresve demi-jocos.

Gel. *Morion*, porrige schedulam

Illam mihi jocorum Tripodalium; nam in Angliâ patria
nostrâ, Jocorum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus.
Hem tibi!

Aca. An isti concinnè in quæstionem ejus cadent?

Gel. Æquè herclè concinnè, in quæstionem ejus, atq;
in ullam aliam. Hoc habeat probè in exordii loco, dein
Quæstio autem Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit suos ipse
Terminos, Atque si recusent ingredi, invitos trahat se-
cum atque ingratiis, Uti non raro factum vidimus. Hæc
itaque est salutatio Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter de-
ridendos præbet Medicinæ, Legisque Professores & Doc-
tores omnes præcipuè, Absque hoc nunquam quisquam
plausum sibi repetit. Sed (pæne oblitus fui dicere) nul-
lâne hic Comœdia Agitur circiter hoc temporis?

Aca. Immò verò hodiè.

Gel. Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,
Nam quisquis is est, facetiis meis proximâ Hebdomade ju-
gulabitur. Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic in-

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veniet, Quod sufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes
posthac Comœdias.

Aca. Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.

Gel. St! audin' etiam?

Tribus verbis te volo; istam fabulam Ludos faciet.

Fabula (intollexin?) *Ludus* dicitur, jam te dimitto,
Vale. [Exit *Ac.*

SCENA V.

Æmylio (alio ornatu) *Psecas*, *Gnomicus*, *Gelasimus*,
Morion.

Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?

Ædepol virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me-depereat de in-
genio.

Mor. Principio atque hanc video, manere non possum
diutius; *Lauta* est; nimio nimi' modestus sum his vestibus.

Æm. Jam para te, *Psecas*; si pectus sapit, duras illis
dabis.

Pf. *Pissh*, aliud cura, magnificè tractabo isthunc *Asi-*
num; *O Venus!* hæccine est illa schola? *lepidus meca-*
stor Locus est.

Semper ego facetias amavi multum, & nutrix mihi
Dicere solita est; *Abi, abi*, ut vitalis sis metuo,
Ita præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es nimium,
Et ego pol ridebam; rides? inquit illa, *Dii boni!*
Uti hujus nunquam non meminero!

Æm. *Pissh*, perge ad rem.

Pf. Quam sæpe res nihili otiosè hæreat in memoriâ?
O Diana! quam mihi tunc dierum pro cibo fuit jocularier?
Sæpe ad focum domi obsedimus; ego narrare *Fabulas*,
Festivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos solvere.
Nulla (licet ipse dicam) *primarum artium magi'* *pria-*
ceps extitit.

Sed ubi est *Magister?* videre vellem nimio,
Nam communicabimus inter nosmet facetias invicem,
Opem meam (satis scio) non habebit despiciatui.
Ubi est?

Gno.

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Gno. Coram, quem quæritis adsum
Trojus *Aneas*, necesse habeo novam de hâc re sententi-
am quærere.

Pf. O Musas! studuisti arti Musicæ; illud ex Virgilio
Accepisti mutuum, immò ego poetas legi.
Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest
Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & feci sanè
Mediocrates.

Gno. Mediocribus esse poetâ.
Nou homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ.

Gel. Oh! ho! ho! incantavit me aliquis; quod ego
Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum concinnare
adeo joculum.

Hum! siccin? Oh! tantum ad meipsum redeo.
O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore rubescunt solo,
Et tum————

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! pulcherrimè! si ornatus essem ex
meis virtutibus, Sic adirem Virginem; nam deperiret
istam faciem.

Em. Tun' solus hic regnum possides? ubi, si placet,
ceteri? *Gno.* St! *Gelasime.*

Gel. Maximè——Pallet Luna, & se victum confite-
tur——Statim vobis adero——nec sidera——hum! isthoc
non placet. Ceciderunt plane sidera, Ceciderunt; ha,
ha, ut nescienti mihi effluxit istic jocus?

Gno. Hem *Morion*, ubi es?

Mor. St! ego non adsum.

Em. Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præsentem negat?
Nisi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.

Mor. Per Deos non adsum, ut catè delusi homines!
Illi hic me esse nesciunt, ha, ha, ha!

Gno. An *Morion* atrâ bili percitu'st? id est, an delirat?
Cesson' illum educere ex insidiis, ut lepidè loquar?

Morion, adesto.

[*Educit.*

Em. Ha, ha! ut stat? reclamante Philosophiâ
Negarem hunc esse rationalem; nisi quia risibilem video.

Gno. Humanum est errare; erras profectò hospes,
Nam omnis homo est rationalis, ut acutissime observat
Simplicius.

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Pf. Nolite, obsecro, deridere, per pol quam modestus est!

Mor. Me laudat.

Gel. Euge! jam habeo.

Mor. Hercle audacter alloquar.

Salve tu, O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore rubescunt solo.

Gel. O mastigiam! quæ mea est Oratio, occupat præloqui, Ut perdidit mihi sex jocos, & tres amatorias sententias!

Gno. Perge *Morion*.

Mor. Perge tu, si vis, ego dixi satis.

Gno. Adesdum, *Gelasime*. Hic est jocator ille, Cui meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

Pf. Mecastor liberalis est; salve multum, te unum ex omnibus Festivum Fama magnificavit, itaque ad te huc venimus visere. Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etsi hanc mihi laudem non arrogem.

Gel. Syderi equidem cujus sub auspicio nata sum, minorem gratiam habeo, Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus, quæ me perspexerunt modo.

Ha, ha! optime loquor semper de improvviso, Quod signum est boni ingenii: proculdubio hæc mea est, Obsecro, quænam est hæc virgo?

Æm. Factione summa, & divitiis pollens.

Bombardomachidis filia est strenuissimi ducis.

Gel. Nimio nimi novi ego istum *Bombardomachidem*. (Hic illum derideo) sed tamen tanto melius est. [piam]

Æm. Equis homo tantum stultitiæ in se possedit us. Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet, heus? audistin?

Quoniam vosmet magnificatis ita de istis artibus, Dabo equidem sponsonem, me vos unum singulos Redacturum modo jocis meis ad silentium.

Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem quis plus possiet.

Pf. Vide quid agas prius. Ego ab hujus parte stabo.

Gel. A meâ? nescio unde hoc sit, multo sum beator Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vocem audiunt, Continuo me amant perditæ. O superi! gratias ago, Multum de me meruistis; Heus audacule,

Quoniam ita vis vitæ interfici, ascende hanc cellulam.
Opponam ego primus; sed miseret me tui.

Mor. Bene herclè facis; ego obsecundabo tibi in loco.
Abi audacule, abi in Tullianum.

Em. Ego tu moderator?

Gei. Agonotheta e.o, *ἄντ' ἑαυτοῦ & ἑαυτοῦ*, nam sic docti vocant. — Tu oppones *Morion*,
Secundo in loco.

Mor. Rectè, recedam paululum
Et confutationem Orationis ejus meditabor mecum.

Gno. Antequam illam nosti?

Mor. Nosti? nemo non potest

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero singularis ego.

Ps. Discreciore animi, quod mos non patitur

Disputare scēminas publice; vellein hos Opponentcs mihi.

Gno. Ascendat Jocator.

Proditum est memoriæ antiquos Philosophos post multos labores sese recreare solitos fuisse. Agite igitur, hilarem hanc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimium intentus citò frangitur; habent sua Ludicra Musæ; & Apollo Musarum Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando pater. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiā plus modestia tua, quam ingenium appareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam ingenium non ferent, & observa semper cum Poetā, Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

Em. Orationem tuam —

Gno. Nolo pati istam impudentiam, conferas te ad provinciam tuam.

Em. Sapienter quidem facis, quod orationem tuam non vis repeti.

Gno. Autoritate mihi ab Apolline commissā, jubeo te acquiescere.

Ps. Ha, ha, ha! utinam mihi authoritas committeretur ab Apolline.

Em. Non datur ars jocandi — Incipiam à postremo Terminò Jocandi, qui est Terminus Hilarii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita facere. Datur est verbum; nam nunc dierum Res talis non est, quædam dicuntur dari

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propriè & simpliciter, sed hic sensus verbi jam antiquatus est; alii verò Impropriè & secundum quid, ut Gradus in Academiâ, & in Collegiis——

Gno. Omitte illud verbum; scimus quid velis.

Æm. Sed, ne erretis in hâc re, dicam vobis, quidandum sit, quid non; primum omnium dabitis mihi——si placeo——Manus vestras——sin minus——Veniam. Dabitis Aulico nova juramenta, nam fregit omnia vetera. Ad Cælum enim ire ne cogitat quidem, quia audit paucos illic esse tonsores & sutores vestiarios, itaque nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum aliquando dixit Deo, se ejus servum esse ter humillimum. Et tamen odit Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, eoque similior illius Creditorum Civium. Secundò, dabitis Puritanis verba; jam enim illis silentium indicitur, siquando autem privatim prædicent, dabitis aures vestras; nam suas amiserunt. Dabitis Academicis——

Gno. Nolo istud dici; ne quos ridere hic oportuit, Erubescant aliqui; satisfecisti officio tuo.

Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in loco meo Extrâ unum novi, qui respondit nugis hujuscemodi. Ascendat Opponens primus; Disputationem in alium Differamus diem, nunc jam respondeas tantum breviter Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc orna.

Gel. Faciam, sed numerâ jocos meos, dum respondeam.

Gno. Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numerâ hos, *Gelasime.* Obsecro, auditores ut in adversam partem ne rapiatis, Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquando jocos.

Æm. Si in eam partem peccas, facilè te profectò condonabimus. Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, adhuc ab hâc culpa liber es.

Gno. Doctissimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodiè.

Gel. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus *Gnomice,* Est magnus jocus.

Æm. Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.

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Gel. Pish ! annon ludo in reduplicatione 7^ū Dare ?

Gno. Est certè dimidia pars joci.

Æm. Oh ! ille fortassè credidit,
Dimidium plus toto esse.

Gel. Dii, Deæque, Superi, Inferi,
Pessimis me exemplis perduint, nisi dicturus id eram.
Numera *Gnomice* pro meo. Eripuit eum ex animo meo.

Æm. Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut fias,
Si furaris, ego quæ dico.

Pf. Summi est ingeni,
Si faceres, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.
Ibi ego etiam ; pudet sanè me mutam stare
Inter tot jocantes.

Gel. Sed rêpetamur à diverticulo ;
Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macedonicus* —

Æm. Quin pergis ?

Gel. Quia jam te oportet dicere,
Quid dedit tibi ? pecuniam ?

Æm. Quid si nolim dicere ?
Tun' me coges ?

Gel. Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest joculari ?

Æm. Benè, si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hâc
feminâ nobili Ignominiosè taceas.

Gel. Et ego sic respondeo ;
Pecuniam, non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.

Ibi duo joci, *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc —
Dixisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsum ! nam ars joca-
Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur ; nam [di est
Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Æm. Carn' est hic jocus, nam tribus abhinc petitur mil-
liaribus.

Concionatorem nunquam audiui, textum cum perdiderit,
(Ut sæpè fit) per tot circulos illum quærere.

Walli in hunc planè modum ad suam scandunt originem.
Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur ; Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap
Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Gel. Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos ; sed nimium
rusticè,

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Iterum *Gnomice* ; ob rusticitatem illum derideo,
Est & elegans quædam antithesis inter Aulicos & Rusticæ,
Quæ addidisti de Puritanis intacta prætereo,
Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,
Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire jussi, cætera
Ex memoriâ aufugerunt.

Pf. Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.

Atq; ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.

Gno. Satisfecisti officio tuo ; ascendat *Morion*.

Mor. Ità facio ; quæso ut jocos meos numeres, *Gno-*
mice.

Æm. Hei ! cum istis vestibus disputaturus venis ?

Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla est Consequentia
Inter earum partes.

Mor. An vestes meæ tibi nocent ?

Æm. Ità sane me terrebant modò, cum hic ascenderas.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui ; no-
vit qui sim. Qui cum me audierit ? Attendite, nunc in-
cipio, In principio orationis tuæ habuisti aliquid de meis
laudibus.

Æm. Egon' de tuis laudibus ?

Merito pol me confutare possis, si habuisssem tale quid.

Mor. Pish ! ego hoc suppone——itaque nunc pergo,
numera, *Gnomice*.

Dixisti porrò aliquid de mari Philosophico.

Æm. Quid ? de mari Philosophico ?

At aliud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.
Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum ?
Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

Mor. Non ? tum hæc tua culpa' st *Gelasime*.

Annon dicebas quod nunquam quisquam omittet Mare
Philosophicum ?

Æm. Ha, ha, hæ !

Mor. Ecquid me ridet ?

Gno. Perge, *Morion*.

Mor. Pergat qui vult, si ridetis ; ego satisfeci officio
meo. Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt : Et sic desino.

Gno. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes dimitto laudibus,
Et Vitulâ tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.

Pf. Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos omnes processistis
Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proximâ. [hodie,
Doctissime Moderator, vale. Dii tibi dent quæ expetis.

Gno. Et longum formosa, vale, vale, inquit Iola.

Pf. Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum, nam de arte
isthac est tibi quod sola soli dicam.

Gel. Beatus sum! libenter sequor.

Quantum Diis magis debeo, quod me tam lepidum fecerint!

Pf. *Æmylio*, i præ, pisti, omitte istas ceremonias.

Mor. Ego illos comitabor, satis sum jocatus hodie.

Gno. At ego intus me recipiam, bene hodie fecimus.

[*Exeunt.*

Ire domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite capellæ. [*Exit.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. **P**RO certon' habes advenisse *Polyporum*?

Din. Siquidem quod vidi certum est.

Nisi fallant oculi.

Æm. Mirum est ni fallant aliquando, si sint tui.
Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi astutia;
Sed ut placet, ubi vidisti? ecquid idoneus visus est,
Ex quo argentum eudimus? ha! numquid est tractabilis?
Utinam accepisset literas.

Din. Acepit jam in portu.

Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.

Æm. Quî istud nosti?

Din. Ut vidi, suspensio gradu ibam, adstabam, compri-
mebam animam,

Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermonem hoc cap-
tavi modo. Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut ac-
cipiamus hominem. Hic esto; cum rogabit, ubi habet
Bombardomachides? Huc per posticum introducam illum-
tibi.

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Æm. At militi claves reddidi.

Din. Pish! sexcentæ sunt causæ quamobrem illas possis repetere. Abi modo; sed enim captivis quid faciemus; absunt perincommodè.

Æm. Oh! dicam *Polyphoro* tempus nunc non esse ut illos videat, Et jubebo cras redeat: *Satin* polita sunt hæc consilia? O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc mihi onerasti diem! Abeamus, mi charissime *Dinon*.

Din. O, mi suavissime *Æmylio*, abeamus. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Gelasimus, Psecas, Morion.

Pf. Viden' ergo quam posthabui omnes res ingenio tuo? Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt Principes, Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris compotes.

Gel. Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi minu' gaudeam De pollentia tua (nam & ipse in mea patria Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ nuptiæ Magne futuræ sint totius orbis commodo.

Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur semine Suis se dictis immortalis afficiet gloria, Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maximus.

Pf. Cupio equidem Poetam parere.

Gel. Meâ fide paries.

Nam vagiebam ego metricè, & in lactis loco Heliconis aquam suxi, tum autem in Parnasso bicipiti Sæpiculè somniavi, sed, ut verum fatear, Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervâ fluunt, Quam Epigrammata aut Satyri, nam festivissimè (Ut nosti) deridere homines soleo.

Pf. O Musas omnes!

Quam undiquaq; sententiis tuis intermiscēs facetias!

Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertistin'? at peperci ego dicere, De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eos intelligeres.

Pf. Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimicitias caperem Tui causâ, nisi intelligerem probè ingenium tuum.

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Mor. Colloquuntur familiariter, metuo ne præripiat mihi

Illius animum, namq; amo illam plus vino & saccharo.
Et nisi me amet mutuo, abeat sane in locum
In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

Gel. Abeamus, mea Sappho,
Ut à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis matrimonium.
Morion, abi tu domum.

Mor. Ne me contemptim conteras;
Tam ego disputabam hodiè, quam tu, publicitùs.
Et confutavi hominem.

Pf. Exemplis pessimis
Ludificabor istum fruticem nisi hinc properè avolet.
Oh superos? occidi, mortua sum! Pater huc venit, nos
quæritans,

Et stricto gladio necem hic minatur omnibus.

Mor. Oh, oh, non possum aspicere *Bombardomachidem*.
Nimiò nimis ferox est, jocari mecum noluit modò.

Gel. Tam mortui herclè sumus, quam mare est mortuum,
Ibi iterum, velim, nolim, non reprimò me, quin
jocer. Nullumne hîc latibulum est?

Mor. Oh! quæso ostendas aliquod,
In ipso foramine acus nunc jam jacere poteram,
Ecquem hîc habes caseum? nam muris instar optimè
In illo delitescerem.

Gel. Non, non, falsus es, *Morion*,
Nam tunc exedere latebras tuas. Ut illum derideo.
Hoc tanto in periculo!

Pf. Hei mihi! est intus dolium——
Ut contollit gradum! ut oculi virent iracundia! ———
Illic si vis temet occultare.

Mor. Dolium? cedò sis, bona fœmina:
Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exemplum sumere.
Utinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi quam citissimè.

Pf. Sequere me, tibi mox prospiciam, *Gelasime*.

Mor. Ità, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium? magnificè pol
domus est.

[*En. Pf. & Mor.*]

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Gel. Oh! oh! audire visu' sum strepitum militis,
Tergum vel pœnas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex Macedonicus.
Oh! jam venit scio; jacebo hic, quasi essem mortuus;
Nolo saltem cernere fatum meum. [*recumb.*]

Psecas intrat.

Pf. Ha, ha, he!

Gel. Oh! adest!

Pf. *Gelasime*, surge, ne metuas malum.

Gel. Profectò, *Bombardomachides*, non duxi tuam filiam, Neque unquam volui.

Pf. Quid?

Gel. Non; quæso, ne me jugules,
Memineris obsecro, jocorum militarium, quos feci tibi,
Quin effeci insuper, Iambi ut incedant pede.

Pf. O Venus! ludos lepidos, Adspice ad me *Gelasime*,
Pater non adest.

Gel. O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus? obsecro an venit?

Pf. Neque venturus est, ex composito hoc feci adeo.
Ut nobis sine *Morione* arbitro fierent nuptiæ.

Gel. Ha! scio hoc equidem; & etiam per industriam

[*surgit.*]

Diffimulavi quasi essem timidus——sed numnam in vado sumus——Annon diffimulabam lepide?——certè aliquid audio——Non venit spero.

Pf. Ne time; sed festinato opus est,
Ne tandem fortasse seriò nos pater opprimat.

Gel. Vera dicis; properemus, mea Musa, mea Urania,
Ut te amo, mea Polyhymnie, mea Melpomene! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENA III.

Æmylio (ornatu militis) Dinon, Polyporus.

Æm. Intromittatur sino; fac pateat janua.

Pol. Tun' ille es miles, arte tam insignis duellica?

Æm. Periphrasim veram nominis dicis mei.

Pol. Si is es, filium cepisti meum.

Æm. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

Pol. Huc itaque eâ gratiâ veni tibi,
Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim.
Oro igitur me absolvas quam primum poteris,
Nec mora in te sit sita, quin pretium auferas.
Cupio videre ipsos; & completi miseros.
Tam pater capto sum, quam dudum fui libero.

Æm. Nunc aliqui me expectant reges; cras redeas licet.

Pol. Cras illud, Patri filium quærenti annus est.

Bom. Oculisne claves obviam fiunt tuis? [*Intus.*

Cal. p. Nisi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, [*Intus.*

Ne mora Exorcistæ objecta sit, cum huc advenerit.

Bom. Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis.
Posthæc ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem.

Bombard. frangit fores.

Æm. Occisissimi sumus *Dinon*; Heus! quis est ad fores?

SCENA IV.

Bombardomachides, Calliphanes P. Æmylio, Dinon, Poly-
porus, Bombardomachidis Servi.

Bom. Oh! spectra cerno? Iudit an oculos meos.
Imago fallax? non possum pergere Iambicè,
Ita valde timeo.

Cal. p. Ha! quid est? quid tremis adeò?

Bom. Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.

Æm. *Dinon*, in te spes omnis vertitur, sis Dæmon iterum, Repræsentari salus nostra non aliter potest.

Din. Ne desponde animum, pulchrè homines vorfabimur.

Cal. p. Nihil adhuc video — hum — Leopardus, rediit, ipse est Leopardus quem conspexi prius.

Din. O ho, ô ho, urite, fundite, tundite, cadite, vertite domum: ho, ho, fundite, tundite domum.

Pol. Quænam hæc deliramenta? suntne atrâ bile per-

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Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἄγαντα, κῆπαντα, πῶροντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

Æm. Φεμπα δ' ἀγαντοκρόμων ἐδαίξετε φίλα μνῆστων.

Pol. Quicquid sit, aut hi homines insaniunt validè.
Aut aliquid monstri subest, quâ fugere insistam viâ?

Bom. Oh! quæso bone Dæmon ne accedas adeò, oh!

Pol. Men' quæris? obsecro,
Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! quæso.

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἄγαντα κῆπαντα,

Æm. πῶροντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

Cal. p. Oh! metuo malè ne me persequantur Dæmo-
nes, Quia ad nuptias injustitiâ meâ coegi filium.

Bom. Mallem in mediâ acie, quam hic stare loci.
Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam essem jam nunc mor-
tuis, Sed mori non possum.

Pol. Proculdubiò istud somnium est.

Ita res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam.

Bom. Claudam herclè oculos; videre non sustineo.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam,
fundam, tundam omnes illico.

Bom. Immo non timeo, videbo profectò nihil.

Cal. p. Nihil? cæcus est *Bombardomachides*? accipe sis
speculâria.

[*Bombardomachides* manus extendens forte tiaram
Æmylionis dejicit.

Æm. Πολυφλοισβοῖο θαλάσσης.

Bom. Oh!

Bom. *Dinon*, acta res est; emergere hinc non potest.

Bom. Servusne noster? facinus indignum & grave!

Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona;

Jaculare flammâs, lumen ereptum polo

Fulminibus exple — jam possum iterum Iambicè.

Cal. p. Proh Deos! siccin' te servus pro delectamento
usu' sit!

Attripiant aliqui sublimem, & extinguant illi animum.

Tun' (scelus) pro arbitrio nos terres scies?

Bom. Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.

Cal. p. Non sum compos animi, ita incendor iracundiâ.
Itane istud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.

Bom. De fine pœnæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo.
Ardeo furore ; tam diu cur innocens
Hos versor inter ? tota jam ante oculos meos
Imago cædis errat.

Din. O ! dii te perdant, *Æmylio*.

Æm. Quin, quod ferendum est feramus æquo animo,
Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.

Pol. Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis nequeo.
Heus ; estne miles hic *Bombardomachides* ?

Bom. Men' ergo nescis ? Ipse *Bombardomachides* sum
(in versu sequenti.)

Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere ?

Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, sed nullum habeo.

Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem ? hem Literas tuas,
Quas in portu accepi modo.

Bom. Ha ! Dux *Bombardomachides* ?

Æmylio scripsit istud : O ingens scelus !

Incertus, atrox, mente non sanâ feror

Partes in omnes ; unde me ulcisci queam ?

[*Verberat Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.*]

Din. Oh ! obsecro te.

Pol. O Dii boni ! quid ego video : *Dinonem* servum ?
Hem ! *Dinon* ! quid hic agis ? ubi filius meu' st ?

Din. *Æmylio*, quid faciam in his angustiis ? confitebor
omnia.

Æm. Suspende te, si vis ; Diis iratis natu' sum.

Cal. p. Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fa-
Articulatim te concidit hic servus tuus ; [bricam.

Quantum adhuc video ; faxo confiteantur omnia,
Heus *Lorarii* ! quis intus est ? *Lorarii* inquam !

Pol. Immò depositâ veste se verberibus impleant invi-
cem. Donec omnia exquisivimus, ut labitum' st nobis.

Bom. Locutus es non malè, fiet modò.

A teste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet. [*Ingred. Lorarii.*

Æm. Strenuum me præbebo hominem ; scapularum
mihi Sat magna confidentia est. *Dinon*, bono animo es.

Din. Quin *Stoicus*, inquam sum, dolorem nunquam
sentio.

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Moriemur, fat scio ; si præter spem quid evenit,
In lucro deputabo esse.

Bom. Audin' serve ?

Flagella fac sint nobis in promptu duo.

[*Exit Servus & redit cum flagellis.*

Cal. p. Interea quod est temporis, tu deme illis di-
ploid. Ha statux verberæ, nos vetulos habetis ludi-
brio ? [ponunt diploid.

Æm. Aliud cura, Carnufex ; non possum ego hoc ex-
uere ! [ad lorarium.

Vapulare herclè nolo in generosis meis vestibis,
Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

Din. O miram rem ! Scientia talis,
Dicenda est sola liberalis.

Satin' Æmylio fortiter ?

Bom. Ridetis ? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.

Cal. p. Hem ! da flagella illis in manus ocyus.
Nisi pœnas de se strenue sumant invicem.

Quasi incudem cædas illos ; ac pugnis oneres.

Din. Video necesse est, ut exerceamus nosmet.
Age, incipiamus, mea Commoditas.

Æm. Mea opportunitas, incipiamus.

Din. Tu nebulo major es, tibi herclè locum cedo.

Cal. p. Ludunt herclè ; heus *Lorarii*, facite ut pugni
in malis hæreant. Ad mortem vos ambos darem, si es-
setis mei.

Æm. Quin abi in malam rem ; nil operâ opus tuâ est.

[ad Lorarium.

Annon *Dinon* satis idoneus visa' st, qui me verberet ?

Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem !

Æm. Meus bonus Genius !

[*Se vicibus flagellant.*

Din. Meus Pylades !

Æm. Orestes meus !

Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi sat methodus placet,
Tam similis est bello.

Cal. p. Fecistis probè.

Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quid vis.

Pol. Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tutore ejus &
Gelasimo ?

NAUFRAGIUM JOCLARE. 207

Din. Emunximus illos mucidos ; & argentum effecimus.

Em. Et vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui ?
Me multò decent magis.

Pol. O frontes hominum !

Din. Dicam omnia ; animum advortite, nam fabula lepidissima' st : Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.

Em. Dein vestes Morionis pannis commutavi meis.

Din. Dein, quasi captivos, in vinclis hîc habuimus.

Em. Dein scripsimus Epistolam, te ut vorfarem in super.

Din. Dein spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterrefecimus.

Bom. Egone vana ut spectra timerem, scelus !
Adesse vel jam dæmonum turbam velim.

Pol. O impudentiam ! O mores ! quid ego de vobis tantum merui ?

Em. Ha, ha ! homo suavis ! nos ut parceremus tibi ?
Cum bardum genuisti, sapientum id fecisti gratiâ,
Stultus est Commune Bonum.

Cal. p. Obstupesco ! ita hæc res mira' st.

Din. Immo nihil jam celabo ; nolo, *Æmylio*,
Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi.

Eucomissa ~~.....~~

Em. *Dinon* ! ô scelestum caput ! *[flagellat]*

Bom. Mutiren' audes ? pisce sis mutus magis.

Din. *Æmylioni* nupsit hodiè, & Diî vortant feliciter.

Bom. Quid tangit aurem ? ferte me insanæ procul,
Illo procellæ ferte, quò fertur dies
Hinc raptus, ô quis filiam ostendet mihi ?
Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, invia
Emetiemur, nullus obstabit locus. *[Exit Bombard.]*

Em. Nunc demum perii solide, hoc durum in corde
Quod mei gratiâ, *Eucomissæ* pejus erit, nil adhuc dolco.

Cal. p. Si esset mea, omnem de illâ animum
Ejicerem Patris, & alienarem miseram à familiâ.

208 NAUFRAGIUM JOCLARE.

Si filius meus ad hunc modum——sed nonvult, aut si cu-
peret maxime,

Captare consilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius.

Din. Immo ille proculdubio his noxis vacuus est,
Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, tantum,
Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam jussisti sedulo,
Æglen hodie duxit.

Cal. p. *Æglen*? non potest fieri.

Non, non, non audet; quicquid sit, videbo tamen.

Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatietur foras. [*Exit.*]

Æm. Quicumque sis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi
Orare ut fies, nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala,
Sed ut pacem *Eucomissa* conciliares ab ejus Patre.

Id oro, atq; obsecro; age, etsi parum de te meruerim,
Popularis tuus sum.

Pol. Meus?

Æm. Siquidem es Anglus patriâ.

Pol. Qui istud factum est, hic ut servitutem servias?

Æm. Fortunæ ædepol vitio, nam prognatus patre
Mercatore sum ditissimo, sed sic fors tulit
Cum sorore simul parvulâ, hic ut me caperet parvulum.

Pol. Hei mihi!

Æm. Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis.

Pol. Quia miseras mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam
redigis. Nam filiulam ego etiam cum fratre unâ perdidici.
Ubi capti estis?

Æm. In navi, cum in Hispaniam transmisit Pater,
Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei studens.

Pol. Quodnam erat navi signum?

Æm. Castor & Pollux.

Pol. Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eð plus plusq; conve-
niat, ut hæc mihi res indicium faciat, [*nit:*]

Omniū qui sunt in terrâ, sum beatissimus.

Quot annis abhinc?

Æm. Mense proximo erunt octodecim.

Pol. Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volant.

Si isthæc vera sunt; non dubito quin sis meus.

Cæterum adest Miles, ille me certiozem faciet.

SCENA

SCENA V.

Bombard. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Ægle.

Cal. p. Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore tri-
venefica, Faxo, si vita mihi superest, istius obsaturabere.

Æg. Obsecro prolixè senex, uti quod te habet malè,
In me totum evomas, cum illo modò in gratiam redeas.
Mea omnis culpa est; Ille abs te innoxius;
Per Deos mea est.

Cal. f. Non, non, cave illi credas Pater,
Tuam in me iram derivari multò æquius est.
Blanditiis istam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.

Pol. Accommoda mihi, miles, paululum aures tuas,
Nisi sit molestum.

Bom. Uruntur irâ fibræ, & exardet jecur,
Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis tamen.

Eu. O *Æmylio*! huncce in modum celebrantur nuptiæ?
Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta sum.

Æm. Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil
faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas vicem, nam Deos testor,
Si unâ hæc nocte cubuissem in complexu tuo,
Cris illud esset, cum me vellem interfici,
Ne ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.
Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes sita est mea.

Pol. Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti pul-
Insperate Fili, salve, [chre,
Cum hic te conspicio; quam superat mihi
Atque abundat lætitiâ pectus. Ubi soror tua est?

Æm. Eccam ipsam, mi pater charissime! Amœnitates
quantas

Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea es.

Ha ha! filium & filiam? ha, ha! lacrymo gaudio.

Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me felicior?

Age, miles, face te lubentem filix nuptiis.

Bom. Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo, senex,
Quoniamque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

210 NAUFRAGIUM JOCLARE.

Æm. Audin' *Eucomissa*? iterum mihi natus videor.

Eu. Et ego iterum nupta; ô mi *Æmylio*.

Cal. p. Quam suo sermone arrexist aures!

Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam misere deperis,
Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.

Cal. f. Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

Din. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

Æmylio, volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tuâ.

Meministin' quo ornatu te primum invenerim,

Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.

Æm. Fœneratò hanc mihi operam locasti, *Dinon*,
Nam mecum semper vives, suppeditabo ego tibi sump-
tibus.

Din. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

Æm. Meruisti herclè;

Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verberasti
strenue!

Din. Meruisti herclè. Ego vel iterum, mi *Æmylio*,
Voluptatis tuæ causâ, defessus verberando fierem.

Æm. Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morion* meus frater est?

Pol. Nihil minus; nam cum vosmet infortunatus per-
didi; Ne prorsus viderer orbus, recens natum servi mei
puerum Pro meo sustuli; is hic est, quem vidisti, *Morion*.

SCENA VI.

Gelasimus, Psecas.

Sed quem ego video? *Gelasimum*, amicum *Morionis* mei?
Gelasime, salve.

Gel. O *Polypore*, salve; nescis quam beatus sum!

Ubi est *Bombardomachides*? *Pf.* Illic; non vides?

Gel. Hic non est ille *Bombardomachides*, ad quem me
insinuavi callidè.

Pf. Pish, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis fiet?

Gel. Non, non; filius tuus *Gelasimus*, hic flexo poplite
Ut sibi benedicat, obsecrat, atque ut nuptiis suis.

Bom. Ex ore quid venit tuo? Tun' filius meus?

NAUFRAGIUM JOCLARE. 211

Gel. Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere,
Quia joculari semper soleo; sed profecto loquor serio.
Detrahe velum, mea Musa; hem! nostin' filiam tuam?

Om. Ha, ha, ha!

Pf. Immo ne admiremini.

Ego nupsi isti Asino, sed præceptis meis,
Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat bene.

Eucornissa, salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum ordinis,
Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & capiemus consilium,
Quid maritis faciundum sit, servire si nolint nobis.

Gel. Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse?

Om. Ha, ha, hæ!

Gel. Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum hic dixi jocum.

Æm. *Gelasma*, da hoc etiam pugillaribus tuis,
Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non Feb.

Gel. Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ sit, satis novi.
Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?

Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.

Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.

Mor. Oh! non possum recipere animam, quæso bona
fœmina. [intus.]

Æm. Ha! quid hoc?

Pf. Inter tot nuptias

Nè desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio.

[Exit.]

Cal. p. Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam miras res,
Nulla me vidisse unquam in Comœdia memini.

Ha! quid fit tandem?

SCENA VII.

Pfecas, Morion in dolio.

Pf. Hem! vobis vinum meum!

Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum. [in dolio.] [Exit.]
Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus me recipiam.

[ingred. iter.]

Gel. Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*: ô *Morion*, ut ego te
derideo!

Mor. Videon' ego patrem meum? ô pater, tun' hic
aderas?

212 NAUFRAGIUM JOCLARE.

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.
Jocari homines doceo.

Pol. Posthac ne me Patrem vocites.

Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio sustuli.

Mor. O! tu me non nosti fortassis in his vestibus.

Ego sum profectò *Morion*; roga *Gelasimum*.

Nos hic captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non, jam estis liberi,

Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem tuum

Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam transmisimus.

SCENA VIII.

Gnomicus.

Gel. O Tutor! mira hic profectò evenerunt hodiè.
Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Morion*,
Mundum omnem jocularem colligite, nam in Angliam
mecum redibitis;

Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus Scholam.

Emptores jocorum ibi habitant quamplurimi.

Mor. Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne sis amplius
mibi. Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polyperi* natu maximus.

Gno. Enimverò, ut ait *Comicus*, Dii nos homines qua-
si pilas habent.

Cal. p. Intereà ad me omnes introite ad prandium,
Frugaliter vos accipiam.

Gno. Consilium placet.

Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores adsient,

Cum Poeta illis dicerem; Valete & plaudite.

Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.

Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

EPILQ.

EPILOGUS.

Habet ; peracta est Fabula ; nil restat de-
nique :

*Nisi ut vos valere jubeam ; quod ut fiat mutud,
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor.*

*Naufragium sic non erit ; nam vobis, si placui-
mus,*

*Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admira-
bilis,*

Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

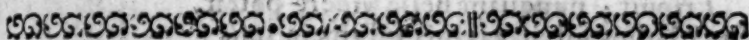
F I N I S.

*Inter MUSAS Cantabrigienses extant
Carmina sequentia ab Auctore A. Cow-
LEY conscripta, quæ ne deperdantur
dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere
visum est.*

De felici partu Regina Maria.

DUM mote antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit religioſa famēs;
Quinta beat noſtram ſoboles formoſa Mariam;
Penē iterum nobis, læte Decem̄ber ades.
Ite, quibus Iuſum Bacchusque Cereſque miniſtrant,
Et riſum vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos ſine lætitiæ ſtrepitu, ſine murmure læti:
Ipſa dies novit vix ſibi verba dari.
Cum corda arcana ſaltant feſtiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente ſonet?
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, ſalutem?
Sint mea pro tanto ſobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non ſunt, non ſunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ ſiunt pompa gaudia vera ſua.
Vicisti tandem, vicisti, caſta Maria;
Cedit de ſexu Carolus ipſe ſuo.
A te ſic vinci magnus quam gaudēat ille!
Vix hoſtes tanti vel ſuperaffe fuit.
Jam tua plūs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, & in methodo te peperiffe juvat.
O bona conjugii concors diſcordia veſtri!
O ſancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!

Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (& notum est quàm placet ille) placet.
Da veniam, hîc omnes nîmîum quod simus avari;
Da veniam, hîc animos quod satiare nequis.
Cùmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)
In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva & mollis imago
Non minùs in terris quàm tua sculpta, regat.

*Ob paciferum**Serenissimi Regis CAROLI**è SCOTIA reditum.*

ERGO redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adest.
Vicerunt alii bellis & Marte cruento;
Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.
Te sequitur volucti mitis victoria penna,
Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipsa suæ.
Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,
Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.
Te propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
Nascentem, & Delo plus licuisse dolent.
Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,
Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat:
Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ;
Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.
Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton,
Horrentesque novo lumine adornat equos.
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!

Callisto in vetitum potius descenderet æquor,
 Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videre nefas.
 Convenisse feris inter se noverat Urfis,
 Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.
 Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine & Angli
 Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.
 Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses,
 Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.
 Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem
 Eripuit; nunquam bella videre potest.
 Sic gladios solvit vaginis fulgur in ipsis;
 Effectūque potest vix prius ire suo.
 Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo
 Circumfert subitam, quæ volat ipse, diem.
 Nil illi prodest stellarum exercitus ingens;
 Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

F I N I S.



The THIRD PART
OF THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *Abraham Cowley*:

Being his SIX BOOKS of
PLANTS,

The *First* and *Second* of HERBS,
The *Third* and *Fourth* of FLOWERS.
The *Fifth* and *Sixth* of TREES.

Made *English* by several Celebrated HANDS.

With a Necessary INDEX.

The Fifth Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

W O R K S
O F
T H E
T H I R D P A R T

Mr. Abraham Comley:

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L O N D O N :

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TO THE READER.

BEing obliged before we speak of this Translation, to give some prefatory Account of the Original; it will be necessary to resume what has been deliver'd by the incomparable Dr. *Spratt*, late Bishop of *Rochester*, in the Account he has given of the Life and Writings of Mr. *Cowley*. Concerning these *Six Books of Plants*, he has thus express'd his Sentiments with that Strength of Judgment and Freedom of Ingenuity which was requisite.

[The Occasion (says he) of his chusing the Subject of his *Six Books of Plants*, was this: When he return'd into *England*, he was advis'd to dissemble the main Intention of his coming over, under the Disguise of applying himself to some settled Profession. And that of Physick was thought most proper. To this purpose, after many Anatomical Dissections, he proceeded to the Consideration of Simples, and having furnish'd himself with Books of that Nature, he retired into a fruitful Part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might shew him the real Figures of those Plants of which he had read. Thus he speedily master'd that Part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the Study of the Law, instead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he presently digested it into that Form which we behold.

The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a Style resembling the *Elegies of Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the Sweetness

To the READER.

and Freedom of the Verse ; but excelling them in the Strength of the Fancy, and Vigour of the Sense. The Third and Fourth discourse of Flowers in all the Variety of *Catullus* and *Horace's* Numbers ; for the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the stately and numerous Pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar easiness of his *Epistles* and *Speeches*. The two last speak of Trees, in the way of *Virgil's Georgicks* : Of these, the sixth Book is wholly dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *British* Oak to preside in the Assembly of the Forest-Trees, upon that Occasion he enlarges on the History of the late Rebellion, the King's Afflictions and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch Wars* ; and manages all in a Style, that (to say all in a Word) is equal to the Valour and Greatness of the *English Nation*.-----]

This was as much as could be expected in a transient and general Account, and what has left but little room for a more particular Essay. As the Nature of the Subject has sometimes furnish'd our Author with great and beautiful Occasions of Wit and Poetry, so it must be confess'd, that in the main he has but a barren Province to cultivate, where the Soil was to be enrich'd by the Improvements of Art and Fancy. He must so frequently descend to such minute Descriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which administer so feeble Occasions for Thought, and are so unfurnish'd of Variety, that since the Enumerations are no where tedious, but every Thing made beautiful and entertaining, it must be wholly ascribed to the Ability of the Artist, with a *Materiam superavit opus*.

This wonderful Performance put me on a Consideration, by what Artifices of Ingenuity he could possibly effect it : I was sensible that the smallest Subjects were capable of some Ornament in the Hands of a good Poet:

To the READER.

*In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, siquens
Numina leva sinant, auditque vocatus Apollo.*

This was designedly hinted by *Virgil*, when he came to his Description of Bees, to raise the Credit of his own Performance; whereas those Manners, Politicks, and Battles with which he has adorn'd his Poem, were for the most part true in Fact, and the rest lay obvious to Invention; but our Author was obliged to animate his silent Tribe of Plants, to inspire them with Motion and Discourse, in order to lighten his Descriptions with Story: But where he is confined to the descriptive Part it self, where he is to register them standing mute in their Beds, divested of that imaginary Life which might beautify the Work, *Hic labor, hoc opus*; it is there it seems worth our while to observe the sagacious Methods of his Fancy, in finding Topicks for his Wit, and Instances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat on in their own naked Nature, and simply consider'd, could afford but slender Matter; yet that many things were greater in their Circumstances than they are in themselves, accordingly he has most nicely fasten'd upon each minute Circumstance of the Places where his Plants and Herbs delight to spring, the Seasons of their Flowering, Seeding, and Withering, their long or short Duration, their noxious or healthful Qualities, their Figures and Colouring; all which he has manag'd with such Dexterity of Fancy and unexhausted Conceit, that each Individual (as he has dress'd and set them out) appears with a different Aspect and peculiar Beauty: The very Agreeableness or Disagreeableness of their Names to those Dispositions wherewith Nature has induc'd them, are frequently the surprizing and diverting Occasion of his Wit.

To the READER.

Yet in all this Liberty, you find him no where diverted from his Point, *Judgment*, that is to say, a just regard to his Subject, every where conspicuous; being never carried too remote by the Heat of his Imagination and Quickness of his Apprehension. His Invention exerts its utmost Faculties, but so constantly over rul'd by the Dictates of Sense, that even those Conceits which are so unexpectedly started, and had lain undiscover'd by a less piercing Wit, are no sooner brought to light, but they appear the Result of a genuine Thought, and naturally arising from his Matter. Antiquity had been before-hand, in furnishing him with diverting Fables relating to several Plants, which he never suffers to escape his Hands; of which he is not a cold and dull Reciter; but delivers them with so new a Grace, such an ingenious Connexion and Application to his Design, that in every one, instead of a stale Tradition, we have the Pleasure of a Story first told.

Having mentioned our Author's Design in this Work, we must speak something of the Oeconomy thereof, the most important Part of a Poem, and from whence it properly takes its Character; for without that artificial Cast and Drift, it can never be able to support it self, the boldest Efforts of Wit and Fancy being otherwise but extravagant Excursions. This it is that has compleated the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, where each Book is concluded with a surprizing and natural Turn. Nor does our Author here fall short of him in Contrivance and artificial Periods. For having in his First and Second of these Books taken in the Species of Herbs, the First is a promiscuous Account (not without Poetical Starts upon all occasions.) The Second is an Assembly of such chiefly as come under the Female Province, and are serviceable in Generation or Birth. The Scene which he hath chosen for calling this Council, is the Physick

To the READER.

Garden at Oxford; in which having adjusted Matters for the Benefit of the reeming Sex, they are not at last tumultuously dissolved, but artificially broke up by the Approach of the Gardener, whom our Author fancies to have enter'd that Morning more early than usual; to gather such Herbs as he knew would be of assistance to his Wife, who was fallen in Labour. The Third and Fourth Books treat of Flowers; in the Third he ranges those that appear in the Spring; in the Fourth he musters up the Tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which together with the former, are assembled before *Flora*, to offer their respective Claims for Precedency; the Goddess at last, being doubtful how to determin amongst such noble Competitors, and to decline the Odium of a Decision, she puts them in mind of the Insolence of *Tarquin*, the dangerous Consequences of a single and arbitrary Principality; that she was a *Roman* Deity, and they themselves were Flowers of a *Roman* Breed: She therefore advises them to follow the Model of the *Roman* Government, and resolve themselves into a Commonwealth of Plants; where the Preferments or Offices being annual and successive, there would be room left to gratifie their several Merits. Here we see the utmost Force of Judgment and Invention in most happy Conjunction; what more beautiful Cast or Turn could the Poet have given to the Subject before him, or where can we see the Drama it self wind up with a more artificial Close? In his Fifth Book, the Competition is between the Trees of the *American* World and ours. *Pomona* seated in one of the Fortunate Islands between the two Worlds, the Convention from each is assembled before her; the Author finding the Preference to be in truth due to the *Indian* Plants, yet unwilling to determin for the Savage Climate, prevents the Decision, by a Quarrel between *Omelochilus* the *Indian* Bacchus,

To the READER.

and the *European*. The Powers of both Countries are thereupon drawn into Parties, and ready to engage; when *Apollo* disarms the barbarous Deity by the Charms of his Musick. Which is so beautiful and artificial a Turn, that an ordinary Poet would have rested satisfied with the Discovery. Our Author pursues his Advantage, and besides the Conquest of his Harp, puts a Song into *Apollo's* Mouth, and fastens upon the most noble, as well as agreeable Subject that the Nature could afford, of *Columbus* his Discovery of *America*. The drift of his last Book, which yet seems to top upon the rest, is described to our Hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial Reader may judge, if *Virgil* himself has better design'd for the Glory of *Rome* and *Augustus*, than *Cowley* for his Country and the Monarch of his time.

As for the Translation we have here presented, I fear I shall be thought too much a Party to speak with any great Freedom; I will only presume to say, that if the Reader considers the difficulty of the Task, he will not think the Version altogether unworthy of the Original. He that takes the pains to compare them, will at least find a justness to the Author's Sense; and I hope that the performance of the rest that were engaged with me in the Attempt, will not only support their Parts of the Undertaking, but make amends for the Defects of mine. If in the main you meet with that Diversion I proposed, it is all that is expected by

Your Humble Servant,

N. TATE.

THE

The *AUTHOR'S* Preface to his
Two First Books of *PLANTS* :
Publish'd before the rest.

Considering the incredible Veneration which the best Poets always had for Gardens, Fields and Woods, insomuch that in all other Subjects they seem'd to be banish'd from the Muses Territories, I wonder'd what evil Planet was so malicious to the Breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired Tribe to celebrate their Beauty and admirable Virtues. Certainly a copious Field of Matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of Fruit; where each particular, besides its pleasant History (the extent whereof every body, or to speak more truly, no body, can sufficiently understand) which contains the whole Fabrick of humane Frame, and a compleat Body of Physick: From whence I am induc'd to believe, that those great Men did not so much think them improper Subjects of Poetry, as discouraged by the greatness and almost inexplicable Variety of the Matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a Work which they despaired of finishing. So that I who am but a Pigmy in Learning, and scarce sufficient to express the Virtues of the vile Sea-Weed, attempt the Work which those

Giants declin'd. Yet wherefore should I not attempt? Forasmuch as they disdain'd to take up with less than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it Reputation enough for me to have my Name carved on the Barks of some Trees, or (what is reckon'd a Royal Prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. You must not therefore expect to find so many Herbs collected for this Fardel, as sometimes go to the compounding of one single Medicine.

These Two little Books then are offer'd as small Pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of Style; in the choice whereof I have not much labour'd, but took them as they came to my Hand, there being none amongst them which contain'd not plenty of Juice: if it were drawn out according to Art, none so insipid that would not afford Matter for a whole Book, if well extracted.

The Method which I judg'd most genuine and proper for this Work, was not to press out their Liquor crude in a simple enumeration; but as it were in a Limbeck, by the gentle Heat of Poetry, to distil and extract their Spirits. Nor have I chosen to put them together which had Affinity in Nature, that might create a disgust for want of Variety; I rather connect'd those of the most different Qualities, that their con-

trary Colours, being mixt, might the better set off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for ostentation of Learning (whereof there is no occasion here offered; for what is more easie than to turn over one or two Herbalists?) but because that beside Physicians (whom I pretend not to instruct, but divert) there are so few well vers'd in the History of Plants, as to be acquainted with the Names of them all. It is a part of Philosophy that lies out of the common Road of Learning; to such Persons I was to supply the Place of a Lexicon. But for the sake of the very Plants themselves, lest the treating of them in a Poetical way might derogate from their real Merit, and that should seem not to attribute to them those Faculties wherewith Nature has indued them (who studies what is to be done, not what is most capable of verbal Ornaments) but to have feigned those Qualities which would afford the greatest Matter for Pomp and empty Pleasure. For, because Poets are sometimes allowed to make Fictions, and some have too excessively abused that Liberty, Trust is so wholly denied to us, that we may not without Hesitation be believed when we say,

O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.

Hor. Serm. 25.

I was thereupon willing to cite proper Witnesses, that is such as wrote in loose and free Prose, which compared with Verse, bears the Authority of an Oath. I have yet contented my self with Two of those, (which is the Number required by Law.) Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the first being an Author of unquestion'd Latin, and the latter amongst the Moderns of the truest Sentiments, and no ill Master of Expression. If any except against the former, as too credulous of the Greekish idle Tales, that he may not safely be credited, he will find nothing on this Subject mention'd by him, which is not represented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the Reader, because I have made my Plants to discourse, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's Grove) to expect Oracles; which, I fear, my Verses will only resemble in this, that they are as bad Metre as what the Gods of old deliver'd from their own Temples, to those who consulted them.

Having given you this Account, if any shall light upon this Book who have read my former, publish'd not long since by me in English, I fear they may take Occasion from thence, of reprehending some Things, concerning which, it will not be impertinent briefly to clear my self before I proceed. In the first place, I foresee that I shall be accused by some of too much Delicacy and Levity, in that having undertaken great

Subjects, and after a Day or two's Journey, I have stopt, through Laziness and Despondency of reaching home, or possess'd with some new Frenzy, have started into some other Road, insomuch that not only the half (as they say) but the third part of the Task has been greater than my whole Performance: Away (they cry) with this Desultory Writer. Yet with what Spirit, what Voice threatening mighty Matters, he begins

Of War and Turns of Fate I sing.

Thou sing of Wars, thou Dastard, who throw'st away thy Arms so soon, or betak'st thy self to the Enemy's Camp, a Renegade, before the first Charge is sounded? Or, if at any time thou adventurest to engage, it is like the antient Gauls, making the Onset with more than the Courage of a Man, and presently retreating with more than that of a Coward: Whereas, he that has once apply'd himself to a Poem, as if he had married a Wife, should stick to it for better for worse, whether the Matter be grateful and easie, or harsh, and almost intractable; ought neither to quit it for Tiresomness, nor be diverted by new Loves; nor think of a Divorce, or at any time relinquish, till he has brought it to a Conclusion, as Wedlock terminates with Life. This is imputed to me as a Fault; and since I cannot

deny the Charge, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examine.

In the first place therefore, that which is most truly asserted of Human Life, is too applicable to my Poetry; that it is best never to have been born, or being born, forthwith to die. And if my Essays should be carried on to their Omea, (to which the Works of Homer by a peculiar Felicity were continued vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into Dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend Trifles, or make them tolerable, is that they give off seasonably, that is suddenly; for that Author goes very much too far, who leaves his Reader tir'd behind him.

These Considerations, if I write ill, will excuse my Brevity, tho' not so easily excuse the Undertaking; nor shall my Inconstancy in not finishing what I have begun, be so much blamed, as my Constancy in ceasing not continually to begin, and being like Fortune, constant in Levity. But if, Reader (as it is my Desire) we have furnished you with what is agreeable to your Appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have used such Moderation, as neither to send you away hungry, nor cloy your Stomach with too much Satiety. To this you must add, that our Attempts, such as they are, may excite the Industry of others, who are enabled by a greater Genius or Strength to undertake the very same,

or more noble Subjects. As Agefilaus of old, who though he had made no great progress into Asia, yet, being the first in that Adventure, he open'd the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire Conquest. Lastly, (to confess to thee as a Friend, for such I will presume thee) I thus employ'd my self, not so much out of Design, as carried on by a Warmth of Mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other Diversion of my Troubles; therefore through a Wearisomness of human Affairs, to these more pleasing Solaces of Literature (made agreeable to me by Custom and Nature) my sick Mind betakes it self; and not long after, from an Irksomness of the same Things, it changes its Course, and turns off to some other Theme. But they press more dangerously upon me, and as it were stab me with my own Weapon, who bring those things to my Mind, which I declaimed so vehemently against, the Use of exolete and interpolated Repetitions of old Fables in Poetry; when Truth it self in the sacred Books of God, and awful Registers of the Church, has laid open a new, more rich and ample World of Poetry, for the Wits of Men to be exercised upon.

When thou thy self (say they) hast thus declared, with the Approbation of all good Men, and given an Example in thy Davideis for others to imitate; dost thou, like an apostate Jew, loathing Manna, return to the Leeks and

Garlick of Egypt? After the Appearance of Christ himself in thy Verse, and imposing Silence on the Oracles of Demons, shall we again hear the Voice of Apollo from the profane Tripod? After the Restauration of Sion, and the Purgation of it from Monsters, shall it be again possessed by the dreary Ghosts of antiquated Deities, and what the Prophet threatned as the Extremity of Evils: Your Muse is in this no less an Object of Shame and Pity, than if Magdalen should backslide again to the Brothel. Behold how the just Punishment does not (as in other Offenders) follow your Crime, but even accompanies it. The very Lowness of your Subject has retrenched your Wings, You are fasten'd to the Ground with your Herbs, and cannot soar as formerly to the Clouds; nor can we more admire at your Halting, than at your fabulous Vulcan; when he had fallen from the Skies.

A heavy Charge indeed, and terrible at the first Sight; but I esteem that which celebrates the wonderful Works of Providence, not to be far distant from a Sacred Poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the Virtues of several Plants; therefore, amongst other things, of a most noble Strain, the Divine Poet upon that account praises the Deity, Who brings forth Grass upon the Mountains, and Herbs for the use of Man, Psalm cxii. ver. 8. Nor do I think the Liberty immodest,

where I introduce Plants speaking, to whom the Sacred Writ it self does speak, as to Intelligent Beings : Bless the Lord, all ye green things upon the Earth, praise and exalt him for ever, Da. ch. iiii. v. 53. Apocr. Those Fictions are not to be accounted for Lies, which cannot be believed, nor desire to be so. But that the Names of Heathen Deities and Fabulous Transformations are sometimes intermixt, the Matter it self compell'd me against my Will, being no other way capable of Embellishment, and it is well, if by that means they are so. No painted Garb is to be preferred to the native Dress and living Colours of Truth; yet in some Persons, and on some Occasions, it is more agreeable : There was a time when it did not misbecome a King to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his Coronation Robes. You are not therefore to expect, in a Work of this Nature, the Majesty of an Heroick Style, (which I never found any Plant to speak in) for I propose not here to fly, but only to walk in my Garden, for Health's sake, and partly for Recreation.

There remains a third Difficulty which will not perhaps so easily be solved. I had some time since been resolved in my self to write no more Verses, and made thereof such publick and solemn Protestation, as almost amounts to an Oath :

Siquidem Hercle possim, nil prius, neq; fortius.

Eunuch. Scen. I.

When behold, I have sat in anew. Concerning which Matter, because I remember my self to have formerly given an Account in Metre, I am willing (and Martial affirms it to be a Poet's Right) to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and a most ingenious Friend, who labour'd under the very same Disease, though not with the same dangerous Symptoms.

More Poetry! You'll cry: dost thou return,
Fond Man, to the Disease thou hast forsworn?
'T has reach'd thy Marrow, seiz'd thy inmost Sense,
And Force or Reason cannot draw it thence:
Think't thou that Heav'n thy Liberty allows,
And laughs at Poets, as at Lovers Vows?
Forbear, my Friend, to wound with sharp Discourse
A wretched Man that feels too much remorse.
Fate drags me on against my Will; in vain
I struggle, fret, and try to break my Chain.
Thrice I took *Hellebore*, and must confess,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of the Disease.
But the Moon's Power, to which all Herbs must yield
Bids me be mad again, and gains the Field;
At her Command for Pen and Ink I call,
And in one Morn Three hundred Rhimes let fall;
Which, in the Transport of my frantick Fit,
I throw like Stones, at the next Man I meet:
Ev'n thee, my Friend, *Apollo-like*, I wound,
The Arrows fly, the String and Bow resound.
What Methods canst thou study to reclaim,
Whom nor his own, nor publick Grievs can tame?

Who in all Seasons keep my chirping Strain,
 A Grasshopper that sings in Frost and Rain.
 Like her whom Boys, and Youths, and Elders knew,
 I see the Path my Judgment should pursue:
 But what can naked I 'gainst armed Nature do?
 I'm no *Tydid*, who a Power divine
 Could overcome; I must, I must resign.
 Even thou, my Friend (unless I much mistake)
 Whose thundering Sermons make the Pulpit shake,
 Unfold the Secrets of the World to come,
 And bid the trembling Earth expect its Doom,
 As if *Elias* were come down in Fire,
 Yet thou at Eight dost to thy Glass retire,
 Like one of us, and (after moderate Use
 Of th' *Indian* Fume, and *European* Juice,)
 Sett'st into Rhime, and dost thy Muse caress,
 In learn'd Conceits, and harmless Wantonness.
 'Tis therefore just thou should'st excuse thy Friend,
 Who's none of those that trifle without end:
 I can be serious too when Business calls,
 My Frenzy still has lucid Intervals.



EPIT A-

E P I T A P H I U M

Vivi Autoris.

HIC, ô Viator, sub Lare parvulo
 COULEIUS Hic est Conditus, Hic Facet,
 Defunctus humani laboris
 Sorte, supervacuâque Vitâ.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
 Et non inerti nobilis otio ;
 Vanôq; dilectis popello
 Divitiis animosus hostis :

Possis ut illum dicere Mortuum,
 En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit !
 Exempta sit curis, Viator,
 Terra sit illa Levis, precare.

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
 Nam Vita gaudet Mortua floribus,
 Herbisque odoratis corona
 Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

~~~~~

The Author's E P I T A P H upon himself,  
 yet alive, but withdrawn from the busy  
 World to a Country-Life ; to be suppo-  
 sed written on his House.

**H**ERE Passenger, beneath this Shed  
 Lies Cowley, tho' entomb'd, not dead,  
 Yet freed from human Toil and Strife,  
 And all th' Impertinence of Life.

Who in his Poverty is neat,  
And even in Retirement, Great.  
With Gold, the Peoples Idol, he  
Holds endless War and Enmity.

Can you not say, he has resign'd  
His Breath, to this small Cell confin'd?  
With this small Mansion let him have  
The Rest and Silence of the Grave.

Strew Roses here as on his Hearse,  
And reckon this his Funeral Verse:  
With Wreaths of fragrant Herbs adorn  
The yet surviving Poet's Urn.

*The EPI T A P H on the AUTHOR'S  
Tomb in Westminster Abby, attempted  
in English.*

Here under lies

**ABRAHAM COWLEY,**

*The Pindar, Horace, and Virgil*

*Of the English Nation.*

**W**hile through the World thy Labours shine  
Bright as thy self, thou Bard divine;  
Thou in thy Fame wilt live, and be  
A Partner with Eternity.

*Here in soft Peace for ever rest,  
(Soft as the Love that fill'd thy Breast:)*

*Let hoary Faith around thy Urn,  
And all the watchful Muses mourn.*

*For ever sacred be this Room,  
May no Rude Hand disturb thy Tomb;  
Or sacrilegious Rage and Lust  
Affront thy venerable Dust:*

*Sweet COWLEY'S Dust let none profane;  
Here may it undisturb'd remain:  
Eternity not take, but give,  
And make this Stone for ever live.*



## *The Translation of Mr. COWLEY'S Six Books of PLANTS.*

*Book I. and II. Of Herbs, by J. O.*

*III. Of Flowers, by C. Cleeve.*

*IV. Of Flowers, by N. Tate.*

*V. Of Trees, by N. Tate.*

*VI. Of Trees, by Mrs. A. Behn.*

**O F**



OF  
P L A N T S.

---

BOOK I.

---

LIFE's *lowest*, but far *greatest* Sphere I sing,  
Of all Things, that adorn the gaudy Spring:  
Such as in *Deserts* live, whom, unconfin'd,  
None but the simple Laws of *Nature* bind ;  
And those who growing tame by human Care,  
The well bred Citizens of *Gardens* are :  
Those that aspire to *Sol*, their Sire's bright Face,  
Or stoop into their Mother *Earth*'s Embrace :  
Such as drink Streams of Wells, or those dry fed,  
Who have *Jove* only for their *Ganymede* :  
And all that *Solomon*'s lost Work of old,  
(Ah, fatal Loss ! ) so wisely did unfold,  
Though I the Oaks vivacious Age should live,  
I ne'er to all, their Names in Verse should give.  
Yet I the Rise of Groves will briefly show,  
In Verses like their Trees, rang'd all a-row.  
To which some one perhaps new Shades may join,  
Till mine, at last become a Grove Divine ;  
Assist me, *Phœbus* ! Wit of Heav'n, whose Care  
So bounteously both Plants and Poets share.



Where'er thou com'st, hurl Light and Heat around,  
 And with new Life enamel all the Ground;  
 As when the Spring feels thee, with Magick Light,  
 Break thro' the Bonds of the dead Winter's Night:  
 When thee to (a) *Colchis* the gilt Ram conveys,  
 And the warm'd North rejoices in thy Rays.  
 Where shall I first begin? For, with Delight  
 Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite,  
 My self to slavish Method I'll not tie,  
 But like the Bee, where-e'er I please, will fly;  
 Where I the glorious Hopes of Honey see,  
 Or the free Wing of Fancy carries me.  
 Here no fine Garden Emblems shall reside,  
 In well made Beds to prostitute their Pride,  
 But we rich Nature, who her Gifts bestows,  
 Unlimited (nor the vast Treasure knows)  
 And various Plenty of the pathless Woods  
 Will follow; poor Men only count their Goods.  
 Do thou, bright *Phœbus*! guide me luckily  
 To the first Plant by some kind Augury.

The Omen's good; so, we may hope the best,  
 The Gods mild Looks our grand Design have blest,  
 For thou, kind *Betny* at the first we see,  
 And opportunely com'st, dear Plant, for me;  
 For me, because the Brain thou dost protect,  
 See, if you're wise, my Brain you don't neglect.  
 For it concerns you, that in Health *that* be,  
 I sing thy Sisters, *Betony*, and thee.  
 But who, best Plant! can praise thee to thy Merit,  
 Or number the Perfections you inherit?  
 The Trees, he, in th' *Hercynian* Woods as well,  
 Or Roses, that in *Pastum* grow, may tell.

---

(a) When the Sun enters *Aries*, i. e. in March. *Colchis* is a Northern Region near the *Black Sea*, whence the *Ram* with the *Golden Fleece* was said to have been translated into a Constellation.

(b) *Musa* at large, they say, thy Praises writ,  
But I suppose, did part of them omit.  
*Cesar* his Triumphs would recount; do thou,  
Greater than he, a Conquerers! do so now.

BETONY.

TO know my Virtues briefly, if you can  
Desire, all which this whole Book can't contain.  
O'er all the World of Man great I preside,  
Where-e'er red Streams through milky Meadows glide;  
O'er all you see throughout the Body spread,  
Between the distant Poles of Heel and Head.  
But in the (c) *Head* my chief Dominions are,  
The *Soul* commits her Palace to my Care.  
I, all the Corners purge, refresh, secure,  
Nor let it be, for want of Light, obscure.  
That *Soul* that came from Heav'n, which Stars adorn,  
Her God's great Daughter, by Creation born.  
Alas! to what a frail Apartment now,  
And ruined Cottage does she bow!  
Her very Mansion to Infection turns,  
And in the Place wherein she lives, she burns.  
When *Falling-Sickness* Thunder-strikes the Brain,  
Oft Men, like Victims fall, as Thunder-slain.  
Oft does the Head with a swift Whimfie reel,  
And the Soul's turn'd, as on *Ixion's* Wheel.  
Oft Pains i'th' Head an Anvil seem to beat,  
And like a Forge, the Brain-pan burns with Heat.  
(d) Some Parts the *Palsie* oft of Sense deprives  
And Motion, (strange Effect) one Side survives

(b) *Antonius Musa*, Physician to *Augustus*.

(c) *Betony* is hot and dry in the second Degree. Wine and Vinegar  
impregnated with it, is excellent for the Stomach and Sight. The  
smell of it alone refreshes the Brain. 'Tis an *Italian* Proverb, He has  
many Virtues as *Betony*, i. e. innumerable.

(d) *Fernel*.

The other. (e) This *Mezeptian* Fury quite  
 Outdoes; in this Disease dead Limbs unite  
 With live ones: Some with *Letbargy* oppress'd  
 Under Death's Weight seem fatally to rest,  
 Ah! Life, thou art Death's Image, but *that* Thee  
 In nought resembles, save thy Brevity.  
 (f) Vain *Phantoms* oft the Mind distracted keep,  
 And roving *Thoughts* disturb the Place of Sleep.  
 (g) Oft when the *Nerves* for want of Juice grow dry  
 (That Heavenly Juice, unknown to th' outward Eye)  
 Each feeble Limb as 'twere grows loose and quakes,  
 Yea, the whole Fabrick of the Body shakes.  
 These, and all Evils which the Brain infest  
 (For numerous saucy Grievs that part molest)  
 Me *Phœbus* bade, by constant War, restrain;  
 Saying, *My Kingdom, Child! see you maintain.*  
 And strait he gave me Arms well forg'd from Heav'n,  
 Like those t' *Æneas* or *Arbilles* giv'n.  
 One wondrous Leaf he wisely did create  
 'Gainst all the Darts of Sickness and of Fate,  
 And into that a Sovereign Mystick Juice,  
 With subtle Heat from Heav'n, he did infuse.  
 'Tis not in vain, bright Sire, that you bestow  
 Such Arms on me, nor shall they rusty grow.  
 No; from that Crime not the just *Heav'n* alone  
 Acquits me, but the inferior *Limbs* will own  
 I'm guiltless. (h) When the *Lungs* with *Phlegm* oppress'd  
 Want Air to fan the *Heart*, and cool the *Breast*,  
 A fainty *Cough* strives to expel the Foe,  
 But seeks the help of powerful Medicines too.  
 It comes to me, I my Assistance lend,  
 Open th' obstructed Pores, and gently send

(e) *Virg. Æn.*

(f) *Betony* is drank as a Remedy against Madness. *Plin* lib. 26. 16

(g) This is according to Dr. *Glisson's* Opinion, which see in *L. de Anatomia hepatis.* And *Plin.* ut supra.

(h) Concerning these Diseases help'd by *Betony*, see *Pliny* and *Fernelius*.

Refreshment to the *Heart*. Cool Gales abate  
 Th' internal Heat, and it grows temperate.  
 The *Quarſtan Ague* its dry Holes forſakes,  
 As *Adders* do; *Dropſies* like *Water-Snakes*,  
 With liquid Aliment no longer fed,  
 By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry Bed.  
 I loſs of *Appetite* repair, and heat  
 The *Stomach*, to concoct the Food Men eat.  
 Torturing *Gripes* I in the Guts allay,  
 And ſend out murmuring Blaſts the backward way.  
 I waſh the *Saffron Jaundice* of the Skin,  
 And eaſe the *Kidneys* of dire *Stones* within.  
 Thick *Blood* that ſtands in *Womens Veins* I ſoon  
 Force to flow down, more pow'ful than the Moon;  
 But then th' unnatural Floods of *Whites* ariſe,  
 Ah me! that common Filth will not ſuffice.  
 (i) I likewise ſtop the Current, when the Blood  
 Thro' ſome new Channel ſeeks a purple Flood.  
 I all the Tumults of the Womb appeaſe,  
 And to the Head, which that diſturbs, give Eaſe.  
 (k) *Womens Conceptions* I corroborate,  
 And let no Births their time anticipate.  
 But in the ſacred time of *Labour*, I  
 The careful Midwives Hands with Help ſupply.  
 (l) The lazy *Gout* my Virtue ſwiftly ſhuns,  
 Whilſt from the Joints with nimble Heels it runs.  
 All *Poiſons* I expel, that Men annoy,  
 (m) And baneful *Serpents* by my Power deſtroy.  
 My pointed Odor through its Marrow flies,  
 And of a ſecret Wound the Adder dies.  
 So *Phœbus*, I ſuppoſe, the *Python* ſlew,  
 And with my Juice his Arrows did imbrew,

(i) See *Plin.* lib. 26. 19.

(k) *Fernel!*

(l) It is every where made uſe of againſt the *Gout* and *Sciatica*.

(m) *Batony* is ſaid to have ſo great a Virtue againſt *Serpents*, that if they are inclos'd in a Circle made thereof, they'll laſh themſelves to Death. *Plin.* lib. 25. 8;

From every Limb all kinds of *Ach* and *Pain*,  
 I banish, never to return again.  
 The wearied Clown I with new Vigour bless,  
 And Pains as pleasant make as Idleness,  
 Nor do I only *Life's* Fatigue relieve,  
 But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give.  
 I make the colour of the Blood more bright,  
 (n) And cloath the Skin with a more graceful White.  
*Spain* in her happy Woods first gave me Birth,  
 Then kindly banish'd me o'er all the Earth;  
 Nor gain'd she greater Honour when she bore  
*Trajan* to rule the World, and to restore  
*Rome's* Joys. 'Tis true, he justly might compare  
 With my Deserts; his Virtues equal were.  
 But a good Prince is the short Grant of Fate,  
 The World's soon robb'd of such a vast Estate.  
 But of my Bounty Men for ever taste,  
 And what he once was, I am like to last.

---

(n) It has a particular Faculty to amend the dead Colour of the Skin, and to render it vivid and clear. *Id. l. 26. 11.*

### MAIDEN-HAIR or VENUS-HAIR.

I Being the Chief of all the (o) *Hairy* State,  
 Me they have chosen for their Advocate,  
 To speak on their behalf: Now We, you know,  
 Among the other Plants make no small Show,  
 And (p) *Fern* too, far and near which does preside,  
 O'er the wild Fields, is to our kind ally'd.  
 Some \* *Hairy Comets* also hence derive,  
 And Marriages of *Stars* with *Plants* contrive.  
 But we such Kindred do not care to own,  
 Rather than *rude* Relations we'll have none.

---

(o) *Capillary Plants.*

(p) From the likeness of their Leaves,  
 \* Alluding to the Name,



My Hair of Parentage far better came,  
 'Tis not for nought, it has *Love's* gentle Name.  
 (q) *Beauty* her self my Debtor is, she knows,  
 And of my Threads *Love* does his nets compose.  
 Their Thanks to me the beauteous Women pay  
 For wanton Curls, and shady Locks, that play  
 Upon their Shoulders. Friend! who e'er thou art,  
 (If thou'rt in *Love*) to me perform thy Part.  
 Keep thy Hair florid, and let dangling Toils  
 Around thy Head, make Ladies Hearts thy Spoils.  
 For when your Head is bald, or Hair grows thin,  
 In vain you boast of Treasures lodg'd within,  
 The Women won't believe you, nor will prize  
 Such Wealth; all Lovers ought to please the Eyes:  
 So I to *Venus* my Assistance lend  
 (I'm pleas'd to be my Heavenly (r) Name-sake's Friend)  
 Though I am modest, and content to go  
 In simple Weeds, that make no gaudy Show.  
 (s) For I am cloath'd, as when I first was born,  
 No painted Flowers my rural Head adorn.  
 But above all, I'm sober; I ne'er drink  
 Sweet Streams, nor does my Thirst make Rivers sink.  
 When *Jove* to Plants begins an Health in show'rs,  
 And from the Sky large Bowls of Water pours,  
 You see the Herbs quaff all the Liquor up,  
 When they ought only modestly to sup:  
 You'd think the *German* Drunkards near the *Rhine*,  
 Were keeping Holy-day with them in Wine.  
 Mean while I blush; shake from my trembling Leaves  
 The Drops; and *Jove* my Thanks in Drought receives.  
 But I no Topers envy; for my meen  
 Is always gay, and my Complexion green.

(q) The Name it bears, because it tinges the Hair, and is to this purpose, boil'd in Wine with Parsly-Seed, and Plenty of Oil, which renders the Hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. *Plin.* 22. 21.

(r) Being call'd in Latin *Capillus Veneris*.

(s) 'Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in Summer, but withers not in Winter. *Plin.*

Winter itself does not exhaust the Juice,  
 That makes me look so verdant and so spruce.  
 Yet the Physicians steep me cruelly  
 In hateful Water, which I drink and die.  
 (†) But I ev'n dead, on Humors operate;  
 Such force my Ashes have beyond my Fate.  
 I through the Liver, Spleen, and Reins the Foe  
 Pursue, whilst they with speed before me flow.  
 Ten thousand Maladies down with 'em they,  
 Like Monsters fell, in brackish Waves convey.  
 For this I might deserve, above the Air,  
 An higher Place then (u) *Berenice's Hair*;  
 But if into the Sea, the Stars turn round,  
 Rather than Heav'n it self, I'd chuse dry ground.

- (†) It forces Urine, is good against the Dropsie, Strangury, &c. *Plin*  
 (u) The Wife of *Ptolemy Eurgetes*, who having vowed, if her Husband had Success in his *Asian Expedition*, that she would cut off and dedicate her Hair, at his Return she did so, and on the Morrow, it not being found in the Temple of *Venus*, where it was laid, *Ptolemy* was highly enraged, till one *Cornelius*, a Mathematician, made it out to him, that it was transferred to Heaven, and there made a Constellation of seven Stars near the *Lion's Tail*, which still bears this Name.

## S A G E.

**SAGE!** who by many Virtues gain'st Renown,  
 Sage, whose Deserts all happy Mortals own.  
 Since thou dear Sage! preserv'st the Memory,  
 I cannot sure forgetful prove of Thee.  
 Thee, who (w) *Mnemosyne* dost recreate,  
 Her Daughter Muses ought to celebrate,  
 Nor shalt thou e'er complain, that they're ingrate.

- (w) The Memory.  
 The Virtues of *Sage* are highly celebrated in all Authors, particularly the Writers of *Schola Salernitana*, who may be consulted. It is hot in the first, and dry in the second Degree; it is easily astringent, and stays Bleeding. It strengthens the Stomach and Brains, and rouses a dull Appetite, but its peculiar Faculty is to corroborate the

High on a *Mount* the *Soul's* firm (x) *Mansion* stands,  
 And with a view the Limbs below commands,  
 Sure some great Architect this Pile design'd,  
 Where all the World is to a Span confin'd.  
 A mighty Throng of Spirits here reside,  
 Which to the Soul are very near ally'd.  
 Here the grand Council's held; hence to and fro  
 The Spirits scout to see what News below.  
 Busie as Bees in every part they run,  
 Thick as the Rays stream from the glitt'ring Sun.  
 Their subtle Limbs Silk, thin as Air arrays,  
 And therefore nought their rapid Journey stays.  
 But with much Toil they weary grow; at length  
 Perpetual Labor tires the greatest Strength.  
 Oft too, as they in pains bestow their Hours,  
 The airy Vagrants hostile Heat devours.  
 Oft in Venereal Raptures they expire,  
 Or burnt by Wine, and drown'd in liquid Fire:  
 Then Leaden Sleep does on the Senses seize,  
 And with dull drowziness the Vitals freeze.  
 Cold Floods of dire Distempers swiftly rowl,  
 For want of Dams and Fences, o'er the Soul.  
 Then are the Nerves dissolv'd, each Member quakes,  
 And the whole ruinated Fabrick shakes.  
 You'd think the Hands fear'd Poison in the Cup,  
 They tremble so, and cannot lift it up.  
 Hence, *Sage!* 'tis manifest what thou canst do,  
 And glorious dangers beg relief from you.  
 The Foe, by Cold, and *Humours* so inclos'd,  
 From his chill Throne by thy strong Heat's depos'd.  
 And to the Spirits thou bring'st fresh Recruits,  
 When they are wearied in such long Disputes.

---

Nerves, and to oppose all Diseases incident to them. Hence it hath the highest Reputation among Medicaments for the Memory.

(y) In the *Conarion* or inmost recess of the Brain, by many said to be the residence of the Soul.

To life, whose Body was almost its Urn,  
 New Life, (if I may say it) does return.  
 The Members by the Nerves are steady ty'd,  
 A Pilot, not the Waves the Vessel guide.  
 You all things fix: Who this for Truth would take!  
 That thy weak Fibres such strong Bonds shou'd make,  
 Loose *Teeth* thou fasten'st; which, at thy command,  
 Well rivetted in their firm Sockets stand.  
 May that fair, useful Bulwark ne'er decay,  
 Nor the Mouth's Ivory Fences e'er give way!  
 (y) *Conceptions* Women by thy help retain,  
 Nor does th' injected Seed flow back again.  
 Ah! Death, don't Life itself anticipate,  
 Let a Man live before he meets his Fate,  
 Thou'rt too severe, if, in the very Dock,  
 Our Ship, before 'tis built, strikes on a Rock.  
 Of thy Perfections this is but a Taste,  
 You bring to view things absent, and what's past  
 Recal; such Tracts i'th' Mind of things you make,  
 None can the well-form'd Characters mistake.  
 And lest the Colours there should fade away,  
 Your Oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

## B A U M.

HENCE, Cares! my constant troublesome Company,  
 Be gone! (z) *Melissa's* come and smiles on me.  
 Smiling she comes, and courteously my Head  
 With Chaplets binds from every fragrant bed:  
 Bidding me sing of Her, and for my Strains,  
 Her self will be the Guerdon of my Pains.

---

(y) *Agrippa* calls it the *Holly Herb*, and says, the *Lionesses* eat it when they are big. See *Hernius* concerning its Virtues this way.

(z) *Baum* is hot and dry in the first Degree; it is excellent against Melancholy, and the Evils arising there-from. It causes Chearfulness, a good Digestion, a florid Colour. The Leaves are said, by those who mind Signatures, to resemble a Heart,

My Heart, methinks, is much more lightsome grown,  
 And I thy Influence, kind Plant! must own:  
 Justly thy Leaves may represent the *Heart*,  
 For that among its Wealth, counts thee a part.  
 As of Kings Head Guineas th' Impression bear,  
 That Princely part you in Effigie wear,  
 All Storms and Clouds you banish from the Mind,  
 But leave Serenity and Peace behind.  
*Bacchus* himself not more revives our Blood,  
 When he infuses his hot purple Flood:  
 When in full Bowls he all our Sorrow drowns,  
 And flattering Hopes with short liv'd Riches crowns.  
 But those Enjoyments some disturbance bring,  
 And such Delights flow from a muddy Spring.  
 For *Bacchus* does not kill, but wound the Foe,  
 Whose Rage and Strength increases by the Blow.  
 But without Force or Dregs thy Pleasures flow,  
 Thy Joys no after-claps of Torments know.  
 Thy Honey, gentle *Baum*! no pointed Stings,  
 Like (a) Bees, thy great Admirers, with it brings.  
 Oh! heavenly Gift to sickly human-kind,  
 All Goddess, if from Care thou freest the Mind.  
 All Plagues annoy, but Cares the whole Man seize;  
 Whene'er we labour under this Disease,  
 These, tho' in prosp'rous Affluence we live,  
 To all our Joys a bitter Tincture give,  
 Frail human Nature its own Poison breeds,  
 And Life itself thy healing Virtue needs.

SCURVYGRASSES.

A Malady there is, that runs through all  
 The Northern World, which they the *Scurvy* call.  
 (b) Thrice happy *Greece*, that scorns the barbarous Word,  
 Nor in its Tongue a nearer does afford.

(a) It is very much lov'd by the Bees, and is a present Remedy  
 against the Stings of them and Wasps, &c *Plin.*

(b) There is no proper Greek word for the *Scurvy*, the Disease be-  
 ing not known to them.



Destructive Monster! God ne'er laid a Curse  
 On Man like this, nor could he send a worse.  
 (c) A Thousand horrid Shapes the Monster wears,  
 And in as many Hands fierce Arms it bears,  
 This Water Serpent in the Belly's bred,  
 By muddy Fens, and sulph'rous Moistures fed,  
 Him either Sloth or too much Labour breeds,  
 He both from Ease and Pain itself proceeds,  
 Oft from a dying Fever he receives  
 His Birth, and in the Ashes of it lives.  
 Of him just born you easily may dispose,  
 Then he's a Dwarf, but soon a Giant grows.  
 That a small Egg should breed a Crocodile,  
 Of such vast bulk and strength, the wond'ring Nile  
 Thinks that as much amaz'd He ought to stand,  
 As Men, when he o'erflows the drowned Land,  
 With nasty Humours and dry Salt he's fed,  
 By stinking Wind and Vapours nourished.  
 Even in his Cradle he unlucky grows  
 (Though he be Son of Sloth, no Sloth this shows)  
 His Toils no sooner Hercules began,  
 Monsters now ape that Monster-murdering Man.  
 Ere he's well born the Limbs he does oppress,  
 And they are tir'd with very Idleness.  
 They languish and deliberating stand,  
 Loth to obey the active Soul's Command.  
 Nor does it to your wilder'd Sense appear,  
 Where their Pain is, 'cause it is every where.  
 When Men for want of Breath can hardly blow,  
 Nor Purple Streams in azure Channels flow,  
 Then the bold Enemy shews he's too nigh,  
 One so milchievous cannot hidden lie.  
 The Teeth drop out, and noisome grows the Breath,  
 The Man not only smells, but looks like Death.  
 Qualms, Vomiting, and torturing Gripes within,  
 Besides unseemly Spots upon the Skin,

---

(d) Description of the Scurvy.

His other Symptoms are; with Clouds the Mind  
He overcasts, and, fettering the Sense,  
To Life itself makes Living an Offence.

This Monster Nature gave me to subdue,  
(Such Feats with Herbs to accomplish 'tis not new)  
So the fierce Bull, and watchful Dragon too,  
On *Colchis* Shoar the valiant *Jason* slew;  
But whether those defeated Monsters fell  
By virtue of my Juice I cannot tell.

But them he conquer'd, and then back he rowl'd  
O'er the proud Waves; nor was it only Gold  
He got; he brought away a Royal Maid  
Beside (may all Physicians so be paid.)

The hardness of my Task my Courage fir'd,  
A powerful Foe was that I most desir'd.

I love to be commended, I must own,  
And that my Name in Physick Books be shown;

I envy them, whom *Galen* deigns to name,  
Or old *Hippocrates*, great Sons of Fame,

*Achilles* *Alexander* envy'd; why,  
If he complain'd so justly, may not I?

When *Grecian* Names did other Plants adorn,  
And were by them as Marks of Honour worn;

(d) I grew inglorious on the *British* Coast,  
(For *Britain* then no reason had to boast)

Hapless I on the *Gothick* Shoar did lie,  
Nor was the Sea-weed less esteem'd than I.

Now sure 'tis time, those Losses were regain'd,  
Which in my Youth and Fame so long I have sustain'd,

'Tis time, and so they are; Now I am known,  
Through all the Universe my Fame is flown;

Who my Deserts denies, when by my Hands  
That Tyrant falls, that plagues the *Northern* Lands?

---

*Scurvy Grass* is reckoned among th' Medicines peculiar to this Disease. It opens, penetrates renders volatile the crude and gross humours, purge by Urine and Sweat, and strengthens the Entrails.

(d) Not but 'tis by some thought to be the *Brannica* of *Linny*.

Sing *lo Paan*; yea, thrice *lo* sing,  
And let the *Gothick* Shoar with Triumphs ring;  
That wild Disease which such Disturbance gave,  
Is led before my Chariot like a Slave.

## D O D D E R.

**T**Hou, neither Leaf, nor Stalk, nor Root can'st show;  
How, in this pensile posture dost thou grow?  
Thou'rt perfect Magick, and I cannot now  
Those things you do, for Miracles allow;  
Those Wonders, if compar'd to you, are none;  
Since you your self are a far greater one.  
To make the Strength of other Herbs thy Prey,  
The Huntress thou thy self for Nets dost lay,  
Live, Riddle! He that would thy Mysteries  
Unfold, must with some *Oedipus* advise.  
No wonder in your Arms the Plants you hold,  
Thou being all Arms must needs them so infold.  
For thee large Threads the fatal Sisters spin,  
But to your Work nor Woof nor Web put in.  
Hence 'tis, that you so intricately twine  
About the Flax, which yields so long a Line.  
Oh Spouse! most constant to a Plant most dear,  
Than whom no Couple e'er more loving were.  
No more let Love of wanton *Ivy* boast,  
Her Kindness is th' effect of nought but Lust.  
Another she enjoys; but that her Love  
And she are (e) Two, many Distinctions prove.  
Their Strength and Leaves are different, and her Fruit  
Puts all the Difference beyond dispute.  
The Likeness to the Parent does profess,  
That she in that is no Adulteress.

---

(e) The *Ivy* is always call'd *Ivy*, whatsoever it cleaves to: but this Herb takes the Name from the Plant on which it hangs, with whom also it partakes its Virtues, as *Epibymum*, *Epilinum*, *Epiurtica*, &c.

Her Root with different Juices is supply'd,  
 And she her Maiden-Name bears, though a Bride.  
 But *Dodder* on her Spouse depends alone,  
 And nothing in her self can call her own.  
 Fed with his Juice, she on his Stalk is born;  
 And thinks his Leaves her Head full well adorn.  
 Whoe'er he be, she loves to take its Name,  
 And must with him be every way the same.  
*Alceste* and *Evadne* thus inflam'd,  
 Are, with some others, for their Passion fam'd.  
 So *Dodder*! for thy Husband *Flax* thou'dst die,  
 I guess; but may'st thou speed more luckily.  
 This is her living Passion; but she grows  
 Still more renown'd for kindness; which she shows  
 To mortal Men, when sh<sup>e</sup> has resign'd her Breath;  
 For she of them is mindful, even in Death.  
 (f) The Liver and the Spleen most faithfully  
 Of all Oppressions she does ease and free.  
 Where has so small a Plant such Strength and Store  
 Of Virtues, when her Husband's weak and poor?  
 Who'd think the Liver shou'd Assistance need,  
 A noble Part from such a wretched Weed?  
 Use therefore little Things; nor take it ill  
 That Men small Things preserve; for less may kill.

---

(f) Concerning its manifold Virtues, consult *Hearnins* and *Fernelius*.

W O R M W O O D.

**M**ong Children I a baneful (g) Weed am thought,  
 By none but Hags or Fiends desir'd or sought.  
 They think a Doctor is in jest, or mad,  
 If he agrees not that my Juice is bad.  
 The Women also I offend I know,  
 Though to my bounteous Hands so much they owe.

---

(g) *Pliny* spends all Chap. 7. lib. 27. in enumerating the Virtues of *Wormwood*, and *Fernelius* is large upon it, whom consult.

Few Palates do my bitter Taste approve,  
 How few, alas! are well inform'd by *Jove*!  
 Sweet Things alone they love, but in the end  
 They find what bitter Gusts those Sweets attend:  
 Long Nauseousness succeeds their short-liv'd Joys,  
 And that which so much pleas'd the Palate, cloyes.  
 The Palate justly suffers for the wrong  
 Sh' has done the (*b*) Stomach, into which so long  
 All tasteful Food she cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,  
 She loaths the Dainties she before admir'd;  
 A grievous Stench does from the Stomach rise,  
 And from the Mouth *Lernaean* Poison flies.  
 Then they're content to drink my harsher Juice,  
 Which for its Bitterness they ne'er refuse.  
 It does not idle in the Stomach lie,  
 But, like some God, gives present Remedy.  
 ( So the warm Sun my Vigour does restore,  
 When he returns, and the cold Winter's o'er.)  
 There I a Jakes out of a Stable throw,  
 And *Hercules's* Labour undergo.  
 The Stomach eas'd, its Office does repeat,  
 And with new living Fire concocts the Meat.  
 The purple Tincture soon it does devour,  
 Nor does that Chyle the hungry Veins overpower.  
 The Visage by degrees fresh Roses stain,  
 And the perfumed Breath grows sweet again.  
 The good I do, *Venus* her self will own,  
 She, though all Sweets, yet loves not Sweets alone.  
 She wisely mixes with my Juice her Joys,  
 And her Delights with bitter Things alloys;  
 We Herbs to different Studies are inclin'd,  
 And every Faction does its Author find.  
 Some *Epicurus's* Sentiments defend,  
 And follow Pleasure as their only End.

---

(*b*) It strengthens the Stomach, and purges it of Choler, Wind and Crudities.



It is their Pride and Boast sweet Fruits to bear,  
 And on their Heads they flowry Chaplets wear.  
 Whilst others courting rigid Zeno's Sect,  
 In Virtue fruitful, all Things else neglect.  
 They love not Pomp, or what delights the Sense,  
 And think all's well if they give no Offence.

And none a greater *Stoick* is than I,  
 The *Stoa's* Pillars on my Stalk rely.

Let others please, to profit is my pleasure,  
 The Love I slowly gain's a lasting Treasure.

In Town's debauch'd he's the best Officer,  
 Who most censorious is and most severe;

Such I am; and such you, dear *Cato*! were.

But I no dire revengeful Passion show,

Our Schools in Wisemen Anger don't allow;

No Fault I punish more than that which lies  
 Within my Province; wherefore from my Eyes  
 Choler with hasty speed before me flies.

As soon as Me it in the Stomach spies,

Preparing for a War in Martial guise,

Not daring in its lurking Holes to stay,

It makes a swift Escape the backward way.

I follow him at th' Heels, and by the Scent

Find out which way the noisome Enemy went.

Of Water too I drain (i) the Flesh and Blood,

When Winter threatens a devouring Flood.

The *Dutchmen* with less Skill their Country drain,

And turn the Course of Waters back again.

Sometimes the obstructed Reins too narrow grow,

And the salt Floods back to their Fountains flow;

Unhappy state! the neighbouring Members quake,

And all th' adjacent Country seems to shake.

Then I begin the Waters thus to chide,

Why, sluggish Waters, do you stop your Tide?

Glide on with me, I'll break the Rampiers down,

That stop the Channel where you once have flown.

---

(i) It is good against the Dropsy.

This all the Members does rejoice and cheer,  
Who of a dismal Deluge stood in fear.

Men-eating (k) Worms I from the Body scare;  
And conquering Arms against the Plague prepare;  
(Voracious Worm! thou wilt most certainly  
Heir of our Bodies be, where'er we die;  
Defer a while the Meal which in the Grave,  
Of humane Viands thou e're long must have.)  
Those Vermin Infants Bowels make their Food,  
And love to suck their fill of tender Blood.  
They cannot stay till Death serves up their Feast,  
But greedily snatch up the Meat undrest.  
Why should I speak of Fleas? such Foes I hate,  
So basely born, ev'n to enumerate;  
Such Dust-born, skipping Points of Life, I say,  
Whose only Virtue is to run away.  
My Triumphs to such Numbers do amount,  
That I the greater Ones can hardly count.  
To such a Bulk the vast Account does swell,  
That I some Trophies lose which I should tell:  
Oft wandering Death is scatter'd through the Skies,  
And through the Elements (l) Infection flies.  
The Earth below is sick, the Air above,  
Slow Rivers prove they're sickly, whilst they move:  
All Things Death's Arms in cold Embraces catch,  
Life even the vital Air away doth snatch.  
To remedy such Evils God took care,  
(m) Nor me as least of Med'cines did prepare:  
Oft too, they say, I (though no Giant neither)  
Have born the shock of three strong Foes together.  
Not without Reason therefore, or in vain  
Did conquering *Rome* my Honour so maintain:  
The Conqu'ror a Triumphal Draught of Me  
Drank, as the Guerdon of his Victory.

---

(k) And Worms which occasion'd the Name, *Wormwood*.

(l) And useful in time of Pestilence.

(m) Concerning this Custom, see *Pliny*, *ut supra*.

Holding the crowned Goblet in his Hand,  
 He cry'd aloud, *This Cup can Health command.*  
 Nor does it, 'cause 'tis bitter, please me less,  
 My Toils were so, in which I met Success.

## WATER-LILY.

D'Ye slight me, 'cause a Bog my Belly feeds,  
 And I am found among a Crowd of Reeds.  
 I'm no green vulgar Daughter of the Earth,  
 But to the noble Waters owe my Birth,  
 I was a (n) Goddess of no mean Degree,  
 But Love, alas! depos'd my Deity.  
 He bad me love, and straight my kindled Heart  
 In *Hercules's* Triumphs bore a Part.  
 I with his Fame and Actions fell in Love,  
 And Limbs that might become his Father *Jove*.  
 And by Degrees Me a strong Impulse hurl'd,  
 That Man t' enjoy, who conquer'd all the World.  
 To tell you true, that Night I most admir'd,  
 When he got fifty Sons and was not tir'd.  
 Now blushing, such Deeds hate I to profess;  
 But 'twas a Night of noble Wickedness.  
 He (to be short) my Honour stain'd, and he  
 Had the first Flow'r of my Virginity.  
 But He by's Father *Jove's* Example led,  
 Rambled, and cou'd not brook a single Bed.  
 Fierce monstrous Beasts, and Tyrants worse than they,  
 All o'er the World he ran to seek and slay.  
 But he the Tyrant, for his Guerdon still  
 A Maid requires, if he a Monster kill.  
 All Woman-kind to me his Harlots are,  
 Ev'n Goddesses in my Suspicion share.

---

(n) *Deianira's* Blood is said by *Calepine* to be turn'd into this Herb,  
 after she had kill'd herself with *Hercules's* Cub, for Grief that she had  
 been the Cause of his Death.

Perish me ; let the Sun this Water dry ;  
 And may I scorch'd in this burnt Puddle die ;  
 If I of *Juno* were not jealous grown,  
 And thought I shew'd her Hatred in my own.  
 (Perhaps, said I, my Passion he derides,  
 And I'm the Scorn of all his virtuous Brides.  
 Grief, Anger, Shame and Fury vex my Mind,  
 But, maugre all, Love's Darts those Passions blind.)  
 If I from Tortures of eternal Grief,  
 Did not design by Death to seek Relief.  
 But Goddesses in Love can never die,  
 Hard Fate! our Punishment's Eternity.  
 Mean time I'm all in Tears both Night and Day,  
 And as they drop, my tedious Hours decay.  
 Into a Lake the standing Showers grow,  
 And o'er my Feet th' united Waters flow:  
 Then (as the dismal Boast of Misery)  
 I triumph in my Grief's fertility.  
 Till *Jove* at length in pity, from above,  
 Said, I shou'd never from that Fen remove.  
 His Word my Body of its Form bereft,  
 And straight all vanish'd, that my Grief had left,  
 (e) My knotty Root under the Earth does sink,  
 And makes me of a Club too often think.  
 My thirsty Leaves no Liquor can suffice ;  
 (p) My Tears are now return'd into my Eyes.  
 My Form its ancient Whiteness still retains,  
 And pristine Paleness in my Cheeks remains.  
 Now in perpetual Mirth my Days I pass,  
 We Plants, believe me, are an happy Race ;  
 We truly feel the Sun's kind Influence,  
 Cool Winds and warmer Air refresh our Sense.  
 Nectar in Dew does from *Aurora* rise,  
 And Earth *Ambrosia* untill'd supplies.

(e) It is call'd by some *Hercules's Club*.

(p) There are two Sorts, a White and Yellow.

I pity Man, whom thousand Cares perplex,  
 And cruel Love, that greatest Plague, does vex;  
 Whilst mindful of the Ills I once endur'd,  
 (q) His Flames by me are quencht, his Wounds are cur'd.  
 I triumph that my Victor I o'erthrow,  
 Such Changes Tyrants Thrones shou'd undergo;  
 Don't wonder, Love, that Thee thy Slave shou'd beat,  
 Alcides Monsters taught me to defeat.  
 And lest, unhappy Boy! thou shou'd'st believe,  
 All handsome Folks thy cruel Yoke receive;  
 I have a (r) Wash that beautifies the Face,  
 Yet chastly look in my own Wat'ry Glass.  
 Diana's Mien, and Venus Face I lend,  
 So to both Deities I prove a Friend.  
 But lest that God shou'd artfully his Flame  
 Conceal, and burn me in another's Name;  
 All Heats in general I resist, nay I (s)  
 To all that's Hot am a sworn Enemy.  
 Whether distracting Flames with Fury fly,  
 Thro' the burnt Brain, like Comets through the Sky;  
 Or whether from the Belly they ascend,  
 And Fumes all o'er the Body swiftly send.  
 Whether with sulph'rous Fire the Veins within  
 They kindle, or just singe the outward Skin.  
 Whate'er they are, my awful Juice they fly;  
 When glimmering thro' the Pores, they run and die.  
 Why wink'st thou? Why dost so with half an Eye  
 Look on me? Oh! my sleepy Root's too nigh.  
 Besides, my tedious Discourse might make  
 Any Man have but little Mind to wake;  
 Without that's help; Thus then our Leaves we take.

(q) 'Tis said to be an allayer of Lechery.

(r) It takes away Morpewes and Freckles.

(s) It is Cold in the Second Degree, its Root and Seed are drying, but the Flower moistens, being applied to the Forehead and Nostrils, it cures the Head-ach arising from Phlegm, and is very cooling. Fernel,



## SPLEENWORT or MILTWAST.

**M**E cruel (*t*) Nature, when she made me, gave  
 Nor Stalk, nor Seed, nor Flow'r, as others have.  
 The Sun ne'er warms me, nor will she allow,  
 I shou'd in cultivated Gardens grow.  
 And to augment the Torment of my Years;  
 No lovely Colour in my Leaves appears.  
 You'd think me Heaven's Aversion, and the Earth  
 Had brought me forth at some chance, spurious Birth.  
 Vain outward-gaudy Shews, Mankind surprize,  
 And they resign their Reason to their Eyes.  
 To Gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,  
 For there, God-wot, the painted Tulip reigns;  
 But the wise Gods-mind no such Vanity,  
*Phæbus*, above all Tulips, values me.  
 So does that *Coan*, old *Hippocrates*,  
 Who the next Place to *Phæbus* challenges.  
 For when the Members Nature did divide,  
 And over such and such bade Herbs preside;  
 I of the savage and unruly Spleen,  
 A stubborn Province, was created Queen.  
 I that restrain, though it resist my Power,  
 And bring its swelling, rebel Humour lower.  
 The Passages with Rampires it in vain  
 Obstruicts; I quickly break them down again.  
 All Commerce I with speedy Force restore,  
 And the Ways open all my Kingdom o'er.  
 If I don't take that Course, it furious grows,  
 And into every Part Contagion throws.  
 With pois'nous Vapours it infects the Blood,  
 And Life it self drinks of a venomous Flood.  
 Foul Leprosy upon the Skin appears,  
 And the chang'd Visage Death's pale Colours wears.

(*t*) The Virtues of this Herb are told in its Name.

Hence Watchfulness, distracting Cares and Tears,  
 And Pain proceeds; with hasty killing Fears.  
 Hence Halters, cruel Love! our Necks release  
 From thy more fatal Yoke, and Daggers ease  
 Our Souls of Life's incurable Disease:  
 May no such monstrous Evils good Men hurt!  
 Fove and my Virtue all such Things avert!  
 The Treasury, *Trajan* rightly to the Spleen  
 Compar'd; for when that swells, the Body's lean.  
 Why do you laugh? Is it because that I  
 Pretend to know the *Roman* History?  
 I a dull Stock, and not a Plant shou'd be,  
 Having so long kept Doctors Company,  
 If their Discourse shou'd not advantage me;  
 It has, and I great Wonders could relate,  
 But I'm a Plant that ne'er was given to prate.  
 But to return from whence I have digress'd,  
 I many Creatures ease by Spleen oppress.  
 (u) *Creet*, though so used to lie, you may believe,  
 When for their Swine their Thanks to me they give.  
 The wretched Ass, whom constant Labour tires,  
 Sick of the Spleen, my speedy Aid desires.  
 Eating my Leaves (for I relieve his Pain)  
 He cheerfully resumes his Work again.  
 Now, if you can vain painted Flow'rs admire,  
 Delights scarce sooner born, than they expire.  
 They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful and they're  
 But I, tho' sad, procure a glad some Mien. [green;

(u) *Vitruvius* says, that in *Creet*, where this Herb abounds, the Swine have no Spleen.

## LETTUCE.

Some think your Commendation you deserve,  
 'Cause you of old (w) *Augustus* did preserve.

(w) *Augustus* is said to have been preserv'd in his Sickness by Lettuce. *Plin.*

Why did you still prolong that fatal Breath,  
 That banish'd *Ovid*, and was *Tully's* Death?  
 But I suppose that neither of 'em you,  
 Nor Orator, nor Poet ever knew;  
 Wherefore, I wonder not, you shou'd comply,  
 And the World's Tyrant so far gratify.  
 Thou truly, to all Tyrants art of Use,  
 Their Madnes flies before thy pow'rful Juice.  
 Their Heads with better Wreaths I prithee crown,  
 And let the World in them thy Kindness own.  
 At thy Command forth from its scorched Heart,  
 Of Tyrants Love the greatest does depart.  
 False Love, I mean; for thou ne'er try'st t' expel  
 True Love, who, like a good King, governs well;  
 Justly that Dog-star, *Cupid*, thou dost hate,  
 Whose Fire kills Herbs, and Monsters does create.

*Upon the same.*

**E**AT me with Bread and Oil, you'll ne'er repine,  
 Or say in Summer you want Meat to dine.  
 The World's first golden Age such Viands blest'd,  
 I was the chief Ingredient at a Feast:  
 Large Bodies for the Demi-Gods my Juice,  
 And Blood proportionable, did produce.  
 Then neither Fraud nor Force, nor Lust was known,  
 Such Ills their Rise from too much Heat must own.  
 Let their vile Name religiously be curst;  
 Who to base Glutt'ny gave Dominion first.  
 For thence sprang Vice, whose Train Distempers were,  
 And Death did in new ghastly Shapes appear.  
 Shun cruel Tables, that with Blood are dy'd,  
 And Banquets by destructive Death supply'd.  
 Sick, if not well, thou'lt Herbs desire, and we  
 Shall prove, if not thy Meat, thy Remedy.

## EYE-BRIGHT.

**E**Nter sweet Stranger, to my Eyes reveal  
 Thy self, and gratefully thy Poet heal.  
 If I of Plants have any thing deserv'd,  
 Or in my Verse their Honour be preserv'd.

Thus, lying on the Grass and sad, pray'd I,  
 Whilst nimble *Eye-bright* came and stood just by.  
 I wonder'd that so noble an Herb so soon  
 Rose by my Side like a Champignon;  
 I saw her not before, nor did sh<sup>e</sup> appear,  
 For any thing I knew, to be so near.  
 On a black Stalk nine Inches long she grew,  
 With Leaves all notch'd, and of a greenish Hue.  
 While pretty Flowers on her Top she bore,  
 With yellow mixt, and purple Streaks all o'er.  
 I knew her straight; her Name and Visage sute,  
 And my glad Eyes their Patroness salute.  
 Strange News! to me she bow'd with Flow'r and Stalk,  
 And thus in Language fit for her, did talk.  
 'Twas low; for Herbs that modest Custom love,  
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Trees they don't approve.

Thou only Bard, said she, o'th' verdant Race,  
 Who in thy Songs do'st all our Virtues trace:  
 All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,  
 Though such Respect to you, our Friend, we bear.  
 We hate the Custom, which with Men obtains,  
 To slight a kind ingenuous Poet's Pains.  
 I wish my Root cou'd heal you, and I'm sure,  
 Our (\*) Nation all wou'd gladly see the Cure.  
 But if by Nature's Self it be withstood,  
 The Pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good.  
 Nature's Injunctions none of us withstands,  
 We're Slaves to all her Ladyship's Commands.

---

(\*) Of Plants.

Let what She gives your Appetite suffice,  
 Nor grumble when she any thing denies,  
 For she with sparing Hands large Gifts supplies.  
 But if some Malady impair the Sight,  
 Or Wine, or Love, that's blind, and hates the Light;  
 Or Surfeits, watchful Cares, or putrid Air,  
 Or numerous other Things that hurtful are;  
 Then am I useful: if you wou'd engage  
 To count my Conquests, or the Wars I wage;  
 The Ev'ning Star much sooner wou'd go down,  
 And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown.  
 (y) Oft a salt Flood, which from the Head descends  
 With the Eyes fresher Streams its Current blends.  
 That Pain, which causes many watry Eyes,  
 From its own Tears it self does here arise.  
 Oft-times the Channels of a paler Flood  
 Are fill'd, and swell with strange unnatural Blood;  
 And by a Guest, who thither lately came,  
 The House is set all on a raging Flame.  
 Take care, if your small World's bright Sun appear  
 Blood-red, or he'll soon leave your Hemisphere.  
 (z) Oft Fumes and wandering Flies obscure the Eye.  
 And in those Clouds strange Monsters seem to fly.  
 Fume, what does thy dull, sooty Visage here?  
 I see no Fire, that thou should'st be so near.  
 Or what (with a Mischief) means the troublesome Fly?  
 I'd as soon have the (a) God of Flies as nigh.  
 Oft times the Sight is darkned with false Snow,  
 And Night it self in blanched Robes does go;  
 Whilst Shapes of distant Things that real were,  
 In different Colours, or in none appear.  
 (b) Tumours and Cancers, Pestles, Ulcers, why  
 Shou'd I recount those Torments of the Eye?

---

(y) Several Diseases of the Eyes are recounted, *Epiphora, Ophthalmia*.

(z) *Suffusio*.

(a) *Leucoma*.

(b) *Agilops, Carcinomata, Phlyctana Epicomata*.



Or thousands more, which I'm afraid to name,  
 Lest when I tell them, they my Tongue inflame;  
 Or that which from its hollow Length, Men call  
*Fistula* [Pipe] a Name too Musical.  
 All these I tame, the Air my Virtue clears,  
 Whilst the Clouds vanish, and the Day appears.  
 The joyful Face smiles with diffused Light;  
 What Comeliness is mix'd with that Delight!  
 You know, (c) *Arnoldus* (if you've read him o'er)  
 Did Sight by me, to Men Stone blind restore.  
 'Tis true; and my known Virtue ought to be  
 The more esteem'd for that strange Prodigy.  
 With my kind Leaves he bids you tinge your Wines,  
 And Profit with your Pleasure wisely joins.  
 Those Light will truly give, and sacred Bowls,  
*Bacchus* will truly dwell in your enlarged Souls.  
 Then call thy Boy with a capacious Cup,  
 And with that Wine be sure to fill it up,  
 Till thou hast drunk, for all the amorous Dames,  
 An Health to ev'ry Letter of their Names.  
 Then drink an Health to th' Eyes; they won't refuse  
 I'm confident, to pledge you in my Juice.  
 But we lose time; go, carefully rehearse  
 What I have said, in never-dying Verse.  
 She spake, then vanishing, away she flew;  
 I, Reader, tell you nothing but what's true.

---

(c) *Arnold de Vil'a nova. lib. de Vin's.*

## WINTER-CHERRIES.

WHEN I stand musing, as I often do,  
 I'm fill'd with Shame and noble Anger too;  
 To think that all we Plants (except some few  
 Whom *Phœbus* with more Vigour did endue)

Cannot away with Winter's nipping Fare,  
 But more effeminate than Mankind are.  
 From Father-Sun, and Mother-Earth in vain  
 We sprang; they both their Figure still retain.  
 To our Delights why don't the Seasons yield,  
 And banish Winter from each verdant Field?  
 Why in *Elysian* Gardens don't we grow,  
 Where no chill Blasts may on our Beauties blow?  
 We're *Halcyons* forsooth, and can't with ease  
 Bring forth, unless the World be all at Peace.  
 Nor is this Softness only to be found  
 Among small Herbs, still creeping on the Ground:  
 Great Elms and Oaks themselves it does controul,  
 In their hard Bark they wear a tender Soul.  
 These Huffs Effeminacy count no Crime;  
 You'd think in Summer they to Heav'n would climb.  
 But if the Year its Back upon them turn,  
 Each Giant creeps back into th' Earth, his Urn.  
 Here lies—you on his bulky Trunk may write;  
 For shame! There lie; let not the Mold lie light.  
 But I, who very hardly dare receive  
 The Name of *Shrub* (though *Pliny* gives me leave)  
 The dreadful Winter to the Combat dare;  
 Though Heav'n it self should fall, I'd take no Care.  
 The Winter comes; and I'm by Storms alarm'd,  
 She comes with Legions numberless, well arm'd.  
 Then I my Fruit produce, and having first  
 Expos'd them to her, cry, *Now do thy worst.*  
 Pour, pour upon them all the Rain i'th' Skie,  
 It will not wast away their Scarlet-Die.  
 Pour Snow, their Purple thence will grow more bright,  
 Some red in a white Vessel gives delight.  
 So the red Lip the Ivory Teeth befriends,  
 And a white Skin the rosy Cheeks commends.  
 With such like Rudiments do I inure  
 My Virtue, and the Force of it secure:  
 I, who rebellious Sicknels must subdue,  
 And every Day fresh Victories pursue.

Thus did I learn vast Stones to break in twain,  
 (d) And Ice, at first, put me to little Pain.  
 For I not only Water do expel,  
 (That other weaker Plants can do as well)  
 But such hard Rocks of Adamant I break,  
 As *Hannibal* to pass wou'd prove too weak.  
 Unhappy He, who on this Rock is tost,  
 And shipwrack'd is in his own Waters lost!  
 Ev'n *Sisyphus* might pity and bemoan  
 The Wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred Stone.  
 How does he envy, ah, how much, the Dead,  
 Whose Corps with Stones are only covered!  
 Wou'd I not help him? might the Earth divide;  
 And swallow me, if I my Aid deny'd.  
 Then I my self Child of some Rock must own,  
 And that my Roots were Veins of hardest Stone.  
 But truly I do pity such a Man,  
 And the obdurate Matter quickly can  
 Dissolve; my piercing Liquor round it lies,  
 And strait into a thousand Parts it flies;  
 The long obstructed Streams then glide away,  
 And Fragments with them of the Stone convey.

(e) *SUNDEW* or *LUSTWORT*.

TO say the Truth, Nature's too kind to Thee,  
 For all thy Days thou spend'st in Luxury.  
 Thy Flowers are Silver, and a purple Down  
 Covers thy Body, like a Silken Gown:  
 Whilst, to increase thy Pomp and Pride, each Vein  
 Of thine a Golden Humour does contain.  
 Each Leaf is hollow made, just like a Cup,  
 Which Liquor always to the Brim fills up.

(d) It is excellent against the Stone and all Diseases in the Bladder,  
 hence in Latin call'd *Vesicaria*.

(e) Vulgarly call'd also *Rosa Solis*.

The drunken Sun cannot exhaust thy Bowl,  
 Nor *Sirius* himself, that thirsty Soul.  
 Full thou survey'st the parched Fields around,  
 And enviously in thy own Floods art drown'd.  
 Drinking, the thirsty Months thou laugh'st away,  
 The *Hydra* of thy Spring's reviv'd each Day.  
 Thy *Nile* from secret Sources moistens Thee;  
 And bids Thee merry, though *Jove* angry be.

*Upon the same.*

**T**HY conquer'd Ivy, *Bacchus*, now throw down,  
 And of this Herb make a far nobler Crown.  
 This Herb with Plenty's bounteous Current feeds;  
 Plenty which constantly it self succeeds.  
 So thy extended Guts thy Godship swills,  
 And its own self thy tilted Hoghead fills.  
 So at *Jove's* Table, Gods the Goblet drain,  
 But straight with Nectar it grows full again.  
 Nor do the Cups the *Phrygian* Stripling need  
 To fill them; each is his own *Ganymede*.  
 So in the Heart, that double lusty Bowl  
 (In which the Soul it self drinks Life and Soul)  
 That Heav'nly Bowl, made by an Heav'nly Hand,  
 With purple Nectar always crown'd does stand.  
 Of what she spends Nature ne'er feels the lack,  
 What one throws out, another brings it back.  
 Blest Plant, brimful of Moisture radical!  
 No wonder thou the Spirits, lest they fall,  
 Support'st, or that Consumptive Bodies you,  
 And the firm Limbs bind with a lasting Glue.  
 Or that Life's Lamp, which ready is to die,  
 With such vivacious Oil you can supply.  
 No wonder to the Lungs thou grateful art,  
 Thy constant Waters feed that spongy Part.  
 You *Venus* also loves, for though you're wet,  
 Your In-side like your Out-side's burnt with Heat.

These are Lusts Elements; of Heat she makes  
A Soul, and Moisture for her Body takes.

SOW-BREAD.

THE dropping, bloody Nose you gently bind;  
But loosen the close Hemorrhoids behind.  
And 'tis but natural, that who shuts the Fore,  
Shou'd at the same time open the Back-door.

Upon the same.

SEE how with Pride the groveling (f) Pot-herb swells,  
And saucily the generous Vine repels.  
Her, that great Emperours oft in Triumph drew,  
A base, unworthy Colewort does subdue.  
But though o'er That the Wretch victorious be,  
It cannot stand, puissant Plant, near thee;  
For Meat to Medicines still must give the Place,  
That feeds Diseases, which away these chase;  
You bravely Men and other Plants outvie,  
Who no kind Office do, until they die;  
Thy Virtues thou, yet living, dost impart,  
And ev'n to thy own Garden Physick art.

Though on me (g) Greece bestow'd a graceful Name,  
Which well the Figure of my Leaves became;  
The Apothecaries have a new one found,  
(Dull Knaves! that hate the very Greek Words found)  
And from a nasty Sow, (whose very Name  
Stinks on my Tongue) have stigmatiz'd my Fame,  
But I to them, more than to Swine give Bread,  
They are the Hogs, by my large Bounty fed.

(f) The Colewort is said to kill the Vine, and is it self kill'd by this Herb.

(g) *Cyclamopus*.



*Upon the same.*

**M**Y Virtue dries all ulcerous, running Sores,  
 And native Softness to the Skin restores.  
 My Pow'r hard Tumours cannot, if I list,  
 Either by Water, or with Fire resist.  
 Of Scars, by burning caus'd, I clear the Face,  
 Nor let Small-pox the Countenance disgrace.  
 My conquering Hand Pimpgenets cannot shun,  
 Nor blackish, yellow Spots the Face o'er-run;  
 Morpew departs, and out each Freckle flies,  
 Though from our God himself they had their Rise.  
 Nor leave I ought upon the Cheeks of Lasses,  
 To make 'em shy of looking in their Glasses.  
 Nor doubt I but that Sex much Thanks will give,  
 For that the Pangs of Child-birth I relieve.

*Upon the same.*

**I**N my Fire, that false (b) Gold, the Jaundice, I  
 Consume (true Gold scarce does more Injury.)  
 Black Blood, at my Command, the back-way flows;  
 Nasty it self, through nasty Holes it goes.  
 Choler and Phlegm yellow and white I drain,  
 They wear th' dear (i) Metals Colours both in vain.  
 All Meteors from the Eyes I drive away,  
 And whatsoe'er obscures the small Worlds Day.  
 I of the Gout remove the very Seed,  
 And all the Humours which that Torment breed.  
 Thorns, Splinters, Nails I draw, who wondering stand  
 How they could so come forth without an Hand.  
 This is the least; all Poisons I expel,  
 And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell;  
 Infants that know not what it is to live,  
 Before they're wretched, from the Womb I drive.

(b) The Jaundice, sometimes call'd in Latin *Antigo*, from *ANYTH*.

(i) Silver and Gold.

Oh Heavens! says th' ignorant amazed World: What's  
Is't a Distemper to be born? Yes, 'tis. [this?  
For if we make a true Account, 'tis more  
Advantage Life to hinder than restore.

DUCKS-MEAT.

A Lusty Frog, a Duck swears, is such Meat,  
Fattned by me, as *Jove* himself may eat.  
And if the learn'd *Apicius* (k) knew that Dish,  
He'd hungry grow, though Dead, and Life wou'd wish.  
By this our Value's in some Measure shewn;  
But I'm not born to fatten Ducks alone,  
Nor o'er green Ponds did Nature Carpets strow,  
That She to slimy Frogs Good-will might show.  
From me great Benefits all the World must own,  
Though long time hid, they're many, yet unknown.  
In a small Ring the Wits of Learned Men  
Run, and the same, confin'd, trace o'er agen.  
The Plants which Nature through the Universe  
In various Shapes and Colours does disperse,  
Why should I mention? this their Ignorance shews,  
That even of Me, Mankind so little knows.  
Something they do; and more I wou'd reveal,  
Which *Phabus* and the Fates bid me conceal.  
But this I'll tell you, dry, blue Cankers I,  
And cholerick Fire of hot *St. Anthony*,  
Do soon extinguish; and all other Flames,  
Whatever are their Natures or their Names.  
My Native Cold, and watery Temper show,  
Who my chill Parent is, and where I grow.  
Thus when the Water in the Joints inclos'd  
Bubbles, by (l) Pain and natural Heat oppos'd;  
The boiling Caldron my strong Virtue rules,  
And sprinkled with my Dew the Fury cools.

(k) An ancient Roman Author that wrote about good Eating,

(l) The Gout.

## ROSEMARY.

*Touching the bite of the (m) Tarantula.*

**D** *Aunian* (n) *Arachne* ! who spinn'ff all the Day,  
 Nor to *Minerva* wil't ev'n yet give way ;  
 Whilst thy own Bowels thou to Lawn dost weave,  
 What Pleasure can'st thou from such Pains receive ?  
 Why thy sad Hours in such base Deeds dost spill,  
 Or do things so ridiculously ill ?  
 Why dost thou take delight to stop our Breath,  
 Or act the serious Sports of cruel Death ?  
 Whom thou scarce touchest, straight to rave he's found,  
 He raves although he hardly feels thy Wound.  
 One Atome of thy Poison in the Veins,  
 Dominion soon o'er all the Body gains.  
 Within upon the Soul herself it preys,  
 Which it distracts a thousand cruel ways.  
 One's silent, whilst another roars aloud ;  
 He's fearful, t'other fights with th' gazing Crowd.  
 This cries, and this his Sides with Laughter shakes,  
 A thousand Habits this same Fury takes.  
 But all with love of Dancing are possest,  
 All Day and Night they dance and never rest.  
 As soon as Musick from struck Strings rebounds,  
 Or the full Pipes breath forth their Magick Sounds ;  
 The stiff old Woman straight begins a Round,  
 And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the Ground.  
 The poor lame Fellow, though he cannot prance  
 So nimble as the rest, he hops a Dance.  
 The old Man, whom this merry Poison fires,  
*Satyrs* themselves with Dancing almost tires.  
 To such a sad, phrenetick Dance as this,  
 A Siren, sure, the fittest Minstrel is.

---

(m) An Insect of the Spider-kind.

(n) A Nymph turn'd into a Spider.

Cruel Distemper! thy wild Fury proves  
 Worst Master of the Revels which it loves:  
 When this sad (o) Pyrrhick Measure they begin,  
 Oh! what a weight hangs on their Hearts within.  
 Tell me, Physicians, which way shall I ease  
 Poor Mortals of this strange, unknown Disease?  
 For me may *Phæbus* never more protect  
 (Whose Godhead you and I so much respect)  
 If I know any more, to tell you true,  
 Whence this dire Mischiefe springs, than one of You;  
 But to the Heart, you know it, and the Brain,  
 Those distant Provinces in which I reign,  
 (To you, my Friends, I no false Stories feign.)  
 Auxiliary Troops of Spirits I  
 Send, and the Camp with fresh Recruits supply.  
 Many kind Plants besides me to the War  
 Attend, nor blush that under me they Soldiers are.  
 The merry Baum, and Rue which Serpents kills,  
 Cent'ry and Saffron from *Cilician Hills*.  
 And thou, kind *Birthwort*, whose auspicious Name  
 From thy good Deeds to teeming Women came.  
 The kind *Pomegranate* also does engage,  
 With her bright Arms, and my dear Sister Sage.  
 Berries of *Laurel*, *Myrtle*, *Tamarisk*,  
 Ioy nor *Juniper* are very brisk.  
 Lavender, and sweet *Marjoram* march away,  
 Southernwood and *Angelica* don't stay.  
 Plantain, the Thistle which they Blessed call,  
 And useful *Wormwood* in their Order fall,  
 Then Carrot, Anise, and white Cumin Seed,  
 With Gills, that pretty, chaste, black Rogue, proceed.  
 Next *Viper-grass*, a Plant but lately known,  
 And *Tormentil*, and *Roses* red, full blown;  
 To which, I *Garlick* may, and *Onions* join;  
 All these to fight I lead; go, give the Sign.

(o) A heavy sort of Dancing in Armour.

With Indignation I am vex'd, and hate  
 Soft Musick, that great Praise should arrogate;  
 Poets will say, 'tis true (they're given to lie):  
 Willing their Mistress so to gratifie,  
 But Food, I say it does, not Physick, prove  
 To Madmen, witness all that are in Love!  
 She to a short-liv'd Folly does supply  
 Constant Additions of new Vanity;  
 And here, to shew her Wit and Courage too,  
 Flatters the Tyrant whom she shou'd subdue.  
 It is the greatest Part of the Disease,  
 That she does so immoderately please;  
 'Tis part of the Disease, that so they throw  
 And toss themselves, which does for Physick go;  
 This Plague it self is plagu'd so Night and Day,  
 That tir'd with Labour it flies quite away;  
 Falselend an Hand to ease her Grief,  
 When from her own Strength, Nature seeks Relief.  
 'Tis something that I do; but truly I  
 Think the Disease is its own Remedy.

## MINT.

**T**Ake my Advice, Men! and no Riddles use;  
 Why won't you rather to speak plainly choose?  
 If you're afraid your Secrets shou'd be told,  
 Your Tongues you (that's the surest way) may hold.  
 Why shou'd we Sense with barbarous Cruelty  
 Put to the Rack, to make it tell a Lie;  
 Of this just Reason I have to complain,  
 Old dubious Saws long since my Fame do stain.  
 How many ill Conjectures grounded are  
 On this, that I must ne'er be (p) set in War.

(p) *Aristotle gave the World a Rule, Neither eat Mint nor plants in time of War; which being variously understood by his Followers, the said Herb does in his Speech make out, that it can with no Sense be interpreted to its Dishonour, by telling her Virtues in chearing the Spirits and exciting the Stomach.*



The Reader of a Thing obscure will be  
 Inclined to carp, and to take Liberty.  
 Hence one says, *Mint*, *Mars* does entirely hate;  
 And *Mint* to *Venus* also is ingrate.  
*Mars* loves as well to get as to destroy  
 Mankind, the Booty of his fierce Employ.  
*Mint* from the Seed all seminal Virtue takes,  
 And of brisk Men dull frigid Eunuchs makes.  
 And then (to make the spreading Error creep  
 Farther and farther still) they hear, I keep  
 Their Milk from thickenings; but how this I do,  
 I'll tell you on these Terms alone, That you  
 Shall me before resolve how first you gain  
 Notions of Things, then, how you them retain.  
 This I dare boldly say; The Fire of Love  
 With genial Heat I gently do improve;  
 Though constantly the noble, humane Seed,  
 That sacred Lamp with vital Oil does feed;  
 For what to *Venus* e'er will faithful seem,  
 If Heat it self an Enemy you esteem?  
 Whether I know her (q) *Proserpine* can tell,  
 I by my Punishment am clear'd too well.  
 Besides, nought more the Stomach rectifies,  
 Or strengthens the digestive Faculties.  
 Such, such a Plant that feeds the amorous Flame,  
 If *Venus* love not, she is much to blame;  
 And with Ingratitude the Seed I may  
 Charge, if to me great Thanks it do not pay.  
 But other Causes others have assign'd,  
 Who make the Reason which they cannot find.  
 They say, Wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,  
 And I wound Wounds themselves; 'tis very true.  
 For I a dry astringent Pow'r retain,  
 By which all Ulcers of their Gore I drain.

---

(q) *Venus*.


*Mint* was a Nymph, one of *Pluto's* Harlots, whom *Proserpine* there-  
 fore chang'd into this Herb.

I Bloody-fluxes stop, my Virtue's sure  
 The Wounds thar Nature's self has made to cure.  
 On bites of Serpents and mad Dogs I seize,  
 And them ( Wars hurts are slight ) I heal with ease.  
 I scarce dare mention, that from Galling I  
 If in the Hand I'm born, preserve the Thigh.  
 D'ye laugh? laugh on, so I with Laughter may  
 Requite the Scandals which on me you lay,  
 Of which some I omit; and the true Cause  
 Of all will tell (and then she made a pause.)  
 Though I abhor my Sorrows to recal  
 ( And here the Tears down her green Cheeks did fall )  
 I did not always in your Gardens grow,  
 But once a comely Virgin's Face cou'd show.  
 Black though I was (*Cocytus* was my Sire )  
 Yet Beauty had to kindle am'rous Fire.  
 Lest any one should think this is a Lie,  
 (r) *Ovid* will tell you so as well as I.  
 My Father had a pleasant, shady Grove,  
 Where he perpetually to walk did love.  
 There mournful Yew, and funeral Cypress grow,  
 Whose melancholy Greens no *Winter* know,  
 With other Trees whose Looks their Sorrow show. }  
 Here *Pluto* ( *Jove* of the infernal Throne )  
 Saw me, as I was walking all alone.  
 He saw me, and was pleas'd ; for his Desire  
 At any Face, or white or black, takes fire ;  
 Ah! if you knew him but so well as I,  
 He's an unsatiable Deity.  
 He never stands a tender Maid to woe,  
 But cruelly by Violence falls to.  
 He caught me, though I fled, till out of Breath  
 I was ; I thought he wou'd ha' been my Death.  
 What cou'd I do? his Strength was far above  
 Mine ; he the Strength has of his Brother *Jove*.

---

(r) *Ovid Metam.* lib. 10.

In short, Me to a secret Cave he led,  
And there the Ravisher got my Maiden head ;  
But in the midst of all his Wickedness,  
(How it fell out the Poets don't express,  
Nor can you think that I, poor Creature, well  
The Cause, at such a time as that cou'd tell )  
Lo! *Proserpine*, his Wife, came in, and found  
My wretched Limbs all prostrate on the Ground.  
She no Excuse wou'd hear, nor me again  
Let rise ; but said, There fix'd I shou'd remain.  
She spake, and straight my Body I perceiv'd,  
(Each Limb dissolv'd) of all its Strength bereav'd.  
My Veins are all straight rooted in the Earth  
(From whence my ruddy Stalk receives its Birth)  
A blushing Crown of Flowers adorn my Head,  
My Leaves are jagged, of a darkish red :  
And so a lovely Bed of *Mint* I make,  
In the same posture that She did me take.  
But the infernal Ravisher my Fate  
( 'Twould move a Devil ) did commiserate ;  
And, his Respect for what I was, to show,  
Great Virtue on my Leaves he did bestow.  
Rich Qualities to humble Me he gave,  
Of which my fragrant Smell's the least I have ;  
All this the Ancients understood was true,  
And thence their great religious Caution grew.  
They thought me sacred to th' infernal King,  
And that 'twas ominous for me to spring  
In Times of Death and Danger, nor wou'd let  
Me in the midst of War and Blood be set.  
But they mistaken were ; for I take care  
That others be not caught in his strong Snare,  
Nor pass the *Strygian* Lake without gray Hair.



## MISSELTOE.

**W**elcome, thrice welcome, sacred *Misseltoe* !  
 The greatest Gift, (f) *Teutates* does bestow.  
 With more Religion, Druid Priests invoke  
 Thee, than thy sacred, sturdy Sire, the Oak.  
 Raise holy Altars from the verdant Ground,  
 And strow your various Flowers all around:  
 Next let the Priest, when to the (s) Gods h' has paid  
 All due Devotion, and his Or'sons made,  
 Cloth'd all in white, by the Attendants be  
 With Hands and Necks rais'd to the sacred Tree.  
 Where that he may more freely it receive,  
 Let him first beg the Shrub's indulgent leave.  
 And when h' has cut it with a golden Hook,  
 Let the expecting Crowd that upward look,  
 Array'd in White, the falling Treasure meet,  
 And catch it in a pure, clean, snowy Sheet;  
 Then let two spotless Bulls before him lie,  
 And with their grateful Blood the Altars die. [sing,  
 Which when you've done, then feast and dance, and  
 And let the Wood with their loud Voices ring.  
 Such Honour had the *Misseltoe*; which Hate  
 And Envy to it did in Gods create.  
 Th' Egyptian Temples do not louder sound,  
 When there again th' adored Heifer's found.  
 Nor did she seem less Majesty to wear  
 (If any Tree there *Misseltoe* did bear)  
 When in *Dodona's* Grove upon an Oak  
 She grew; that in its hollow Oracles spoke;  
 For this one Plant the Antients, above all,  
 Protectress of their Life did think and call:  
 She only from the Earth loaths to be born,  
 And on the meaner Ground to tread thinks scorn.

---

(f) *Teutates* and *Hesus* were the two greatest Gods of the Gauls.  
 (s) Concerning these Ceremonies, see *Plin.* l. 16. 43.

Nor did she from prolifick Matter come,  
 But like the World, from Nothing's fruitful Womb.  
 Others are set and grow by human Care,  
 Her Leaves the Product of mere Nature are.  
 Hence Serpents she of their black Stings disarms,  
 And baffles (Man's worse Poison) Magick (*u*) Charms;  
 Besides all other kind of Maladies  
 (How numberless, alas!) that on us seize;  
 Nor wonder, that all other Ills it beats,  
 Since the (*w*) *Herculean* Sickness it defeats,  
 Than which none more *Chimera*-like appears,  
 One part on't's dead, the other raves and tears,  
 This Monster she subdues; hence 'twas believ'd,  
 (And truly though 'twas false, it was receiv'd  
 On no bad grounds) that lesser Monsters she  
 Cou'd make the Trophies of her Victory.  
 The Antients thought so in the Infancy  
 O'th' World, they then knew nought of Fallacy.  
 Nor was she then thought only to defend  
 And guard Life's Fort, but Life it self to lend,  
 Ev'n the Womb's fruitful Soil t' improve and mend.  
 For what Soil barren to that Plant can be,  
 Which without Seed has its Nativity?  
 Or what to her close shut and lock'd can seem,  
 That makes th' obdurate Oaks hard Entrails teem?  
 That from a Tree comes forth in Pangs and Pain,  
 Like the *Athenian* Goddess from *Jove's* Brain.  
 But if that's true which antient *Bards* have writ,  
 (For though they're antient (*x*) *Bards* I question it)  
 I wonder not, that *Misseltoe's* so kind  
 To us, since her the Ties of Nature bind.  
 For Men of old, (if you'll believe 'twas so)  
 Born out of Oaks, were the first *Misseltoe*.

(*n*) It averts Charms being tied to the Neck, *Clus*,

(*w*) The Falling-Sickness,

(*x*) *Virg. Juven. Statius.*



## CELANDINE.

SEE how the yellow (y) Gall the delug'd Eyes,  
 And *Saffron-Jaundice* the whole Visage dies.  
 That Colour, which on Gold we think so fair;  
 That hue which most adorns the tress'd Hair:  
 When, like a Tyrant, it unjustly gains  
 Another's Throne, and there usurping reigns;  
 It frightful grows, and far more Beauty lacks  
 Than, with their Saddle-Noses, dusky Blacks.  
 So, I suppose, to the Gods Eyes the Soul  
 O'th' Miser looks; as yellow and as foul.  
 For if with Gold alone the Soul's inflam'd,  
 It has th' *Aurigo*, from the Metal nam'd.  
 This the Almighty Gods can only cure,  
 And Reason, more than Herbs, our Minds secure.  
 But the outward Jaundice does our Help implore;  
 When with Gall-Floods the Body's dy'd all o'er.  
 I cannot tell what others do; but I  
 Give to that Jaundice present Remedy;  
 Nor do I rashly undertake the Cure,  
 I an Assistant have, that makes me sure.  
 Nature's own Parent gives me my Command,  
 See, here's her own (z) Sign manual, here's her Hand,  
 Through Leaves, and Stalk, and Roots themselves it  
 [goes.

The yellow Blood through my whole Body flows.  
 Whoever me dissects, wou'd think, nay swear,  
 O'erflown with Gall I sick o'th' Jaundice were.  
 Mean time my Skin all o'er is fresh and green,  
 And Colour good, as in an Herb you've seen.

---

(y) A Decoction hereof with White-wine and Anniseeds, is said to be excellent against the *Jaundice*. *Matthiols* says it will cure the same, being applied to the Soles of the Feet.

(z) The Signature.

## Upon the same.

TEN thousand Blessing may the Gods bestow  
 Upon thee; tuneful (a) *Swallow*! and ne'er show,  
 They bear the least Resentment of that Crime,  
 Which thou hast suffer'd for so long a time.  
 For that the Use of a choice Plant thou'st taught,  
 Which ne'er before (b) blind Man had seen or sought.  
 Of thee large Rent now ev'ry House receives,  
 For th' Nests which they to thee let under th' Eaves.  
 The painted Springs whole Train on thee attend,  
 Yet nought thou see'st which thou canst more commend.  
 For this it is that makes thee all things see,  
 This Plant a special Favour has for thee.  
 When thou com'st, th' others come; that wo'nt suffice;  
 At thy return away This with thee flies.  
 Yet we to it must more Engagements own;  
 'Tis a small thing to heal the Eyes alone;  
 Ten thousand Torments of our Life it cures,  
 From which good Fortune you, blest Birds, secures.  
 The (c) Gripes, by its approach, it mitigates,  
 And Tortures of an aching Tooth abates.  
 The golden Jaundice quickly it defeats,  
 And with gilt Arms at his own Weapons beats:  
 Jaundice, which *Morbus Regius* they call  
 From a King, but falsely; 'tis tyrannical.  
 Foul Ulcers too that from the Body bud,  
 This dries and drains off all their putrid Blood.  
 At gaping wounds one Lip, like any Brother,  
 Approaches nearer, and salutes the other.  
 Nor do thy Shankers now, foul Lust! remain,  
 But all thy shealing Scabs rub off again.

(a) Alluding to the Fable of *Philamel* turn'd into a *Swallow*.

(b) The extraordinary Faculty of this Herb in healing the Eyes, is said to have been found out by the *Swallow*, who cures its Young therewith.

(c) Its other Virtues.

The burning Cancer, and the Tetter, fly,  
 Whilst all hot, angry, red Biles sink and dry.  
 Diseases Paint wears off, and Places, where  
 The Sun once printed Kisses, disappear.  
 Purg'd of all Blemishes, the smiling Face  
 Is cleaner far, and smother than its Glass.  
 Kind Friend to th'Eyes! who gives not only Sight,  
 But with it also Objects that delight.  
 She may be seen, as well as come to see,  
 Whatever Woman's doubly blest by thee:  
 The gaudy Spring by thy Approach is known,  
 And blooming Beauties thy Arrival own.

## ROCKET.

**Y**OU! who in sacred (d) Wedlock coupled are,  
 (Where all Joys lawful, all Joys seemly are)  
 Ben't shie to eat of my Leaves heartily,  
 They do not Hunger only satisfy.  
 They'll be a Banquet to you all the Night,  
 On them the Body chews with fresh Delight.  
 But you, chaste Lads, and Girls, that lie alone,  
 And none of Love's Enjoyments yet have known,  
 Take care, and stand aloof, if you are wise;  
 Touch not this Plant, *Venus* her Sacrifice;  
 I bring a Poison for your Modesties.  
 In my Grass, like a Snake, blind *Cupid* lies,  
 And with my Juice his deadly Weapons dyes.  
 The God of Gardens no Herb values more,  
 Or courts, presents, or does himself devour.  
 This is the reason, hot *Priapus*, why,  
 As I suppose, you itch so constantly;  
 And that your Arms still ready are to do  
 The wicked Business that you put 'em to.

---

(d) *Rocket* is hot and dry. in the third Degree, of a contrary Nature  
 to *Lettuce*, a Friend to *Venus* and her Affairs.

Let him who Love would shun, from me remove,  
 Says (e) *Naso*, that *Hippocrates* in Love.  
 Yet to his Table I was duly serv'd,  
 Who me, choice Dainty, to himself reserv'd.  
 Prove that from Love he ever would be free,  
 More chaste than *Lettuce* I'll consent to be.  
 The Praise of Chastity let others keep,  
 And gratify the widow'd Bed with Sleep.  
 Action's my Task, bold Lovers to engage,  
 And to precipitate the sportive Rage.  
 Frankly I own my Nature, I delight  
 In Love unmix'd, and restless Appetite.  
 From curing Maladies I seek no Fame,  
 (Though ev'n for that I might put in my (f) Claim)  
 Fuel I bring, that Pleasure may not cease:  
 Take that from Life, and Life is a Disease.  
 If thus you like me, make me your Repast,  
 I would not gratify a Stoick's Taste.  
 If Morals gross and crude be your delight,  
 Marsh-Weeds can best oblige your Appetite.  
 Go from my Book, foul Bawd of Pleasure, go,  
 (For what have I, lewd Bawd, with thee to do?)  
 From these chaste Herbs, and their chaste Poet flee,  
 Us thou offend'st, and w'are ashamed of thee.  
 With such a Prostitute to come in view,  
 Chaste Matrons think a Sin and Scandal too:  
 Blushes pale Water-Lilies Cheeks o'erspread,  
 To be with thee in the same Volume read.  
 Who still the sad Remembrance does retain,  
 How, when a (g) Nymph, in thee she gorg'd her Bane.  
 That very Night t' *Alcides* Arms betray'd,  
 Through thy deceitful Force, the yielding Maid.  
 While I but mention thee (who would believe?)  
 And but thy Image in my Thoughts conceive;

---

(e) *Ovid, de Rem. Amor. lib. 2.*

(f) Its Medicinal Virtues see *Plin. lib. 20, 13.*

(g) See *Water-Lily*.

Through all my Bones I felt thy Lightning move,  
 The sure fore-runner of approaching Love.  
 With this, of old, he us'd t' attack my Sense,  
 Before the dreadful Fight he did commence.  
 But Love and Lust I now alike detest,  
 My Muse and Mind with nobler Themes possess.  
 Lascivious Plant, some other Poet find,  
 For *Ovid's* or *Catullus* Verse design'd :  
 For thou in mine shalt have no Place at all,  
 Or in the List of pois'nous Herbs shalt fall.  
 The Flames of Lust of Fuel have no need,  
 His Appetite without thy Sauce can feed.  
 Love, in our very Diet, finds his way,  
 And makes the Guards, that should defend, betray.  
 Our other Ills permit our Herbs to cure,  
*Venus* ; we plague enough in thee endure.  
 Those Plants which Nature made of Sex devoid,  
 Improperly are in thy Work employ'd.  
 Yet *Venus* too, much skill'd in impious Arts,  
 These foreign Aids to her own Use converts.  
 Who'd think green Plants, with constant Dew supply'd,  
 (Life's Friends design'd) such mortal Flame shon'd hide?  
 What wonder therefore, if when Monarchs feast,  
 Lust is of Luxury the constant Guest.  
 When (*b*) He, who with the Herd on Herbage fed,  
 Could find her lurking in the verdant Bed.

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(*b*) *Pythagoras*.

*The End of the First Book.*

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O F

# P L A N T S.

---

## B O O K II.

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**C**YBELE's (i) Holy Myſteries now begin ;  
Hence all you Males ; for you it is a Sin  
One Moment in this hallow'd Place to ſtay,  
You jibing Males who no Devotion pay.  
Into the Female Secrets do not pry,  
Or them at leaſt pretend you don't deſcry.  
'Tis rude that Sex t' inſpect too narrowly,  
Whoſe Out-ſide with ſuch Beauties treats the Eye.  
Auspicious Glory of th' enlighten'd Sky,  
More ſacred than thy Brother's Deity,  
With thy whole Horns, kind *Luna* ! favour me,  
And let thy crescent Face look luckily.  
Thee many Names and Offices adorn,  
By (k) thy kind Aid, poor tender Babes are born :  
Thou eaſeſt Women when their Labour's hard,  
And the Womb's vital Gates, you, *Jana*, guard.  
The menſtruous Courſes you bring down, and them,  
Changing, convert into a milky Stream.  
Women, unconstant as the Sea, you bind  
To Rules ; both flow according to thy Mind.  
Oh ! may the Rivulets of my Fancy glide  
By the ſame ſecret Force which move the Tide.

---

(i) This Book treating only of Female Plants, is dedicated to *Cybele*,  
at whoſe Myſteries no Man ought to be preſent.

(k) The Moon is call'd *Lucina*, the Goddeſs of Midwifery ; and  
*Jana*, as the Sun *Janus*, and *Mena*, as ſhe is the Governess of Wo-  
mens menſtruous Courſes,

Be thou the Midwife to my teeming Brain,  
And let it fruitful be, as free from Pain.

It was the time, when *April* decks the Year,<sup>1</sup>  
And the glad Fields in pompous Garbs appear;  
That the recruited Plants now leave their Beds,  
And at the Sun's Command dare shew their Heads.  
How pleas'd they are the Heav'ns again to see!  
And that from Winter's Fetters they are free!  
The World around, and Sisters whom they love,  
They view; such Objects sure their Smiles must move.  
Straight their great Work the diligent Nation ply,  
And Bus'ness mind amidst their Luxury.  
Each one contends with all her might and main,  
Each Day an higher verdant Crown to gain. [duce,  
Each one does Leaves with beauteous Flow'rs pro-  
And hastens to be fit for human Use.  
Equipp'd, they make no stay, but one and all,  
Intent upon th' Affair, a Council call.  
Each Tribe (for there are many) as of old  
Their Custom was, a separate Council hold.  
They're near a Thousand Tribes; their Minutes well  
An hundred Clerk-like Tongues can scarcely tell.  
Nor could I know them (for they don't reveal  
Their sacred Acts, but cautiously conceal)  
Had not my Laurel told me (whose Tribes Name  
(*1*) The *Female's* stil'd) which summon'd thither came.  
The Secrets of the House she open laid,  
Telling how each Herb spoke, and what it said.  
Ye gentle, *Florid* part of human Kind,  
(To you, and not to Men, I speak) pray mind  
My Words, and them most stedfastly believe,  
Which from the *Delphic* Laurel you receive. [bright,  
'Twas Midnight (whilst the Moon, at Full, shone  
And her Cheeks seem'd to swell with moisten'd Light)

---

<sup>1</sup> (*1*) *Gynæcitis*.

When on the loosen'd Roots the Plants that grow  
 In the Oxford Gardens, did to Council go ;  
 And such, I mean, as succour Womens Pains ;  
 Orpheus, you'd think, had mov'd them by his Strains.  
 They met upon a Bed, neat smooth and round,  
 And softly sate in Order on the Ground,  
 Mugwort first took her Place ( at that time she  
 The President of the Council chanc'd to be )  
 Birthwort, her Predecessor in the Chair,  
 Next sate, whose Virtues breeding Women share.  
 Then Baum, with Smiles and Pleasure in her Face,  
 Without regard to Dignity, took place.  
 Tyme, Sav'ry, Wormwood, which looks ruggedly,  
 Sparagus, Southernwood, both He and (m) She,  
 And (n) Crocus too, glad still soft Maids to cheer,  
 Once a sad Lover, merry does appear.  
 And thou (o) Amaranthus, who a trifling Ill  
 Didst mourn, when thou the fragrant Box didst spill  
 Of Ointment, in this Place, now far more sweet,  
 Than the occasion of thy Death dost meet.  
 There Lilies with red Peonies find a Room,  
 And purple Violets the Place perfume.  
 Yea, noisome (p) Devils-turd, because she knows  
 Her worth, into that sweet Assembly goes.  
 The milky Lettuce too does thither move,  
 And Water-lily, though a Foe to Love.  
 Sweet Ladies-glove, with stinking Horehound come,  
 And kind Germander which relieves the Womb.  
 Poley and Calamint, which on Mountains dwell,  
 But against Frost and Snow are guarded well.

---

(m) Lavender Cotton.

(n) i. e. Saffron, Crocus was a Boy that dy'd for Love, and was turn'd into Saffron.

(o) The Name of a Boy that spilt a Box of sweet Ointment, and was turn'd into Sweet-Marjoram.

(p) If a Dog tastes it he'll run mad. Plin.

Next vital *Sage*, well-join'd with wholsom *Rue*,  
 And *Flower-de-luce*, nam'd from its splendid hue.  
 Then *Hartwort* (much more grateful to the Deer  
 Than *Dittany*) with *wild Carrots* enters there.  
*Consound* and *Plantain*; frugal (q) Herbs are they,  
 Who all things keep safe under Lock and Key.  
 And *Master-wort*, whose Name Dominion wears,  
 With her who an (r) Angelick Title bears.  
*Lavender*, *Corn-rose*, *Peny-royal* fate,  
 And that which Cats (s) esteem so delicate.  
 After a while, slow-pac'd, with much ado,  
*Ground-pine*, with her short Legs, crept thither too.  
 Behind the rest, *Camomile* could not stay,  
 Through Stone and craggy Rocks she cut her way.  
 From *Spanish Woods* the wholsom (r) *Vett'ny* came,  
 The only Glory of the *Vettons* Name.  
*Minerva's Plant* did likewise thither hie,  
 And was Companion to *Mercury*.  
 There *Scarlet Madder* too a Place did find,  
 Drawing a Train of its long Root behind.  
 Thither at last too *Dittany* did repair,  
 Half-starv'd, and griev'd to leave the *Cretan Air*.  
 With her the bold strong *Sow-bread* came along;  
 And Hundreds more, in short, to them did throng.  
 Many besides from th' *Indies* cross'd the Main,  
 Plants, that of our chill Clime did much complain.  
 But *Oxford's Fame*, through both the *Indies* told,  
 Eas'd all their Cares, and warm'd the nipping Cold:  
 The Pigmy and Gigantick Sons o'th' Wood,  
 Berwixt all these in equal Spaces stood;  
 Spreading their verdant Glories round above,  
 Which did Delight and Admiration move.  
 The scarlet Oak, that Worms for Fruit brings forth,  
 Which the *Hesperian* Fruit exceed in Worth,

(q) They are binding.

(r) *Angelica*.(s) *Cat-Mint*.(r) *Betony*, call'd *Vetonica*; from a People in Spain that found it out,  
 and are memorable only upon that score;

Was there, good Womens Maladies to ease,  
 And Sprains, which we as truly call, *Disease*.  
 Her treacherously the *Ivy* does embrace,  
 And kills the Tree with Kindness in her Face.  
 Hardly, in nobler Scarlet clad, the Rose,  
 The Envy of those stately Berries grows.  
 Near which the *Birch* her rigid Arms extends,  
 And *Savine* which kind Sinners much befriends.  
 Next them the *Beech* with Limbs so strong and large,  
 With the *Bush* purchas'd at so small a Charge;  
 Nor did the Golden *Quince* herself conceal,  
 Or (u) Myrrh, whose Wounds distemper'd Mortals heal.  
 Lastly (ye Plants whom I forget to name  
 Excuse me) *Juniper* too thither came,  
 And *Laurel*, sacred to the Sons of Fame.  
 Such reverend Heads did the grave Senate fill;  
 The Night was calm, all things were hush'd and still;  
 Each Plant, with listening Leaves stood mute to hear  
 Their Pres'dent speak, and these her Dictates were.

MUGWORT [the President, begins.]

A Fter long Cold, grave Matrons! in this Place,  
 For th' Good of ours, I hope, and human Race,  
 This sacred Garden, we, whilst others sleep,  
 Blest *April*'s sacred Nights come here to keep.  
 Our Thanks to Thee, great Father, Sun! we pay,  
 And to thee, *Luna*! for thy nursing Ray;  
 Who the bright Witness art of what we say.  
 But the short Moments of our Liberty  
 (Who fetter'd at Day-break again must lie)  
 Let us improve, and our Affairs attend,  
 Nor festal Hours, like idle Mortals, spend.  
 'Tis fit at this time we shou'd truly live,  
 When Winters us of half our Life deprive.

(u) It is cut, that the Gum may flow forth.



Come then, from useful Pains make no delay,  
 Winter will give you too much time to play.  
 How many Foes *Jove* has to you assign'd,  
 And what a Task you in the Conquest find.  
 By numerous and great Fatigues you've try'd,  
 And to th' oppress'd kind Aid have oft supply'd.  
 You're generous, noble, Female Plants, nor ought  
 The Glory of your Sex, cheap to be bought.  
 The self-same Battles you must wage again,  
 Which will as long as teeming Wombs remain;  
 But that to War you may securer go,  
 'Tis fit the Foes and your own Strength you know.  
 Call the bright Moon to witness what you say,  
 Whilst each such Tributes to their Country pay.  
 Let each one willingly both teach and learn,  
 Nor let that move their Envy or their Scorn.  
 And first, I think, upon the menstruous Source,  
 My constant Task, 'tis fit we shou'd discourse.  
 From what orig'nal Spring that *Nilus* goes,  
 Or by what Influx it so oft o'erflows;  
 What will restrain, and what drive on the Tide,  
 And what Goods, or what Mischiefs in it glide.  
 See you its secret Mysteries disclose,  
 A thing so weighty 'tis no shame t' expose.  
 She spake, the rest began, and hotly all,  
 As Scholars use, upon the Business fall.

## P E N N Y - R O Y A L.

**F**irst *Penny-royal*, to advance her Fame,  
 (And from her Mouth a grateful Odour came)  
 Tells 'em, they say, how many Ills that Source  
 Threatens, whene'er it stops its purple Course.  
 That foggy Dulness in the Limbs attends,  
 And under its own weight the Body bends.  
 Things ne'er so pleasant once, now will not please,  
 And Life it self becomes a mere Disease.

Ulcers and Inflammations too it breeds,  
And dreadful, bloody Vomiting succeeds.

The Womb now lab'ring seems to strive for Breath,  
And the Soul struggles with a short-liv'd Death.  
The Lungs oppress'd hard Respiration make,  
And breathless Coughs soon all the Fabrick shake.  
Yea the proud Foes the Capitol, in time,  
And all the Minds well-guarded Towers climb.  
Hence watchful Nights, but frightful Dreams proceed,  
And Minds that suffer true, false Evils breed.  
Dropſy at laſt the wearied Life o'erflows,  
Which floating from its Shipwreck'd Vessel goes.  
How oft, alas! poor, tender blooming Maids  
(Before Love's Pow'r their kinder Hearts invades)  
Does this ſad Malady with Clouds o'ercaſt,  
Which all the longing Lovers Paſſion blaſt?  
The Face looks green, the ruddy Lips grow pale,  
Like Roſes tinctur'd by a ſulph'rous Gale.  
To Aſhes, Coals, and Lime their Appetite  
(A loathſom Treat) their Stomach does invite.  
But 'tis a Sin to ſay the Ladies eat  
Such things; thoſe are the vile Diſtempers Meat.

Thus *Penny-royal* ſpake (more paſſionate  
In Words, than human Voice can e'er relate)  
At which, they ſay, the whole Aſſembly mov'd,  
Wept o'er the loſs of Beauty once belov'd.  
So that good Company, when Day returns,  
The ſetting of the Moon, their Miſtreſs, mourns.  
She told the Means too; by what ſecret Aid  
That conquering Ill did all the Limbs invade.  
Through the Wombs Arteries, ſaid ſhe, it goes,  
And unto all the noted Paſſes flows.  
(Whether the Wombs magnetick Pow'r's the Cauſe,  
As the whole Body's Floods the Kidney draws;  
Or that the Moon, the Queen of fluid Things,  
Directs and rules that like the Oceans Springs.)  
But if the Gates it finds ſo fortify'd,  
That the due Current that way be deny'd;

It rages and it swells; the gross Part stays,  
 And in the neighbouring Parts dire Revels plays:  
 Whilst the more liquid Parts do upwards rise,  
 And into Veins of purer Nature flies.  
 It taints the rosie Channels as it goes,  
 And all the Soil's corrupted where it flows.  
 The Bane its Journey through the (*w*) *Cava* takes,  
 And fierce Attacks upon the Liver makes,  
 And Heart, whose Right-side Avenue it commands,  
 Whilst That for fear amaz'd and trembling stands.  
 But the Left Region so well-guarded seems,  
 That in her Walls safe she her self esteems.  
 Nor stops it there, but on the Lungs does seize,  
 Where drawing Breath it self grows a Disease.  
 Thence through a small *Propontis* carried down,  
 It makes the Port, and takes the Left-side Town.  
 What will suffice that covetous Disease,  
 Which all the Heart's vast Treasures cannot please?  
 But Avarice still craves for more and more,  
 And if it all Things don't enjoy, is poor.  
 Th' *Aorta* its wild Legions next engage,  
 Bless me! how uncontroul'd in that they rage!  
 The distant Head and Heel no Safety knows,  
 Through every part th' unbounded Victor flows.  
 But as the Blood through all the Body's us'd  
 To run, this Plague through all the Blood's diffus'd.  
 They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt,  
 How Life in Purple Circles wheels about,  
 That Plant they'd hiss out of their Company,  
 Which *Harvey's* Circulation shou'd deny.

## DITTANY.

**D**ittany, though cold Winds her Lips did close,  
 Put on her Winter-Gown and up she rose.  
 For what can hinder *Grecian* Plants to be  
 Rhetorical, when they occasion see?

---

(*w*) *Vena cava*, a large Place.

For *Penny-royal*, painting that Disease,  
 Her nice and quainter Fancy did not please.  
 She spake to what the other did omit,  
 And pleas'd her self with her own prating Wit.

If this dire Poisons force their duller Eyes  
 Can't see, whilst in the Body warm it lies,  
 Think with your selves how it offends the Sense,  
 When all alone, (nay dead) if driven thence;  
 Let Dogs or Men by chance but taste of it  
 (But on Dogs rather let such Mischiefs light)  
 Madness the tainted Soul invades within,  
 And sordid Leprosy rough casts the Skin:  
 Whilst panting (\*) Dogs quite raving mad appear,  
 And thirst for Water, but the Water fear;  
 It stabs an half-Man by abortive Birth,  
 And from the Womb (Oh! horrid) drags it forth.  
 Now fancy Children born of such base Blood,  
 Which gives the Embryo Poison 'stead of Food.  
 Nor is this all; for Corn and Vines too know  
 Its baneful Force, by which Fields barren grow.  
 A Tree, once us'd to bear, its Fruit denies;  
 If young it fades, and if new-born, it dies.  
 Witness the *Ivies* ('tis no Shame) to you  
 What good does their medicinal Virtue do?  
 Thou also, *Rue*! who all Things dost o'ercome,  
 From this strong Venom must receive thy Doom.  
 Plants dry and yellow, as in *Autumn*, grow,  
 And Herbs, as if they had the Jaundice, show.  
 Offended Bees with one small touch it drives  
 (Though murm'ring to be exil'd) from their Hives.  
 The wretched Creatures leave their golden Store,  
 And sweet Abodes, which they must see no more.  
 Nor do strong Vats their Wines within defend,  
 Which in their very Youth draw to their end.

---

(\*) *Laserpitium*, the Gum of which is call'd *Assa fœtida*.

But I name Things of little Eminence ;  
 The warlike Sword it self makes no Defence ;  
 And Metals, which so oft have won the Field,  
 To this effeminate Distemper yield.  
 For frequent Blood-shed, Blood now Vengeance takes,  
 And mortal Wounds ev'n in the Weapons makes.  
 Beauty, the thing for which we Women love,  
 Th' occasion of keen Swords does often prove ;  
 Let then the Female-Plague those Swords rebate,  
 Yea, even the Mem'ry of what's so ingrate.  
 Maids with proud Thought, alas ! themselves deceive,  
 Whilst each her self a Goddess does believe ;  
 Like Tyrants, they misuse the Pow'r they have,  
 And make their very Worshipper their Slave.  
 But if they truly would consider Things,  
 And think what Filth each Month returning brings.  
 If they their cheating Glasses then wou'd mind,  
 ( Which now they think so faithful and so kind )  
 How beautiful they are they needs must find.  
 The smooth Corrupter of their Looks they taint,  
 Which long and certain Signs at that time paint.  
 Each Maid in that still suffers the Disgrace  
 Of being pois'ner to her own sweet Face.  
 What an unnatural Distemper's this,  
 Which ev'n to their own Shadows mortal is ?  
 Thus she ; and as much more she was about  
 To say, the whole Assembly gave a shout.  
 Through all the Boughs and all the Leaves around,  
 There went an angry, loud and murm'ring Sound.  
 For they of Womens Honour tender are,  
 Though she thereof had seem'd to take no Care.

### PLANTAIN, or WAY-BRED.

**N**Ext (*y*) *Waybred* rose, propt by her seven Nerves,  
 Who th' Honour of a noble House preserves :

(*y*) The many Virtues of *Plantain* are to be read in *Pliny* and *Fernesius*.  
 The old Physician *Themison* wrote a whole Volume concerning them.



Her Nature is astringent, which great hate  
 Of her among Blood-letters does create.  
 But her no Quarrels more than Words engage,  
 Nor does she ever like mad Mortals rage,  
 I envy not the Praises which to you,  
 Ye num'rous Race of Leechy kind, are due.  
 The purple Tyrant wisely you expel,  
 And banishing such murdering Blood, do well;  
 Proudly he o'er the vital Spirits reigns,  
 And cruelly insults in all the Veins.  
 Arms he of dreadful Poison bears about,  
 And leads of Maladies a mighty Rout.  
 But why should you such vain Additions make,  
 And Ills already Great for greater take?  
 Whilst you so tragically paint the Foe  
 More dreadful, but less credible they grow.  
 He lessens that would raise an Hero's Fame  
 By Lies; false Praises cloud a glorious Name.  
 One Geryon flew (a mighty Feat) and he  
 Three Bodies had, in this I can't agree.  
 You any Monster easily subdue;  
 But I scarce think such monstrous Lies are true.  
 Greek Poets, (z) *Ditt'ny*, you who oft have read,  
 Keep up their Art of Lying, though they're dead.  
 But (a) what their Country-men once said of you,  
 Pray mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.  
 Let that which (b) blasts the Corn a Goddess be;  
 I cannot think her Courses e'er cou'd be  
 So hurtful to the Grain. And then, I'm sure,  
 A Vat of lusty Wine is more secure  
 From Danger, where a thousand Damsels sit,  
 Than if one drunken Beldam came at it.  
 None, 'cause a taste of that rank Blood they've had,  
 But from the Place, from whence it comes, run mad.

(z) See *Dittany*.

(a) *Epimenides Cretensis* said, the *Cretans* were always Liars;

(b) *Rubigo*.

Madness of Dogs most certainly it cures,  
 As thy own Author *Pliny* us assures.  
 Whether by Womens touch the Bee's annoy'd  
 I cannot tell; but Maids shou'd Bees avoid.  
*Rue* ought to let the fatal Blood remain  
 Within its Vessel, and ne'er force the Vein;  
 If for her Pains nought but her Death she gain.  
 Thou, *Ivy*, too more careful oughtest to be  
 Both of thy self and thy great (c) Deity.  
 But when she says, Swords Edges it rebates,  
 I cou'd rejoice, methinks, and bless the Fates,  
 If that be all the Mischief it creates.  
 I only with a Beauty might remain  
 Perfect, till that the Looking-glass wou'd stain.  
 But I waste time——By this sufficiently  
 These *Grecian* Wonders are o'erthrown, that I  
 No Woman see of this dread Poison die.

At which the *Bramble* rose (whose fluent Tongue  
 With thorny Sharpness arm'd is neatly hung)  
 And said, all Serpents have the Gift to be,  
 As much as these, from their own Venom free;  
 Nor wou'd the *Basilisk*, whose baneful Eye  
 All others kills, by his own Image die.  
 This mov'd 'em, and they quaver'd with a Smile,  
 Some Wind you wou'd ha' thought pass'd by the while.  
 For by that Cynick Shrub great Freedom's shown,  
 Which he by constant Use has made his own.

*Way-bred* at this took Pet, displeas'd, that she  
 By such an one shou'd interrupted be,  
 And fate her down; when straight before 'em all,  
 These Words the *Rose* from her fair Lips let fall;  
 Whilst modest Blushes beautify'd her Face,  
 Like those in Spring, that blooming Flowers grace.

---

(c) *Bacchus*, to whom the *Ivy* is consecrated.

## The ROSE.

**Y**OU *Cretan Dittany*, who such Poisons mix  
 (For on my Kinsman *Wild Rose* I'll not fix)  
 With Womens Blood; see what a sprightly Grace,  
 And ardent Scarlet decks their lovely Face.  
 No Flower, no not *Flora's* self to Sight  
 Or Touch than them appears more soft and white.  
 But at the same time also take a view  
 Of Man's rough, prickly Limbs, and rusty Hue.  
 You'll say with *Butchers-broom*, sweet *Violets* grow,  
 And mourn that *Lilies* shou'd with *Brambles* go.  
 Then let their Eyes and Reason testify,  
 Whether pure Veins their purer Limbs supply.  
 You cannot say that Dying-Vat is bad,  
 From whence a florid Colour may be had.  
 But this, you'll say, committed some Offence,  
 Or the just *Moon* had never driv'n him thence.  
 No, you're mistaken, it has done no Wrong,  
 But all the Fault lies in its copious Throng:  
 It's therefore from the rest, by the great Law  
 Of publick Safety, order'd to withdraw.  
 So, if a Nation to such Numbers rise,  
 That them their native Country can't suffice;  
 To seek new Lands some part of them are sent,  
 And suffer, for their Country, Banishment.  
 But why does Woman-kind so much abound?  
 Oh! think not Nature e'er was lavish found.  
 Nor does she lay up Riches to the end  
 (Like Prodigals) she more may have to spend.  
 Whate'er she does is good; What then remains?  
 No room for Doubt, the Thing it self explains.  
 This bloody Vintage, see, lasts all the Year,  
 And the fresh Chyle duly does Life repair:  
 The Presses still with Juice swell to the brink,  
 Of which their Fill, the hot Male-bodies drink.

But temperate Women only kiss the Cup,  
 Nor does their Heat suck all the Liquor up.  
 A vital Treasure for great Uses, She  
 Lays up, lest Nature shou'd a Bankrupt be.  
 Lest both the Parents shares of mingled Love  
 Too little to beget a Child shou'd prove ;  
 Unless the Mother some Additions made,  
 To perfect the Design they both had laid.  
 One part on't's red, the other white as Snow,  
 And both from Springs of the same Colour flow.  
 One Wood, you'd think, and t'other Stones did yield,  
 Whilst out of both a living House they build.  
 The former, of such poisoning Arts accus'd,  
 In which you fancy Venom is infus'd,  
 (Perhaps with this the fatal Robe was dy'd,  
 Which *Hercules* had sent him from his Bride.)  
 The tender Embryo's Body does compose,  
 And for two Months to kind Nutrition goes.  
 Nor is this all, but on the Mother's Breast  
 Again it meets the little Infant Guest.  
 Then chang'd it comes both in its Hue and Course,  
 Like *Arethusa* through a secret Source.  
 Then from the Paps it flows in double Tides,  
 Far whiter than the Banks in which it glides.  
 The Golden Age, of old, such Rivers drank,  
 That sprang from Dugs of e'ery happy Bank.  
 The Candor and Simplicity of Men  
 Deserv'd the milky Food of th' Infants then.  
 How Just and Prudent is Dame Nature's Care!  
 Who for each Age does proper Food prepare.  
 Before the Liver's form'd, the Mother's Blood,  
 Supplies the Babe with necessary Food.  
 And when to work the Novice Heat first goes  
 In its new Shop, and scarce its Business knows,  
 Its first Imployment is in Scarlet grain  
 (A childish Task for Learners) Milk to stain.  
 At last in every kind its Skill it tries,  
 And spends its self in Curiosities.

Now say, it Venom in the Members breeds,  
With which the Child the careful Mother feeds.  
Their Bane to Infants cruel Step-dames give,  
Whilst Mothers suck from better Springs derive.  
But how, you'll say, does that which Infants love,  
So prejudicial to their Mothers prove?  
'Tis lively whilst i'th' native Womb it lies,  
But by the Veins flung out, decays and dies.  
Then shipwreck'd on the neighbouring Shore it lies,  
And gasping, wishes for its Obsequies.  
This being deny'd, new Strength it does recover,  
And flies in Vapours all the Body over.  
But what first Taste Fruits from the Tree receive,  
When rotten, they no natural Sign can give.  
So in pure Seed the Life's white Mansion stands,  
But surly Death corrupted Seed commands.  
Of Life Death's no good Witness; do not think  
A living Man can like a Carcass stink.  
But you a running Stream (that duly flows,  
And no Corruption by long-standing knows)  
To be as hurtful in their Nature hold,  
As if from some corrupted Spring they roul'd.  
But now do you go on (for much you know  
Part false, I think, part very true) and shew:  
If any hurtful Seeds you can descry  
In human Bodies, where they often lie,  
How quickly Nature's Orders they obey,  
When to the Blood the Flood-gates once give way.  
The Courses this, perhaps, may putrify,  
'Tis dangerous to keep bad Company.  
Is this the Blood's Fault? I'm no Witch, I hope,  
Though with my Juice a Man shou'd Poison tope.  
She spake, and with Ambrosial Odours clos'd  
Her Speech, which many there, they say, oppos'd.  
At last the *Laurel's* Thoughts they all desir'd,  
Th' Oracular *Laurel's* Words they all admir'd.



## LAUREL.

**T**hat Fate which frequently attends on all  
 Great Men, does Thee, egregious Blood, beset.  
 Some Praise what others too much Disapprove,  
 Excessive in their Hatred as their Love.  
 This Man in Prejudice, that in Favour lies;  
 Whilst to their Ears a various Rumour flies.  
 Hear *Dittany*; she says, each Woman's known  
 The Moon to bring each Month with Poisons down.  
 Nor need we mingle Herbs, or Charms, each one  
*Medea* proves in her own Blood alone,  
 Yet the fair *Rose*, if all be true sh' has said,  
 Each Woman has in that a Goddess made.  
 From thence, she says, Life spins its purple Thread,  
 And tells you how the half-form'd Embryo's fed.  
 But if my Dear *Apollo* be'nt unkind,  
 Nor I in vain his sacred Temples bind,  
 Such Blood, nor Form, nor Nourishment supplies,  
 And so that triumphs in false Victories.  
 The many Reasons here I need not tell,  
 Which me induce; this one will serve as well:  
 Woman's the only Animal we know,  
 Whose Veins with such immoderate Courses flow.  
 Yet every Beast produces Young, we see,  
 And out-does Mankind in Fertility.  
 How many do small Mice at one time breed!  
 Scorning the Product of the *Trojan* Steed:  
 With what a Bulk does your vast El'phant come!  
 She seems to have a Castle in her Womb.  
 Thy Circuits, *Luna*, Conies almost tell  
 By kindling, near like thee their Bodies swell.  
 And yet their Young no Bank of Blood maintains,  
 Or Nourishment that flows from gaping Veins:  
 For when i'th' amorous War a couple vies,  
 A living Spark from the Male's Body flies,

Which the Womb's thirsty Jaws, when they begin  
To feel and taste, immediately suck in:  
Into Recesses which so run and wind,  
That them Dissecters Eyes can hardly find.  
In the same Chambers part o'th' Female Life  
Keeps; a brisk Virgin, fit to make a Wife.  
Them *Venus* joins, and with connubial Love  
In mingled Flames they both begin to move.  
There Redness caus'd by Motion you may see,  
And Blood the Sign of lost Virginity.  
Of their Invention, Blood, they're mighty glad:  
And to Invention easie 'tis to add,  
The smallest Spark 'tis easie to augment,  
If you can get it proper Nutriment.  
You need not introduce new Flames besides,  
Th' Elixir by this Touch, rich Store provides.  
All Fires (provide them Fuel) think it shame  
To yield to *Vesta's* never dying Flame.  
Thus the first generous Drop of Blood is bred,  
Which proudly scorns hereafter to be fed.  
With the Seeds native white at first 'tis fill'd,  
And takes delight with its own Stock to build.  
But when that fails, then Life grows burthensome,  
And Aid it wisely borrows from the Womb.  
Herself the Stuff she borrows purifies,  
And of a rosie, scarlet Colour dyes.  
From whom the Womb's full Paps with thirsty Lips,  
Into its veiny Mouths it daily sips.  
Look, where a Child's new born, how soon it goes,  
And that Food swallows, which of old it knows.  
Kindly it plays and smiles upon the Breast,  
O'erjoy'd again to find its former Feast.  
Shall Nature glut her tender Young with Blood?  
No; that can't be their elemental Food.  
That sure wou'd make them savage, were it so,  
And all Mankind fierce Cannibals wou'd grow.  
I *Nero's* Acts cou'd hardly then dispraise,  
Nor wou'd *Orestes* Fury wonder raise.

If Mother's Blood for wretched Infants first  
 By Heav'n's design'd, to satisfy their Thirst.  
 Yet still that Flux's Cause we dont reveal,  
 Which does so cautiously its Spring conceal.  
 A Female Brute whate'er her Womb contains  
 Cherishes; yet no Moon dissolves her Veins.  
 Some Qual'ty then we for the Cause must find  
 Which is peculiar to the Female Kind.  
 This is the only Thing, which I can tell,  
 That Man in Form and Softness they excel.  
 No Horse a Mare out-does, nor Bull a Cow;  
 If through this *Io*, through that *Jove* may low.  
 The Lions savage are both He and She,  
 And in their Aspect equally agree.  
 The She's no neater lick'd than rough He-Bears,  
 Nor fitter to adorn the starry Spheres.  
 She-Tygers ha'n't than Males more spotted Charms,  
 And Sows are clean as Boars, whom Thunder arms,  
 No painted Bird for want of Feathers scorns  
 Her Mate, but Heaven them both alike adorns.  
 The Swans (who are so downy, soft and white)  
*Leda* can scarce distinguish by the Sight.  
 In Fishes you no Difference can see,  
 Both in the glittering of their Scales agree.  
*Venus* in them, arm'd by their naked Sex,  
 The Darts of Beauty needed not t' annex,  
 In them no killing Eyes the Conquest gain,  
 Their Smell alone their Triumphs can maintain.  
 But human Race in Flames more bright are try'd,  
 By Reason and resplendent Heat supply'd.  
 Nor is Fruition their Original,  
 (A paltry, short-liv'd Joy) Oh! may they All  
 Perish, who that alone true Pleasure call.  
 Kind Nature Beauty has on Maids bestow'd,  
 And with a thousand Charms all o'er endow'd.  
 Men she with Golden Fetters chose to bind,  
 And with sweet Force their roving Souls confin'd.

Nor Women made for bestial Delight,  
 But with chaste Pleasure too to rape the Sight.  
 Hence all that Blood, which after pressings squeeze  
 Out of the grosser Chyle, as Dregs or Lees,  
 And that, which on the Body and the Chin  
 With dusky Clouds o'ercasts the hairy Skin;  
 From their fair Bodies constantly she drains,  
 And *Luna* her Commission for't obtains.  
 But if those slimy Floods, by chance supprest,  
 Excessive Heats to Nutriment digest,  
 Manlike in time, the Womens Cheeks become,  
 And they, poor (d) *Iphis*, undergo thy Doom.  
 So (e) *Phaëthusa*, once so smooth and fair,  
 Wonder'd to feel her Face o'ergrown with Hair.  
 Her Hand she often blam'd, and for a Glass  
 She call'd to look how 'twas; but there alas!  
 A bearded Chin and Lips she found, and then,  
 Blaming the Glass, felt with her Hands agen.  
 Long-looking she her own strange Visage fear'd,  
 And started, when an unknown Voice she heard.  
 Thus and much more (but who can all relate!)  
*Apollo's* Laurel did expatiate.

Hence to the Wonders of the teeming Bed  
 The way it self their grave Discourses led.  
 Then *Birth-wort*, *Juno's* Plant, the Court commands  
 To speak, who Women lends her Midwife Hands.  
 Willing enough to talk, her Stalk she rais'd,  
 And her own Virtues very boldly prais'd.

---

(d) The Story of *Iphis* chang'd into a Boy on her Wedding-day, see *Ovid Met.* 9.

(e) *Hippocrates*, lib. *Epidem.* says, that *Phaëthusa*, Wife of *Pithaus* of *Abdera*, having before been a fruitful Woman, upon the Banishment of her Husband, and her Courses stopping, she became hairy, and had a Beard, and her Voice grew strong and hoarse, like that of a Man, the same he writes of *Nemisa* the Wife of *Gorippus*.

## BIRTH-WORT.


**G**reen Berries I, and Seed, and Flowers bear;  
 And Patroness o'th' Womb's my Character.  
 But deeper yet, my great Perfection lies,  
 For as my chiefest Fruit, my Root I prize.  
 This Nature did with the Womb's Figure seal,  
 Nor suffer'd me its Virtues to conceal.  
 Thence am I call'd Earth's Apple; such a one,  
 As in th' *Hesperian* Gardens there are none.  
 Had this (*fair Atalanta!*) then been thrown  
 Before you, when you ran (I know you'll own)  
 Now you are married, 't has so sweet a Face,  
 You for this sooner wou'd ha' slack'd your Pace,  
 Than that for which you lost your Maiden Race.  
 Hence in her own Embraces Mother Earth  
 Retains and hugs it, where she gave it Birth,  
 Nor trusts dull Trees with things of so much Worth.  
 Easing all Births, 'tis I the Wonder prove  
 O'th' Earth our universal Parents love.  
 That Poet was no Fool, nor did he lye,  
 Who said, each Herb cou'd shew a Deity.  
 Nor shou'd we *Egypt's* Piety despise,  
 Which to green Gods did daily Sacrifice.  
*Rome*, why dost jeer? ' They are in Gardens born;  
 ' And Vegetable Gods the Fields adorn.  
 What's *Ceres* else, but Corn, and *Bacchus*, Vines?  
 And every holy Plain with Godheads shines.  
 And I (*f*) *Lucina* am; for I make way,  
 And Life's streight Folding-Doors wide open lay.  
 Oh! pardon, *Luna!* what I rashly spoke,  
 That from my Lips such impious Words have broke.  
 In me, in me, *Lucina*, you remain,  
 And in Disguise a Goddess I contain:

---

(f) *Luna* and *Lucina*, both the same, Goddess of Midwifry, &c.



For in my Roots small Circle you inclose  
Part of those Virtues which your Wisdom knows.  
Triumphant Conquests over Death I make ;  
Arms from my self, but Power from thee I take ;  
O'erseer o'th' Ways, the Body's Roads I clear,  
And Streets, as I that Cities *Ædile* were.  
Straight Passages I widen, Stops remove,  
And every Obstacle down headlong shove.  
The Soul and her Attendants nothing stays,  
But they may freely come and go their ways.  
I also dry each Sink and fenny Flood,  
Lest the swift Messengers shou'd stick i'th' Mud.  
But to my stricter Charge committed is  
The pleasant, sacred way that leads to Bliss.  
When dawning Life *Cimmerian* Night wou'd leave,  
And its Relation Day's bright Rays perceive.  
I keep Death off the Womb's straight Passages,  
That them the watchful Foe can ne'er possess.  
You'd wonder (for great Nature when she shows  
Her greatest Wonders, nothing greater does)  
Which way the narrow Womb, so void of Pain,  
Such an unwieldy Weight cou'd e'er contain :  
How such a Bulk, forc'd from its native Place,  
Through such a narrow Avenue shou'd pass.  
When such cross Motions teeming Wombs attain,  
First to dilate, then fold themselves again :  
What Knots unties and solid Bones divides,  
And what again unites the distant Sides.  
But this I cannot do, nor all the Earth,  
Wherever powerful Plants receive their Birth.  
'Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters, share  
In this great Work, and humble Handmaids are.  
But God (you know) performs the chiefest part ;  
This Work is fit for the Almighty Art.  
He to the growing Embryo bids the Womb  
Extend, and bids the Limbs for that make room :  
He parts the meeting Rocks, and with his Hand  
They gently forth at open Order stand.



Mean time th' industrious Infant, loth to stay,  
 Struggles, and with its Head wou'd make its way.  
 Whilst the tormented labouring Wretch wou'd fain  
 Be eas'd both of her Burthen and her Pain,  
 Them too my piercing Heat both instigates,  
 And the inclining Quarters separates.  
 Sometimes within his Mother's fatal Womb,  
 Before he's born, the Infant finds his Tomb.  
 Life from her native Soil Death's Terrors chase,  
 Who fertile is herself in such a Place.  
 Th' included Carcass breaths forth dire Perfumes,  
 And its own Grave the buried Corps consumes.  
 Strange ! the preposterous Child's his Mother's Death;  
 And dead, deprives his living Tomb of Breath.  
 From that sad Fate, ye Gods, chaste Women guard ;  
 And let it be Adultery's Reward.  
 As far as in me lies, I save the Tree,  
 And take the Rotten Thing away with me.  
 The Goods to drown, 'tis the best way, I think,  
 Lest in a Storm the Ship and all shou'd sink.  
 Rash Infants often make Escapes ; unbind  
 Their Cords, and leave their Luggage all behind.  
 Their thicker Coats and thinner Shirts they leave,  
 And that sweet Cake where they their Food receive.  
*Lucina* twice poor Women then implore,  
 Their Throes return, although the Birth be o'er.  
 Here to the Womb again my Aid I lend,  
 And hard as well as noisom Work attend.  
 What I to cleanse the Passage undergo,  
 You wot not, but, let no Man, pray you, know.  
 For if you do, 'twill *Cupid's* Power impair,  
 Nor will he such an Awe o'er Mortals bear.  
 But though in me a secret Virtue lie,  
 Of pulling (g) Darts from deepest Wound, yet I,  
 Thy pleasant Darts kind *Cupid* never strove  
 To draw ; that me no Friend to th' Womb wou'd prove.

---

(g) It draws Splinters, Scales of Bones, &c. *Fernel.*

In me one Virtue I my self admire,  
 ( Ah! who can know themselves as they desire,)  
 For 'tis a Riddle; wherefore I wou'd know  
 How I so oft have done the thing I do.  
 For though I Life to human Creatures give,  
 Yet if he eats of me, no Fish can live.  
 As soon as me they taste, away they fly  
 Under the Water, and in Silence die.  
 What may the Cause of this strange Quarrel be?  
 I know them not, nor have they injur'd me.  
 No Animals than these more fruitful prove,  
 Whom yet I hate, though Fruitfulness I love.  
 The Effect is plain and easy to be found,  
 But deep the Cause lies rooted under Ground.

### The MASTICK-TREE.

**T**hen *Chian Mastick* thus began; said she,  
 This suits not with this Opportunity.  
 To Fishes (Sister) do whate'er you please,  
 Depopulate and poison all the Seas.  
 This let that Herb beware, who back again  
 Made *Glaucus* (*b*) Fishes bounce into the Main.  
 Which with new Forms the watery World supplies,  
 And changes Men into Sea-Deities.  
 But these are Trifles; since curs'd *Savin* here,  
 Dares in a Throng of pious Plants appear.  
 She, who the Altars of the Womb prophanes,  
 And deep in Blood that living Temple stains,  
 Impatient to be wicked, she destroys  
 The naked Hopes of thousand future Boys.  
 'Tis one of Wars extream and greatest Harms,  
 To snatch an Infant from his Mother's Arms.  
 But here the Womb (oh strange!) close shut and barr'd,  
 The Mother's very Bowels are no Guard.

---

(*b*) Concerning *Glaucus* his Fishes. See *Ovid, Met. lib. 3. fab. ult.*

Whilst Poisons only in a civil Rage,  
 And lingring Ills the Step-Dame's Hands engage.  
 Oh! simple *Colchis*, rude and ignorant,  
 Who the new Arts of Wickedness dost want!  
*Medea*, *Savin* knows a better way,  
 Than thy *Medea*-Children to destroy.  
 Thou, *Progne*! know'st not how Revenge to take,  
 Let *Itys* live; thy Stay amends will make.  
 Lie with thy Husband, though against thy Will,  
 Let thy swell'd Womb with Hopes fierce *Tereus* fill.  
 When you are ripe for Hate, let *Savin* come,  
 And dress the fatal Banquet in your Womb.  
 The reeking Bits let thy curst Husband take,  
 And Meat of thine and his own Bowels make.  
 Abortion caus'd for Spite's a generous Crime,  
 Th' Effect of Pleasure at the present time.  
 Officious *Savin* is at the Expence  
 Of so much Wit and so much Diligence;  
 To make the lewdest Whore most chaste appear,  
 That of her Crimes no Token she may wear.  
 To make her Lechery frugal, and provide  
 That thy Apartment, Lust, ben't made too wide.  
 The Wrinkles from her Belly to remove,  
 Which, with Disgrace, may her a Mother prove.  
 If Men shou'd all conspire with such a Plant,  
 The whole World soon Inhabitants wou'd want.  
 You then the Brute alone in vain wou'd see,  
 And no Employment for your Art wou'd be.  
 But you, who scatch the rapid, wheeling Days,  
 And Fate beguile with Art and sweet Delays;  
 You, verdant Constellations here below,  
 To whom their Birth and Fate all Mortals owe;  
 Do you take care this Tree-like Hag to burn,  
 Who makes the Womb the Infants living Urn.  
 Let Nature's mortal Foe receive her Doom,  
 And with moist Laurel purge the tainted Room.  
 Or let her live in *Crete*, her native Home,  
 And with her Virtues purge *Pasiphae's* Womb.

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There two Miscarriages she might ha' made  
At once; oh! Prize, now never to be had!  
But I suppose she never wou'd ha' torn,  
Or kept that hopeful (i) Monster from b'ing born;  
For seven Boys, whose Death to her was dear,  
That half-Man was to swallow e'ery Year.  
Haste, *Savin!* home to *Crete*; we won't complain,  
Though *Ditt'ny* too, with thee, return again.

At this they were divided; and the Sound  
Of various Murmurs flew the Court around.  
Whilst sharpened Leaves did *Savin's* Anger show,  
As when a Lion bristles at his Foe.  
Those three Degrees of Heat which she before  
From Nature had, her Anger now made four.

S A V I N.

**T**Hou, wretched Shrub, (in passionate Tones) said  
Dost thou pretend to be my Enemy? [she,  
Dost thou, a Plant, which through the World is known,  
Disparage? All Mankind my Virtues own.  
Whilst thou for hollow (k) Teeth a Med'cine art,  
And scarcely bear'st in Barbers Shops a part.  
Go, hang thy Tables up, to shew thy Vows,  
And with thy Trophies load thy bending Boughs.  
Among the Monuments of thy Chivalry,  
The greatest, some old, rotten Tooth will be.  
What? 'cause thy Tears stop weeping Rheum, and lay  
A Damm, which Currents of Defluxions stay,  
Dost think thy Force can keep the Womb so right,  
As to restrain Conception's liquid Flight?  
No sure; but thou by Cheats a Name hast sought,  
And wou'dst, though vile thou art, too dear be bought:  
By false Pretences you on Fame impose,  
But I the Truth of what I am disclose.

---

(i) The *Minotaur*.

(k) *Mastic* is good for the Toothach.



Children, I own, I from the Belly wrest;  
 Go now, of my Confession make your best.  
 I own, I say; nor canst thou for thy Heart,  
 Though thou more tender than the Mother wert,  
 Prevent me with thy Tears or all thy Art,  
 Thee let the pregnant Mother eat, and fence  
 With thee her Womb; with Pitch and Frankincense;  
 A Loadstone too about her let her bear;  
 (That I suppose, does thy great Virtues wear.)  
 For that, we know, (*1*) fix'd to their native place,  
 Retains the Iron-seeds of human Race.  
 Let Emeralds and Coral her adorn,  
 And many Jaspers on her Fingers worn;  
 With Diamonds and Pearl, Child of a Shell,  
 Whose Fish herself and that, secures so well.  
 But above all, let her the Eagle's Stone  
 Carry, and two of them, not only one.  
 For nothing strengthens Nature more, than that;  
 Nothing the Womb does more corroborate.  
 Let her do all, yet all shall prove in vain,  
 If once Access to her my Juices gain.  
 I own it; nor will I ungrateful be  
 To bounteous Nature, lest I anger thee,  
 Though thou hast done thy worst to anger me.  
 'Tis Nature's Gift, whose Wisdom I esteem  
 Much more than thine, though thou a *Cato* seem.  
 Into the Womb by stealth I never creep,  
 Nor force my self on Women when they sleep.  
 I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropt be seen  
 In Gardens always growing, fresh and green.  
 I'm gather'd, pounded, and the untimely Blow  
 Must give, which I my self first undergo.  
 You justly blame *Medea*, but, for shame,  
 The guiltless Knife she cut with, do not blame.

(*1*) *Sennertius*, and other Physicians, recommended these Stones to be  
 held in the Hand, or otherwise applied to those who fear Abortion.

The list'ning Trees will think thee drunk with Wine,  
If thou of Drunkenness accuse the Vine  
Nor this bare Pow'r do I to Heaven owe,  
Which greater Virtue did on me bestow.  
For I the Courses and the After-birth,  
With the dead Members deadly Weight, bring forth.  
Poor Infants from their native Goal I free,  
And with astonish'd Eyes the Sun they see.  
But nothing can they see worth so much Pain,  
And wou'd return into the Dark again.  
They wish my fatal Draught had come before,  
E're the great Work of Life was yet quite o'er.  
That which you call a Crime, I own to be,  
But you must lay't on Men, and not on me.  
Ah! what at first wou'd tender Infants give  
(When newly form'd they scarce begin to live)  
For this, if possibly they cou'd but know,  
Through what a Passage they must after go?  
Ah! why did Heav'n (with Reverence let me say)  
Into this World make such a narrow Way?  
You'd think the Child, by's Pains, to Heav'n shou'd go,  
Whilst he, through Pain's born to a World of Woe,  
Through deadly Struggles he receives his Breath,  
And Pangs i'th' Birth resemble those of Death.  
Mothers the Name of Mothers dearly buy,  
And purchase Pleasure at a Rate too high.  
But thou, Child-bearing Woman, who no Ease  
Canst find, (tormented with a dear Disease)  
Whose tortur'd Bowels that sweet Viper gnaws,  
(That living Burthen of thy Rack the Cause)  
Take but my Leaves, with speed, their Virtue try,  
(In them, believe me, sovereign Juices lie.)  
Thy Barriers they by Force soon open lay,  
And out o'th' World, 'tis scarce a wider Way.  
The Infant ripe drops from the Boughs, and cries,  
The whilst his half-dead Mother silent lies;  
But hearing him, she soon forgets her Pain,  
And thinks to do that pleasant Trick again.

But thou, on whom the silver Moons moist Rays  
 ( For the Womb's Night its Lady Moon obeys )  
 No Influence have, I charge thee do not take  
 My Leaves, but haste, though loaded, from 'em make.  
 Down from the Trees by my Force shaken, all  
 The Fruits, though ne'er so green, and sour, fall.  
 ( This I foretel you, lest, when you're aggriev'd,  
 You then shou'd say, by me you are deceiv'd. )  
 For innocent Girls sin sore against their Will,  
 None ever wish'd her Womb a Child might fill.  
 Yet if I were not in the World, they wou'd  
 Incline to do the Fact, but never cou'd.  
 But many other Plants the same can do,  
 Wherefore, if Banishment you think my due,  
 (m) Companions in it I shall have I know,  
 And into *Crete* a Troop of us shall go.  
 Thou, Myrrh! for one shalt go, who heretofore  
 For Lewdness punish'd, now deserv'st the more.  
 But thou, though lewd, didst not prevent the Birth,  
 Though 'twas a Crime to bring the Infant forth.  
 And *All-beal* too, who Death affrights, must pack,  
 With *Galbanum* and *Gum Armoniack*.  
 And *Benzoin* to *Cyrenians* never sold,  
 Unless they brought the sweeter Smell of Gold.  
*Ground-pine* and *Saffron* too will Exiles prove,  
*Saffron*, once *Crocus*, yellow dy'd by Love.  
*Madder*, and *Colloquintida* with me,  
 And *Dragon* too, the *Cretan* Shore must see:  
 And *Sowbread* too, whose secret Darts are found,  
 Child-bearing Women distantly to wound.  
 And *Rue*, as noble a Plant as any's here,  
 Physick to other things, is Poison there.  
 What shou'd I name the rest? We make a Throng,  
 Thou, *Birthwort* too, with us must troop along.  
 Nor must you, President, behind us stay,  
 Rise then, and into Exile come away.

---

(n) Plants that procure Abortion.

She ended with great Favour and Applause;  
 And there's no doubt but she obtain'd the Cause.  
 Then *Mugwort* next began, whose awful Face  
 Check'd all their Stirs, and Silence fill'd the Place.

### MUGWORT [the President.]

IF the green Nation, Sister, banish thee,  
 I'll go along, and bear thee Company.  
 If we for Womens Faults must bear Disgrace,  
 We, the (n) *Echolics*, are a wretched Race.  
 On her Head let it (if a Woman shall  
 To her own Bowels prove inhuman) fall,  
 Not part of Death's sad Penalties, but all.  
 Why are we sent for at untimely Hours?  
 That Day, when lucky (o) *Juno* comes, is ours.  
 She's wicked, and deserves the worst of Fates,  
 Who to ill Ends that time anticipates.  
 For the admitted Juice knows no Delay,  
 But torpid as it is, will force its way;  
 Nor is it hard a Fabrick to confound,  
 Ill fix'd within it self or to the Ground.  
 A Ship, well tackled, which the Winds may scorn,  
 Ill rigg'd, away by ev'ry Gust is born.  
 The Elements of Life what can't o'erthrow?  
 No wonder; Life it self's an empty Show.  
 Sometimes it smells a Candle's (p) Snuff, and dies;  
 The weaker Fume before the stronger flies.  
 Let *Cesar* round the Globe with's Eagles fly,  
 And grieve with *Jove* to share Equality.  
 Yet what a Trifle might ha' been his Death,  
 Preventing all his Triumphs with his Breath.

(n) *Echolics*, i. e. such Medicines as bring away dead Children, or  
 cause Abortion.

(o) The Goddess of Child-bearing.

(p) The Smell of a Candle's Snuff, 'tis said, will make Women  
 miscarry.

One Farthing Candle by its dying Flame,  
 Wou'd have depriv'd the World of his great Name ;  
 Nor had we had such numerous Supplies  
 Of mighty Lords and new-found Deities.  
 Thou, *Alexander*, too might'st so ha' dy'd,  
 (How well the World that Smell had gratify'd.)  
 Thou, who a petty King o'th' Universe,  
 Thought'st with thy self alone thou didst converse.  
 Yea, the same Chance might have remov'd from us,  
 Both thee, *Jove's* Son, and thy *Bucephalus*.  
 And if thy (q) Groom his Candle out had slept,  
 (r) *Bucephala* he from being built had kept.  
 So slight a Stink, you'd scarce think this shou'd do,  
 Unless the Nicens of the Womb I knew.  
 How shy it is of an ungrateful Smell,  
 You, by its secret Coyness know full well.  
 (But that's no Prudence in it ; since that Place  
 For Pleasure no good Situation has.)  
 But greedily sweet things it meets half way,  
 And into its own Bosom does convey.  
 The secret Cause of which Effect to find  
 Is hard ; nor have the Learned it assign'd.  
 Let's see if any thing farther we can say :  
 The Night grows late, and now 'tis toward Day.  
 Wherefore a thousand Wonders that remain  
 Concerning Child-birth, us may entertain  
 I'th' next Assembly, when we meet again.  
 You, *Myrrh* ! who from a Line of Monarchs came,  
 The Glory of their angry (s) Father's Name ;  
 Sacred and grateful to the Gods ; again  
 A Virgin, and shalt always so remain ;

(q) The Stench of a Snuff of a Candle, is said also to cause Abortions in Mares.

(r) A City built in Memory of *Bucephalus*, Horse to *Alexander* the Great, and called by his Name.

(s) *Cynarus*, King of *Cyprus*. See the Story of his Daughter *Myrrh* *Ovid. Met.*



You know the Secrets of the Female kind,  
And what you know, I hope, can call to mind.  
Then surely you the Nature of a Smell,  
Among the Odours born, must clearly tell.  
Besides, when formerly their Reason strove,  
Weak as it was, to cope with conquering Love;  
You in the middle of the Fight wou'd fall,  
They say, and lie in (s) Fits Hysterical.  
Come then, let's hear what you at last can say?  
Speak, modest *Myrrh*! why do you so delay?  
Why do the Tears run down thy Bark so fast?  
Thou need'st not blush for Faults so long time past.  
Ah! happy Faults, that can such Tears produce,  
Which to the World are of such Sovereign Use.  
No Woman e'er deserv'd before this time  
So much for Virtue, as thou for a Crime.

*MYRRH.*

**A**T last when *Myrrh* had wip'd her od'rous Tears,  
Putting aside her Leaves, her Face and Head she  
Then she began, but blush'd, and stopp'd anon, [rears.  
Nor could she be intreated to go on.  
So a dry Pump at first will hardly go,  
From whence a River by and by will flow.  
'Tis known, the Female Tribe of all that live,  
Above the rest is far more talkative;  
And that a Plant who was a Maid before,  
Speaks faster much than all the rest, and more.  
Her Story therefore gently she begins,  
And with her Art upon the Audience wins.  
Her Wars with unchast Love she reckon'd o'er,  
For fear of doing Ill, what Ills she bore:  
She told how oft her Breasts her Hands had try'd  
To stab, whilst chaste, fair *Myrrha* might ha' dy'd.

(s) i. e. Fits of the Mother.

How long and oft unequally with Love,  
 Who, even Goddesses subdu'd, she strove.  
 And many Things besides, which I'll not name,  
 Since (u) *Ovid* with more Wit has said the same.  
 Then of the Womb's intolerable Pains  
 (Sh' had felt them) sadly she, tis said, complains.  
 Had I an hundred fluent Womens Tongues,  
 Or made of sturdy Oak, a pair of Lungs.  
 The Kinds and Forms, and Names of cruel Fate,  
 And monstrous Shapes I hardly could relate;  
 What meant the Gods, Life's native Seat to fill  
 With such a numerous Host, so arm'd to kill?  
 What is it, Pleasure! guards Man's Happiness?  
 If thy chief City, Pain, thy Foe possess.  
 But me my Laurel told; then most she rail'd,  
 When the sad Fits o'th' Mother she bewail'd,  
 Woe to the Body's wretched Town (said she)  
 When the Wombs Fort contains the Enemy!  
 Thence baneful Vapours every way they throw,  
 Which rout the conquer'd Soul where-e'er they go.  
 The Troops of flying Spirits they destroy,  
 As Stenches from (w) *Avernus* Birds annoy.  
 If they the Stomach seize, the Appetite's gone,  
 And Tasks design'd by Veins lie by half-done.  
 No Meats it now endures, much less requires,  
 And the crude Kitchin cools for want of Fires.  
 If they the Heart invade, that's Walls they shake,  
 And in the vital Work Confusion make;  
 New Waves they thither bring, but those the Vein,  
 Which *Vena Cava's* call'd, bears back again.  
 The Art'ries by weak Pulsings notify,  
 Or else by none, the Soul's then passing by.  
 By that black Cloud all Joy's extinguish'd quite,  
 And Hopes, that make the Mind look gay and bright,

(u) *Metam.* l. 10.

(w) A noisome Lake, over which, if Birds flew, they were often  
 choak'd with the Stench of it.

So when grim *Stygian* Shades, they say, appear,  
 The Candles tremble, and go out for fear.  
 Grief, Fear, and Hatred of the Light invade  
 Their Heart, the Soul a Scene of Trouble's made.  
 Then straight the Jaws themselves, the torturing Ill  
 With deadly, strangling Vapours strives to fill.  
 T' *Ætherial* Air it never shews Desire,  
 But *Salamander*-like, lives all on Fire.  
 Sometimes these restless Plagues the Head do seize,  
 And rife all the Soul's rich Palaces.  
 In barbarous Triumph led, then Reason stands,  
 Hoodwink'd, and manacled her Eyes and Hands.  
 For the poor Wretch a merry Madness takes,  
 And her sad Sides with doleful Laughter shakes.  
 Her Dreams (in vain awake) she tells, and those,  
 If no body admire, amaz'd she shows.  
 She fears, or threatens ev'ry thing she spies;  
 A piteous, she, and dreadful Object, lies.  
 One seems to rave, and from her sparkling Eyes  
 Fierce Fire darts forth; another throbs and cries.  
 Some Death's exactest Image seizes, so  
 That Sleep compar'd to that like Life wou'd show.  
 A solid Dulness all the Senses keeps  
 Lock'd up; no Soul of Trees more soundly sleeps.  
 Her Breath, if any from her Nostrils go,  
 The Down from *Poppy* Tops wou'd hardly blow.  
 If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd say,  
 Two dead ones there, or two Hysterick lay.  
 But then ('tis strange, and yet we must believe  
 What we from long Experience receive)  
 Under her Nose strong-smelling Odours lay,  
 The other Vapours these will chase away.  
 Burn Partridge Feathers, Hair of Man or Beast,  
 Horns, Leather, Warts, that Horses Legs molest;  
 All these are good, but what strange Accident  
 First found them out, or cou'd such Cures invent?  
 Burn Oil, that Nature from hard Rocks distils,  
 And Sulphur, which all things with Odour fills.

To which the stinking Assa you may add,  
And Oil which from the Beaver's Stones is had.  
Through Pores, Nerves, Arteries, and all they go,  
And throng t' invade the labouring Womb below.  
But that each Avenue, which upward lies,  
With Mounds and strong built Rampires fortifies.  
Then being contracted to a narrower Place,  
(For Force decays, spread in too wide a Space.)  
No Humours foul, or Vapours there must stay,  
But out it purges them the lower Way.  
On Foreign Parts now no Assaults she makes,  
But Care of her domestick Safety takes.  
*Carthage* to *Hann'bal* now sends no Supply,  
To break the Force of distant *Italy*.  
When from their Walls with Horror they descry  
The threatning *Roman* Darts and Eagles fly.  
This for the Nose, the Womb then you must please,  
With such sweet Odours as the Gods appease.  
With *Cinnamon*, and *Goat-bread*, *Lodanum*,  
With healing Balsam and my oily Gum,  
Civer, and Musk, and Amber too apply,  
(Scarce yet well known to human Industry)  
With all that my rich, native Soil supplies,  
Such Fumes as from the *Phoenix* Nest arise,  
Nor fear from Gods to take their Frankincense,  
In such a pious Case, 'tis no Offence.  
Then shalt thou see the Limbs faint Motions make,  
A certain Sign that now the Soul's awake.  
Then will the Guts with an unusual Noise,  
The Enemy o'erthrown, seem to rejoice.  
Blood will below the secret Passage stain,  
And Arteries recruited beat again.  
Oft, glad to see the Light, themselves the Eyes  
Lift up; the Face returning Purple Dyes;  
One Jaw from t'other with a Groan retires,  
And the Disease it self, like Life, expires.

Tell me, sweet Odours, tell me what have you  
With Parts so distant from the Nose to do?

Or what have you, ill Smells, so near the Nose  
To do, since that and you are mortal Foes?  
And why dost thou, abominable Stench,  
Upon remote Dominions so intrench?  
Say, by what secret Force you sling your Darts,  
Whom from your Bow, the Nose, such Distance parts.  
For some believe, that to the Brain alone  
They fly, thro' Ways, which in the Head are known;  
And that the Brain to the related Womb  
Sends (good and bad) all Smells, that to it come.  
The Womb too oft rejoices for That's sake,  
And when That's griev'd, does all its Grievs partake.  
The Womb's *Orestes*, *Pylades* the Brain,  
And what to one, to th' other is a Pain.  
I don't deny the native Sympathy,  
And like Respects in which these Parts agree.  
Each its Conception has, and each its Birth,  
And both their Off-springs like the Sire, come forth;  
Still to produce both have a constant Vein,  
And their streight Bosoms mighty Things contain.  
Much I omit in both; but know, that This  
O'th' Body, That o'th' Soul the Matrix is.  
But th' Womb has this one proper Faculty,  
Its Actions oft from Head and Nose are free.  
Oft when it strives to break its Bounds in vain  
(And often nought its Fury can contain)  
A sweet Perfume apply'd (unknown to th' Nose)  
Does with a grateful Glew its Body close.  
But when oppress'd with Weight the Womb falls down  
(As sometimes it, when weak, does with its own)  
With dreadful Weapons arm'd a noisom Smell  
Meets it, and upward quickly does repel.  
So when th' *Helvetians* their own Land forsook,  
(People which in their Neighbours Terror struck)  
A stronger Foe, their wand'ring to restrain,  
To their old Quarters beat 'em back again.



Here different Reasons different Authors show,  
 But none worth speaking of, I'm sure, you know.  
 What can I add? You, Learned President, please  
 To bid me speak, the Case says, hold your Peace. •  
 Yet you I must obey, Heav'n is so kind  
 To let us seek that Truth we cannot find.  
 This Truth may be i'th' Wells dark Bottom sought,  
 Pardon me, if I make an heavy Draught.  
 You see the wondrous Wars and Leagues of Things,  
 From whence the World's harmonious Consort springs.  
 This he that thinks from th' Elements may be had,  
 Is a grave Sot, and studiously mad.  
 Here many Causes branch themselves around,  
 But to em all one only Root is found.  
 For those which Mortals the four Elements call,  
 In the World's Fabrick are not first of all.  
 Treasures in them wise Nature laid, as Store,  
 Ready at Hand, of Things that were before.  
 Whence she might Principles draw for her Use,  
 And Mixtures New eternally produce.  
 Infinite Seeds in these small Bodies lie  
 To us, but numbred by the Deity.  
 Nor is the Heat to Fire more natural,  
 Nor Coldness more to Waters share does fall.  
 Than either bitter, sweet, or white or black,  
 Or any Smell that Noses e'er attack.  
 Our purging or astringent Quality  
 Have proper Points of Matter where they lie,  
 With *Earth, Air, Water, Fire*, Heav'n all Things bore;  
 Why do I faintly speak? They were before.  
 For what *Earth, Air, Fire, Water* now we call,  
 Are Compounds from the first Original.  
 For——but a sudden Fright her Senses shock'd,  
 And stopt her Speech; she heard the Gate unlock'd.  
 And *Rue* from far the *Gardener* saw come in,  
 Trembling as she an *Aspen Leaf* had been,  
 (For *Rue*, a sovereign Plant to purge the Eyes,  
 Remotest Objects easily describes)

She softly whisper'd, Hence make haste away;  
 Here's (x) *Robert* come, make haste, why do we stay?  
 Day was not broken, but 'twas almost light,  
 And *Luna* swiftly rowl'd the wheeling Night;  
 Nor was the Fellow us'd so soon to rise,  
 But him a sudden Chance did then surprize.  
 His Wife in Pangs of Child-bed loudly roar'd,  
 And gentle *Juno's* present Aid implor'd.  
 But he who Plants that in his Garden grew,  
 Than forty *Juno's*, of more Value knew,  
 Came thither *Sow-bread*, all in haste to gather;  
 That he with greater Ease might prove a Father.  
 Soon as they saw the Man, straight up they got;  
 With gentle haste, and stood upon the Spot.  
 When briefly *Mugwort*, I this Court adjourn;  
 What we have left, we'll do at our Return.  
 Without tumultuous Noise away they fled,  
 And every Plant crept to her proper Bed.

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(x) The Name of the Gardener of the Physick Garden in Oxford.

*The End of the Second Book.*



OF  
P L A N T S.

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BOOK III.

---

FLORA.

**N**OW Muse, if ever, now look brisk and gay,  
The Spring's at hand ; blith Looks like that  
display.

Use all the Schemes and Colours now of Speech,  
Use all the Flowers that Poetry enrich ;  
Its Glories all, its blooming Beauties bring,  
As may resemble the returning Spring.  
Let the same Musick through thy Verse resound,  
As in the Woods and shady Groves is found.  
Let every Line such fragrant Verse exhale,  
As rises up from some sweet-smelling Vale.  
Let Lights and Shades, as in the Woods, appear,  
And shew in painted Verse the Season of the Year.

Come then away, for the first welcome Morn  
Of the spruce Month of *May* begins to dawn.  
This Day, so tells the Poet's sacred Page,  
Bright *Chloris* did in Nuptial Bands engage ;  
This very Day the Knot was ty'd, and thence  
The lovely Maid a Goddess did commence.  
The Signs of Joy did every where appear,  
In Earth, in Heav'n, throughout the Sea and Air :  
No wandring Cloud was seen in all the Sky,  
And if there were, 'twas of a curious Dye.  
The Air serene, not an ungentle Blast  
Ruffled the Waters with its rude Embrace,

The Wind that was, breath'd Odours all around,  
And only fann'd the Streams, and only kiss'd the Ground,  
Of unknown Flow'rs now such a numerous Birth  
Appear'd, as e'en astonish'd Mother Earth.  
The Lily grew 'midst barren Heath and Sedge,  
And the Rose blush'd on each unprickly Hedge.  
The purple *Violet* and the *Daffadil*,  
The Places now of angry Nettles fill.  
This great and joyful Day, on which she knew  
What 'twas to be a Wife and Goddess too,  
The grateful *Flora* yearly did express  
In Shews, Religious Pomp and Gaudiness;  
Long has she thriv'd in *Rome*, and reign'd among  
The other Gods; a vast and numerous Throng;  
But when the sacred Tribe was forc'd from *Rome*,  
Among the rest an Exile she became,  
Strip'd of her Plays, and of her Fane bereft,  
Nought of the Grandeur of a Goddess left.  
Since then, no more ador'd on Earth by Men,  
But forc'd o'er Flowers to preside and reign,  
The best she can, she still keeps up the Day;  
Not as of old, when bless'd with Store she lay,  
When with a lavish Hand Her Bounties flew;  
She han't the Heart, and Means to do it now;  
But in a way fitting her humble State,  
She always did, and still does celebrate.  
And now that she the better may attend  
The flowry Empire under her Command,  
To all the World, at Times, she does resort,  
Now in this Part, now that she keeps her Court.  
And so the Seasons of the Year require,  
For here 'tis *Spring*, perhaps 'tis *Autumn* there.  
With Ease she flies to the remotest Shores,  
And visits in the Way a World of Flow'rs.  
In *Zephyr's* painted Car she cuts the Air,  
Pleas'd with the Way, her Spouse the Charioteer.  
It was the Year (thrice blest that beauteous Year)  
Which mighty CHARLES's sacred Name did bear.

A Golden Year the Heavens brought about  
 In high Proceſſion, with a joyful Shout,  
 A Year that barr'd up *Janus* brazen Gates,  
 That brought home Peace, and laid our monſtrous Heats;  
 A greater Gift, bleſt *Albion*, thou didſt gain, [Train;  
 It brought home God-like *Charles*, and all his peaceful  
 Compos'd our Chaos; cover'd o'er the Scars,  
 And clos'd the bleeding Wounds of twenty Years;  
 Nor felt the Gown alone the Fruits of Peace,  
 But Gardens, Woods, and all the flowry Race;  
 This Year to every thing fresh Honours brought,  
 Nor 'midſt theſe were the learned Arts forgot.  
 Poor exil'd *Flora*, with the *Sylvan* Gods,  
 Came back again to their old lov'd Abodes;  
 I ſaw her (through a Glaſs my Muſe vouchsaf'd)  
 Plac'd on the painted Bow ſecurely waſt:  
 Triumphant ſhe rode, and made her Courſe  
 Towards fair *Albion's* long forſaken Shores.  
 That ſhe our Goddeſs was to me was plain,  
 From the gay various Colours of her Train.  
 She-light, renowned *Thames*, upon thy Shore,  
 Long time belov'd, and known to her before;  
 'Twas here the Goddeſs an Appointment ſet  
 For all the Flow'rs; accordingly they met;  
 Thoſe that are parch'd with Heat, or pinch'd with Cold,  
 Or thoſe which a more temperate Clime does hold,  
 Thoſe drunk with Dew, the Sun juſt riſing ſees,  
 Or thoſe, when ſetting, with a Face like his,  
 All Sorts that *East* and *West* can boaſt were there,  
 But not ſuch Flowers as you ſee growing here,  
 Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious ſtill to harms,  
 Which quickly die out of their Mothers Arms;  
 But thoſe that *Plato* ſaw, *Ideas* nam'd,  
 Daughters of *Jove*, for heavenly Extract fam'd.  
 Ethereal Plants! what Glories they diſcloſe,  
 What Excellence the firſt Celeſtial Roſe;  
 What Bluſh, what Smell! and yet on many Scores,  
 The Learned ſay, it much reſembles ours;



Only 'tis ever fresh, with long Life blest,  
 Not in your fading mortal Colours drest.  
 This Rose, the Image of the heavenly Mind,  
 The other growing in our Earth, we find;  
 Which is the Image of that Image, then  
 No wonder it appears less fresh and fine,  
 These Heaven-born Species of the flowry Race  
 Assembled all, the Wedding Morn to grace

*Phabus*, do thou the Pencil take, the same  
 With which thou gild'st the World's great chequer'd  
 Light's Pencil take; try if thou canst display [Frame,  
 The various Scenes of this resplendent Day.  
 And yet I doubt thy Skill, though all must bow  
 To thee as God of Plants and Poets too;  
 I'm sure 'tis much too hard a Task for me,  
 Yet some I'll touch in passing, like the Bee.  
 Where the whole Garden can't be had, we know,  
 A Nose-gay may; and that if sweet, will do.

Now when a part of this triumphant Day,  
 In sacred pompous Rites had pass'd away;  
 Rites, which no mortal Tongue can duly tell,  
 And which, perhaps, 'ts not lawful to reveal,  
 At length, the sporting Goddess thought it best  
 (Though sure the Humour went beyond a Jest)  
 A pleasant sort of Tryal to propose,  
 And from among the Plants a Queen to chuse,  
 Which shou'd preside over the flowry Race,  
 Be a Vice-Goddes, and supply her Place.  
 Each Plant was to appear, and make its Plea,  
 To see which best deserv'd the Dignity.  
 The Scene arch'd o'er with wreathing Branches stood,  
 Which like a little hollow Temple show'd,  
 The Shrubs and Branches darting from aloof,  
 Their pretty fragrant Shades compos'd the Roof;  
 Red and white *Jasmine*, with the Myrtle Tree,  
 The Favourite of the *Cyprian* Deity,  
 The Golden Apple-tree with Silver Bud,  
 Both Sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew stood;

There was the twining *Woodbind* to be seen,  
 And yellow *Hather*, *Roses* mixt between.  
 Each Plant its Notes and known Distinctions brought,  
 With various Art the gaudy Scene was wrought ;  
 Just in the Nave of this new-modell'd Fane,  
 A Throne the judging Goddesses did sustain,  
 Rob'd in a thousand several Sorts of Leaves,  
 And all the Colours which the Garden gives,  
 Which join'd together trim, in wondrous wise,  
 With their deluding Figures mock'd your Eyes.  
 A noble checquer'd Work, which real seems,  
 And firmly set with glistering Stones and Gems ;  
 It real seem'd ; though Gods such Bodies wear  
 For Weight, as Flow'rs upon their Down may bear ;  
 The Goddesses, seated in Majestick-wise,  
 With all the Pride the wealthy Spring supplies,  
 Had *Ariadne's* Crown ; and such a Vest  
 With which the Rainbow on bright Days is dress'd ;  
 Before her Throne did the officious Band  
 Of Hours, Days, Months, in goodly Order stand.  
 The Hours upon soft painted Wings were born :  
 Painted ; but swift alas ! and quickly gone ;  
 The Days with nimble Feet advanc'd apace ;  
 And then the Months, each with a different Face,  
 On *Cynthia's* Orb they tend with constant Care,  
 In Monthly Courses whirling round her Sphere.  
 First *Spring*, a Rosie-colour'd Youngster, stood,  
 With Looks enough to bribe a judging God.  
*Summer* appear'd rob'd in a yellow Gown,  
 Full Ears of ripen'd Corn compos'd her Crown.  
 Then *Autumn* proud of rich *Pomona's* Store,  
 And *Bacchus* too treading the blushing Floor.  
 Poor half-starv'd *Winter* shivering in the Rear,  
 The Stoical and sullen Part o'th' Year.  
 Yet not by Step-Dame Nature wholly left,  
 Of every Grace is Winter-time bereft.  
 Some Friends it has in this afflicted State,  
 Some Plants that Faith and Duty don't forget ;

Some Plants the Winter Season does supply ;  
 Born purely for Delight and Luxury ;  
 Which brave the Frost and Cold, and Merit claim,  
 Though few indeed, and of a lower Frame.  
 The New-Year did him this peculiar Grace, -  
 And *Janus* favouring with his double Face,  
 That he shou'd first be heard ; and have the Power  
 To draw forth all his poor and slender Store.  
*Winter* obeys; and ranks 'em best he can,  
 More trusting to the Worth, than Number of his Men.  
 Just in the Front of *Winter's* scanty Band,  
 Two lofty Plants, or flowry Giants stand,  
*Spurge-Olive* one, t'other a kind of *Bay*,  
 Both high, and largely spreading every way ;  
 But did they in a milder Season sprout,  
 Whether they e'er could pass for Flow'rs I doubt,  
 But now they do; and such their Looks and Smell,  
 The Place they hold, they seem to merit well.  
 Next *Wolfs-Bane*, us'd in Step-Dames poisoning Trade,  
 Born of the Foam of *Pluto's* Porter, said;  
 A baneful Plant, springing in craggy Ground,  
 Thence its hard Name, it self much harder found ;  
 Briskly its gilded Crest it does display,  
 And boldly stares i'th' Face the God of Day,  
 Which *Cerberus*, it's Sire, durst ne'er assay.  
 The Plant call'd (y) *Snow-drops*, next in Course appear'd,  
 But trembling; by its frightful Neighbour scar'd;  
 Yet clad in white herself, like fleecy Snow,  
 Near her bad Neighbour, finer she does show,  
 The noble *Liver-wort* does next appear,  
 Without a Speck, like the unclouded Air ;  
 A Plant of noble Use and endless Fame,  
 The Liver's great Preserver, thence its Name ;  
 The humble Plant, conscious of inbred Worth,  
 In *Winter's* hardest Frost and Cold, shoots forth.

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(y) These Plants, by Art, sometimes are made to flower in *Winter*;

Let other Plants, said she, for Seasons wait,  
 For Summer's Gales, or the Sun's kindly Heat,  
 She scorns Delay ; naked without a Coat,  
 As 'twere in haste, the noble Plant comes out.  
 Next the blue *Primrose*, which in Winter blows,  
 But wears the Spring both in its Name and Cloaths ;  
 The *Saffron* then, and tardy *Celandine*,  
 To these our *Lady's-Seal*, and *Sow-Bread* join.  
 But these appearing out of Season, were  
 Bid to their Homes and proper Tribes repair.  
 There now remain'd of *Winter's* genuine Store  
 And Off-spring, (z) *Bears-foot*, or the *Christmas-Flow'r*,  
 The Pride of Winter, which in Frost can live,  
 And now alone for Empire dar'd to strive.  
 On its black Stalk it rear'd it self, and then  
 With pale but fearless Face to plead began.

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(z) This flowers in *December*.

*Helleborus Niger, or Christmas-Flower.*

I Mean not now my Beauty to oppose  
 To that of Lilies, or the blushing Rose.  
 Old *Prætus* Daughters me from that do scare,  
 Who once with *Juno* durst their Face compare.  
 Mad with Conceit, each thought herself a Cow ;  
 Just Judgment ! teaching all themselves to know.  
 My noble Plant banish'd this wild Caprice,  
 And gave 'em back their human Voice and Speech.  
*Melampus* by my Aid soon brought Relief,  
 And for the Cure had one of them to Wife.  
 And none will charge me with that Madness, sure,  
 Or the same Folly I pretend to cure.  
 The Goddesses above a Beauty claim,  
 Lasting and firm as their immortal Frame,  
 Which Time can't furrow, or Diseases wrong,  
 To be immortal, is to be for ever young.

In Flow'rs or Girls Beauty's a transient thing;  
Expect as well the whole Year will be Spring.  
Ye flowry Race that open to the Sky,  
And there have seen a Cloud of curious Dye.  
The gaudy Phantome now with Pride appears,  
Look up again, 'tis strait dissolv'd in Tears;  
Such is the short-liv'd Glory Flowers have, [Grave,  
Bending, they point still towards their Womb and  
The Wind and Rain aim at their tender Head,  
Besides, the Stars their baneful Influence shed;  
Like the fam'd *Semele*, they die away;  
In the Embraces of the God of Day.  
Expos'd to Air, to Heat and open Prey,  
Colds through their tender Fibres force their way.  
The Swallow or the Nightingale abhors  
Not Winter more, than do th' whole Race of Flow'rs.  
If among these a Plant you can descry  
(Fitter to be transplanted to the Sky)  
Which is so hardy, as to stand the Threat  
Of Storms and Tempests that around her beat;  
That with contending Winds dares boldly strive,  
Scorns Cold, and under Heaps of Snow can live.  
To this, great Goddess, to this noble Plant  
You ought the Empire of the Garden grant.  
Kings are *Jove's* Image; and if that be true,  
To Virtue only Sovereign Sway is due.  
Trusting to this, and not the empty Name  
Of Beauty, I the flowry Empire claim.  
Nor will this soft, luxurious, pamper'd Race  
Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place;  
For lo! the Winter's come; what change is there,  
What Looks, what dismal Aspect of the Year!  
The Winds from Prison broke, no Mercy yield,  
But spoil the native Glories of the Field.  
First on the Infant-Boughs they spend their Rage,  
And scarcely spare the poor Trunk's reverend Age;  
Either with swelling Rains, the Ground below  
Is drown'd, or covered thick in Beds of Snow.



Or stiff with Frost ; the Streams, all iced o'er,  
 Are pent within a Bank, unknown before.  
 Each Nymph complains, and every River-God  
 Feels on his Shoulders an unusual Load ;  
 Nature, a Captive now to Frost become,  
 Lies fairly buried in a Marble-Tomb.  
 And can you wonder then that Flow'rs shou'd die,  
 Or hid within their Beds, the Danger fly ?  
 D'ye see the Sun, how faint his Looks, that tell  
 The God himself of Plants i'n't over well.  
 Now let me see the *Violet*, *Tulip*, *Rose*,  
 Or any of 'em their fine Face disclose,  
 Ye *Lilies*, with your snowy Tresses now  
 Come forth, this is the proper time for Snow.  
 Deaf to the Call, none of them all appear,  
 But close in Bed they lie half dead with Fear.  
 I only in this universal Dread  
 Of Nature, dare exalt my fearless Head ;  
 Winter with thousand several Arms prepar'd  
 To be my Death, still finds me on my Guard.  
 Great Umpire then of all this harmless Fray,  
 If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to Day,  
 Let all appear and take the Field, let all  
 Agree to give the chiefest Plant the Ball ;  
 Let it in Winter be, though, I desire ;  
 That Season does a hardy Chief require.  
 If any of the tender, dainty Dames,  
 Deck'd with their rich Perfumes and gandy Names,  
 Dare but at such a time shew half an Eye,  
 I'll frankly yield, and strait let fall my Plea.  
 Not a Plant's seen, I'll warrant you ; they hate  
 To gain a Kingdom at so dear a rate ;  
 They fear th' unequal Tryal to sustain ;  
 None dare appear, but those that fill my Train,  
 And none of those are so ambitious grown,  
 To stand themselves, but beg for me the Crown.  
 These num'rous Hardships I can undergo ;  
 I'll tell you now, fair Judge, what I can do,  
 My Virtue active is and passive too.

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Kings get no Fame by conquering at home :  
 That from some foreign vanquish'd Land must come.  
 If equal to my Triumphs, Names I bore,  
 And every vanquish'd Foe increas'd the Store.  
 Old *Rome's* most haughty Champion I'd defie  
 With me in Honours, Titles, Names to vie.  
 I act such Wonders, I may safely say,  
 The twelve *Herculean* Labours were mere Play.  
 The spreading Cancer my blest Plant does chase,  
 And new skins o'er the Leper's monstrous Face.  
 The lingring Quartan-Fever I oblige  
 To draw the Forces off and raise the Siege.  
 Swimmings i' th' Head that do from Vapours come,  
 I exorcise strait by my Counter Fume.  
 In every swelling Part, when Dropsies reign,  
 I dry the Fen, the standing Waters drein.  
 The Falling-Sickness too, to wave the rest,  
 Though sacred that Disease by some confess.  
 Why in these Cures thus trifle I my Breath?  
 Death yields to me the Apoplectick Death.  
 Into each Part my Plant new Vigour sends,  
 And quickly makes the Soul and Body Friends.  
 These are great things, you'll say, and yet the rest  
 That follow, must much greater be confess.  
 I do compose the Mind's distracted Frame,  
 A Gift the Gods and I alone can claim ;  
 Madmen and Fools are cast beneath my Power,  
 What to my Grandeur can the Gods add more?  
 Who thus can do ; the World his Province is,  
*Caesar* can't boast a larger Sway than this.  
 She spoke ; her Train with Shouts the Area fill'd,  
 Nay *Winter* ( if you will believe it ) smil'd.  
 Next the gay *Spring* draws out his warlike Bands,  
 Which to the Scene a grateful Shadow lends,  
*Homer*, though well the *Grecian* Camp he paints,  
 Wou'd fail, I fear, in mustering up these Plants.  
 Bright *Spring*, what various Nations dost thou boast ?  
 The *Xerxes* of a numerous flowry Host ;

Which cou'd (since Flow'rs without due Moisture die)  
Like his, I fancy, drink whole Rivers dry.

His flowry Troops made the same stately shew,  
Whose painted Arms a dazling Lustre threw;  
Then a gay Flow'r, for shape, the (*d*) *Trumpet* nam'd,  
Blew thrice, and with a strenuous Voice proclaim'd,  
That all but Candidates shou'd quit the Place;  
First, as they went, bowing with awful Grace.

And now, the Pleasure of the Goddess known,  
The Herb, call'd *Ragwort*, pass'd before the Throne.  
A bunchy Stalk, and painted Bees she bore  
With several foolish Fancies on her Flow'r,  
*Ragwort* the Satyrs and *Priapus* Love,  
*Venus* herself and the fair Judge approve.

*Dogs-Tooth* pass'd next, to *Ragwort* near ally'd,  
A faithful Friend to Love, and often try'd;  
Next *Hyacinths*, of *Violet* kind, proceed,  
A noble, powerful, and a numerous Breed;  
They wanted Courage, though, to keep the place,  
Labouring, alas! under a late Disgrace;  
Of noble House themselves they did pretend,  
From *Ajax Blood* directly to descend.

The Cause in *Flora's* Court of Chivalry  
Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their Plea;  
They bore no Coat of Arms, nor cou'd they show  
Those mournful Notes said from his Blood to flow.  
The next a-kin, a Flow'r which *Greeks* of old,  
From Excrements of Birds descended, hold,  
Which *Britain*, Nurse of Plants, a milder Clime,  
Gentilely calls the Star of *Bethlehem*.

The *Daisy* next march'd off in modest wise,  
Dreading to wait the Issue of the Prize;  
Though the Spring don't a trustier Party know,  
After, before, and in the Spring they grow,  
Quick in the Charge, and in Retreating slow.

(a) A Plant of the Tribe of *Pseudo Narcissi Funiculii*, from the Shape  
of a Tube in the midst of the Flower, called *Trumpets*.

They dare not venture, though the Sons of Art  
 The Name of *Binders* to 'em do impart.  
 They cure all Wounds, yet make none; which you  
 Is the true Office of a warlike Plant. [grant,  
 Next spotted *Sanicle* and *Navel-wort*,  
 Though both have Signs of Blood, forsake the Court;  
*Moonwort* goes next, born on its reddish Stalk,  
 And after that does gently *Crane-bill* walk;  
 They all gave way; 'tis nat'ral in a Flow'r  
 More in its Form to trust, than Worth and Pow'r;  
 Nay, more than that, the *Corn-Flag* quits the Field,  
 Though made Sword-wise, does to the *Tulip* yield;  
 Though, like some Tyrant, rounded with the same,  
 Yet to affected Empire waves all claim;  
 How much this Sword-Flow'r differs, as to Harm,  
 From those which we on mortal Anvils form!  
 Nature on this an Unguent has bestow'd,  
 Which, when ours make it issue, stops the Blood.  
 Next you might see the gaudy *Columbine*,  
 Call'd sometimes *Lion's-Mouth*, desert the Scene.  
 Though of try'd Courage, and of high Renown  
 In other Things, curing Diseases known.  
 The *Sea-gull* Flow'r express'd an equal Fear,  
 The Tyger's more and prettier Spots don't bear;  
 These Beauty-spots she ought to prize like Gold,  
 (b) *Citron* held hers at dearer Rates of old.  
 The *Persian* Lily of a ruddy Hue;  
 And next the *Lily* of the *Vale*, withdrew,  
*Lilies* o'th' *Vale* such Looks and Smell retain,  
 They're fit to furnish *Snuff* for Gods and Men;  
 Nor a Plant kinder to the Brain does live;  
 A Glas of Wine does less Refreshment give.  
 Next *Periwinkle* or the *Ladies Bow'r*,  
 Weakly and halting crept along the Floor.  
 All Kinds of *Crow-foot* pass'd and bow'd their Head,  
 The worst ran wild, the best in Gardens bred;

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(b) The vast Price of *Citron-Tables*, see *Plin.* l. 1.

*Day-Lily* next, the Root by *Hesiod* lov'd,  
 Although not for the chiefest Dish approv'd.  
 Then came a Flow'r of a far differing Look,  
 Which on it thy lov'd Name, *Adonis*, took;  
 But *Celandine*, thy genuine Off-spring stil'd,  
 They tell us, at the proud Usurper smil'd.  
*Stock-July-Flow'r* the Year's Companion is,  
 Which the Sun scarce in all his Rounds does miss,  
 Officious Plant! which every Month can bring;  
 But rather wou'd be reckon'd to the Spring.  
 This pass'd along with a becoming Mien,  
 And in her Train the *Wall-flower* wou'd be seen.  
 The constant *Marigold* next these went out,  
 And *Ladies-slipper* fit for *Flora's* Foot.  
 Then *Goats-beard*, which each Morn abroad does peep,  
 But shuts its Flower at Noon, and goes to sleep.  
 Then *Ox-eye* did its rowling Eye-ball soeard,  
 Such as *Jove's* Wife and Sister had, they said.  
 Next *Viper-grass*, full of a milky Juice,  
 Good against Poison, which curst Step-dames use.  
 Then *Hollow-Root*, cautious and full of Fear,  
 Which neither Summer's Heat, nor Cold can bear,  
 Comes after Spring, before it does retire. }  
 Then *Sattin-flow'r*, and *Moth mullein* withdraw,  
 Worthy a nobler Title to enjoy.  
 The *Ladies-smock*, and *Lugwort* went their way,  
 With several more too tedious here to say;  
 With many an humble Shrub that took their Leaves,  
 To which the Garden Entertainment gives;  
 As *Honey-suckle*, *Rosemary* and *Broom*,  
 That *Broom* which does of *Spanish* Parents come;  
 Both Sorts of *Pipe-tree*; neat in either Dress,  
 White or sky-colour'd, whether please you best;  
 Next the round-headed *Elder-rose*, which wears  
 A Constellation of your little Stars;  
 The *Cherry*; ours and *Persian* Apple add,  
 Proud of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its Head.



Nature has Issue, Eunuch-like, deny'd,  
 But (like them too) by a fine Face supply'd.  
 These and a thousand more were fain to yield,  
 And left the Candidates to keep the Field.  
 Each Flower appear'd with all its Kindred, dress'd,  
 Each in its richest Robes of gaudiest Vest,  
 The *Violet* first, Spring's Usher, came in view,  
 From whose sweet Lips these pleasing Accents flew.

### The *VIOLET*.

**T**HE (c) *Ram* now ope the golden Portal throws,  
 Which holds the various Seasons of the Year,  
 And on his shining Fleece the Spring does bear;  
 Ye Mortals, with a Shout salute him as he goes.  
 (Lo triumph!) now, now the Spring comes on  
 In solemn State and high Procession;  
 Whilst I, the beauteous *Violet*, still before him go  
 And usher in the gaudy Show;  
 As it becomes the Child of such a Sire,  
 I'm wrap'd in Purple, the first-born of Spring,  
 The Marks of my Legitimation bring,  
 And all the Tokens of his verdant Empire wear.  
 Clad like a Princely Babe, and born in State,  
 I all your Regal Titles hate,  
 Nor priding in my Blood, and mighty Birth,  
 Unnatural Plant, despise the Lap of Mother-Earth.  
 Love's Goddess smiles upon me just New-born,  
 Rejoicing at the Year's Return.  
 The *Swallow* is not more a certain Sign  
 That Love and warm Embraces now begin.  
 To the lov'd Babe a thousand Kisses  
 The Goddess gives, a thousand balmy Bliss.  
 Besides, my purple Lips  
 In sacred Nectar dips;

---

(c) The Sign *Aries*.

Hence 'tis, no sooner does the *Violet* burst,  
By the warm Air to a just Ripeness nurst,  
But from my opening, blooming Head,  
A thousand fragrant Odours spread.  
I do not only please the Smell,  
And the most critick Taste beguile,  
Not only with my pretty Die  
Impose a Cheat upon the Eye;  
But more for Profit than for Pleasure born,  
I furnish out a wholesom Juice,  
Which the fam'd *Epicurus* did not scorn  
Upon a time, when sick, to use.  
O'er pressing and vexatious Pain,  
I such a silent Vict'ry gain,  
That though the Body be the Scene,  
It scarcely knows whether a Fight has been.  
The Fevers well-known Valour I invade,  
Which blushes with mere Rage to yield  
To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,  
But only was for Sights and Nuptial Banquets made.  
It yields, but in a grumbling Way.  
Just as the Winds Obedience pay,  
When *Neptune* from the Flood does peep,  
And silences those Troublers of the Deep.  
What though some Flowers a greater Courage know,  
Or a much finer Face can show,  
That does but still the Fancy feed,  
Whilst I for Business fit, in real Worth exceed.  
Search over all the Globe, you'll find,  
The Glory of a Princely Flower  
Consists not in tyrannick Power.  
But in a Majesty with Mildness join'd.

She spoke; and from her balmy Lips did come  
A sweet Perfume, that scented all the Room.  
The Smell so long continued, that you'd swear  
The *Violet*, though you heard no Sound, was there.

Quitting

Quitting the Stage ; the next that took her Place,  
 Were *Ox-lips*, *Pugles* with their numerous Race ;  
 A party-colour'd Tribe, of various Hue,  
 Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blue.  
 The *Primrose*, and the *Cowslip* too were there,  
 Both of 'em Kin, but not so handfom far ;  
*Bears-ear*, so call'd, did the whole Party head,  
 And yellow, claiming Merit, needs wou'd plead.  
 Tossing her hundred Heads in flanting rate,  
 Each had a Mouth, and cou'd at Pleasure prate.

*Auricula Urſi.* B E A R S - E A R.

GREAT Queen of Flow'rs, why is thy ſnowy Breast,  
 With ſuch a Sight of various Poſies dreſt !  
 Whereas one Stalk of mine  
 Alone a Noſe-gay is, alone can make thee fine ;  
 A lovely, harmleſs Monster, I  
*Gorgon's* many Heads out-vie ;  
 Others, as ſingle Stars, may Glory beam ;  
 Take me, for I a Conſtellation am ;  
 Let thoſe who Subjects want, purſue the flowry Crown,  
 A flowry Nation, I alone ;  
 Nor did kind Nature thus in vain,  
 So many Heads to me aſſign.  
 I for Man's Head, Life's chiefeſt Seat,  
 Am ſet apart and wholly conſecrate.  
 The Mind's Imperial Pow'r, the Brain,  
 (A poor Apartment for ſo great a Queen)  
 The Light-houſe where Man's Reaſon ſtands and  
 Mangre the Malice of contending Winds, [ſhines,  
 I guard the ſacred Place, repel the Rout,  
 And keep the everlaſting Fire from going out.  
 Go now, and mock me with this monſtrous Name  
 Which the late barbarous Age did coin and frame,  
 The true and proper Names of Things of old,  
 Through a Religious Silence ne'er were told.

Thus Guardian Gods true Names were seldom known,  
Lest some invading Foe might charm 'em from the  
[Town.

Impudent Fool ! that first stil'd beauteous Flow'rs  
By a detested Name, the *Ears of Bears* ;  
Worthy himself of Asses Ears, a Pair  
Fairer than *Midas* once was said to wear.

At this rate singing (for your merry Flow'rs •  
Still sing their Words, not bring 'em forth like ours)  
The *Daffadil* succeeded, once a Youth,  
(As many Poets tell, a sacred Truth.)  
And all his Clients and his Kindred came,  
A numerous Train, to vote and poll for him ;  
All of 'em pale or yellow did appear,  
The Livery which wounded Lovers wear.  
Though *Virgil* purple Honours has assign'd  
And bluish *Die*, too liberal and kind,  
The *Chalcedonick* with white Flower thought best  
To be the Mouth, and sing for all the rest.

### The D A F F A D I L.---*Narcissus*.

W HAT once I was, a Boy, not ripen'd to a Man,  
My Roots of one Year's Growth explain,  
A lovely Boy of killing Eyes,  
Where ambuscading Witchcraft lies,  
Which did at last the Owner's self surprize.  
Of fatal Beauty, such as could inspire  
Love into coldest Breasts, in Water kindle Fire.  
Me the hot Beds of Sand in *Lybia* burn,  
Or *Ister's* frozen Banks to Ruin turn.  
I when a Boy, among the Boys  
Had still the noblest Place,  
The same my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,  
And is the Garden's Ornament and Grace.  
Become a Flow'r, I cannot tell  
Why my Face shou'd not please me still ;

Downward I lean my bending Head,  
 Longing my Looks in the same Glafs to read;  
 Shew me a Stream, that liquid Glafs  
 Will put me in the self-same Case;  
 In th' Colour with the same Nymphs I am drest,  
 Who wear me in their snowy Breast;  
 Who with my Flowers their Pride maintain,  
 And wish I were a Boy again.

She spoke; *Anemone* her Station took,  
 To whom the Goddess deign'd a smiling Look;  
 For with the *Tulip's* Leave, I needs must say,  
 No Race more num'rous, none more fine and gay;  
 The Purple with its large and spreading Leaf  
 Was chosen, by Consent, to be their Chief,  
 Of fair (d) *Adonis's* Blood undoubted Strain,  
 And to this Hour it shews the dying Stain;  
 As soon as (e) *Zephyr* had unloos'd its Tongue,  
 The beauteous Plant after this manner sung.

(d) 'Tis fabled to have sprung out of *Adonis's* Blood.

(e) Its Flower never opens but when the Wind blows. *Plin.* 21. 23.

*E N E M O N E, or Wind-Flower.*

THOU gentle *Zephyr*, who didst *Flora* wed,  
 Thrice worthy of the Goddess Bed;  
 Who in a winged Chariot hurl'd,  
 With breezing Airs dost fan this nether World,  
 Which kind refreshing Motion, far  
 I before lazy Rest prefer;  
 That Air with which thou every Thing dost cheer,  
 Inspire into the Goddess Ear;  
 That the fair Judge wou'd mindful be  
 Of her lov'd Consort and of me;  
 For since I take my Name from thee,  
 Nay of thy Kindred said to be;



Since I with thee do sympathize  
 Who in *Æolian* Dungeon (f) Captive lies,  
 And viewing *Zephyr's* doleful State.  
 All Dress and Ornament I hate,  
 And locking up my mournful Flower,  
 My self a Pris'ner make, the same Restraint endure.  
 Since I have change of Suits and gaudy Vests,  
 Which in my various Flowers are express;  
 In brief, since I'm a-kin to Gods above;  
 All these together sure, may Favour move;  
 Sprung from the Fair (g) *Adonis* purple Tide  
 And *Venus* Tears, to both I am ally'd;  
 The Rosy Youth, the lov'd *Adonis* stood  
 The Pride and Glory of the Wood.  
 Till a Boar's fatal Tusk let out the precious Blood.  
 Into each flowing drop that still'd,  
 A falling Tear the Goddess spill'd,  
 Which to a bloody Torrent swell'd.  
 The Lovers Tears and Blood combine  
 As if they wou'd in Marriage join;  
 From such Fair Parents, and that Wedding Morn  
 Was I, their fairer Off-spring born,  
 My Force and Power, perhaps, you question now,  
 My Power? Why, I a handsom Face can show;  
 Besides, my heavenly Extract I can prove,  
 And that I'm Sister to the God of Love.

The *Imperial Crown* (as she step'd aside)  
 Advanc'd with stately, but becoming Pride,  
 Not buskin'd Heroes strut with nobler Pride,  
 Nor Gods in walking use a finer Stride:  
 No Friends or Clients made her Train, not one;  
 Conscious of native Worth, she came alone.

(f) Where *Aeolus* the God of Winds, keeps Court. *Virg. Æn. 1.*

(g) *Ov. Met. 10.*

The most noble Flower, to the sight, that grows. *Laurimberg.*

With an erect and sober Countenance,  
In following Terms she did her Plea commence.

The *IMPERIAL CROWN*.

WITH furious Heats and unbecoming Rage,  
Ye flowry Nations, cease t' engage;  
Since on my stately Stem  
Nature has plac'd th' Imperial Diadem.  
Why all these Words in vain, why all this Noise?  
Be judg'd by Nature and approve her Choice.  
Perhaps it does your Envy move,  
And to my Right may hurtful prove,  
That I an upstart Flower am,  
Who have no rumbling hard *Greek* Name;  
Perhaps I may be thought  
In some *Plebeian* Bed begot,  
Because my Lineage wears no stain,  
Nor does Romantick shameful Stories feign,  
That I am sprung from *Jove*, or from his Bastard-strain. }  
I freely own, I have not been  
Long of your World a Denizen;  
But yet I reign'd for Ages past  
In *Persia* and in *Bactria* plac'd, }  
The Pride and Joy of all the Gardens of the East. }  
My Flower a large-siz'd golden Head does wear,  
Much like the Balls Kings in their Hands do bear, }  
Denoting Sovereign Rule, and striking Fear. }  
My purple Stalk, I, like some Scepter wield,  
Worthy in Regal Hands to shine,  
Worthy of thine, great God of Wine,  
When *India* to thy conquering Arms did yield.  
Besides all this; I have a flowry Crown  
My Royal Temples to adorn,  
Whose Buds a sort of Honey Liquor bear,  
Which round the Crown, like Stars or Pearls appear,  
Silver thread around it twine,  
*Saffron*, like Gold, with them does join;

And over All

My verdant Hair does neatly fall.

Sometimes, a three-fold Rank of Flowers  
Grows on my Top, like lofty Towers.

Imperial Ornaments I scorn,  
And, like the Pope, affect a triple Crown;  
The Heavens look down and envy Earth  
From teeming with so bright a birth,  
For *Ariadnes* starry Crown

By mine is far out-shone,

And as they've Reason, let 'em envy on.  
She thunder'd out her Speech; and walk'd to greet  
The Judge, not falling meanly at her Feet,  
But as one Goddess does another meet.

A Flower that wou'd too happy be and blest,  
Did but its Odour answer all the rest!  
The *Tulip* next appear'd all over gay,  
But wanton, full of Pride and full of Play;  
The World can't shew a Die but here has place,  
Nay, by new Mixtures she can change her Face.  
Purple and Gold are both beneath her Care,  
The richest Needle-work she loves to wear;  
Her only study is to please the Eye,  
And to out-shine the rest in Finery;  
Oft of a Mode or Colour weary grown,  
By which their Family had long been known,  
They'll change their Fashion strait, I know not how,  
And with much Pain in other Colours go;  
As if *Medea's* (b) Furnace they had past;  
(She without Plants old *Æson* ne'er new cast)  
And though they know this Change will mortal prove,  
They'll venture yet—to change so much they love.  
Such love to Beauty, such the Thirst of Praise,  
That welcomes Death before inglorious Days!

---

(b) *Ov. Metam. 7.*

The Cause by all was to the White assign'd,  
 Whether because the rarest of the kind,  
 Or else because every (i) Petitioner  
 In antient Times, for Office, white did wear.

### The T U L I P.

Somewhere in (k) *Horace*, if I don't forget,  
 (Flowers are no Foes to Poetry and Wit;  
 For us that Tribe the like Affection bear,  
 And of all Men the greatest *Florists* are)

We find a wealthy Man  
 Whose Ward-robe did five thousand Suits contain;  
 He counted *that* a vast prodigious Store,  
 But I that Number have twice told and more.  
 Whate'er in Spring the teeming Earth commands;  
 What Colours e'er the painted Pride of Birds,  
 Or various Lights the glist'ring Gem affords  
 Cut by the artful Lapidary's Hands;  
 Whate'er the Curtains of the Heavens can shew,  
 Or Light lays Dies upon the varnish'd Bow,  
 Rob'd in as many Vests I shine;

In every thing, bearing a princely Mien.  
 Pity I must the *Lily* and the *Rose*  
 (And the last blushes at her thread-bare Cloaths)  
 Who think themselves so highly blest,  
 Yet have but one poor tatter'd Vest.

These studious, unambitious Things, in brief,  
 Wou'd fit extreamly well a College-life,  
 And when the God of Flow'rs a Charter grants  
 Admission shall be given to these Plants;  
 Kings shou'd have Plenty, and superfluous Store,  
 Whilst Thriftiness becomes the Poor.

---

(i) Thence such were and are still call'd *Candidates*,

(k) *Horat. lib. 1. Ep. 6. Lucullus.*

Hence Spring himself does chiefly me regard:  
Will any Flower refuse to stand to his Award?

Me for whole Months he does retain,  
And keeps me by him all his Reign;  
Carefs'd by Spring, the Season of the Year,  
Which before all to Love is dear.

Besides, the God of Love himself's my Friend,  
Not for my Face alone, but for (I) another End.

Lov'd by the God upon a private Score,  
I know for what—but say no more;

But why shou'd I,  
Become so silent or so shy?

We Flow'rs were by no peevish Sire begot,  
Nor from that frigid, sullen Tree did sprout,  
So sam'd in *Ceres* sacred Rites;

Nor in moroseness *Flora's* self delights.

My Root, like Oil in antient Games, prepares  
Lovers for Battle or those softer Wars:

My quickning Heat their sluggish Veins inspires  
With vigorous and sprightly Fires;

Had but chaste *Lucrece* us'd the same,

The Night before bold *Tarquin* try'd his Flame,  
Upon Record she ne'er a Fool had been,  
But wou'd have liv'd to reap the Pleasure once again.

The Goddess conscious of the Truth, a while  
Contain'd, but then was seen to blush and smile.

The *Flower-de-Luce* next loos'd her heavenly Tongue;  
And thus, amidst her sweet Companions, sung.

(1) *Lauremberg, Gerard, Parkinson* tell her Virtues.

### *Iris*, or the *FLOWER-DE-LUCE*.

I F Empire is to Beauty due  
( And that in Flowers, if any where, holds true )  
Then I by Nature was design'd for Reign;  
Else Nature made a beauteous Face in vain.



Besides, I boast a sparkling Gem,  
 And brighter Goddess of my Name.  
 My lofty Front towards the Heavens I bear,  
 And represent the Sky, when 'tis serene and clear.  
 To me a God-like Pow'r is given  
 With a mild Face resembling Heaven;  
 And in the Kingly Stile, no Dignity  
 Sounds better than SERENITY;  
 Beauty and Envy oft together go,  
 (m) Handsom my self, I help make others so;  
 Both Gods and Men of the most curious Eyes  
 With secret Pleasure I surprize;  
 Nor do I less-oblige the Nose,  
 With Fragrance from my Root that blows.  
 Not *Sibaris* or soft *Capua* did know  
 A choicer Flower for Smell or Show,  
 Though both with Pleasure of all Kinds did flow. }  
 I own the *Violet* and the *Rose*  
 Divinest Odours both disclose;  
 The *Saffron* and *Stock-July-Flower*,  
 With many more;  
 But yet none can so sweet a (n) Root produce:  
 My upper Parts are trim and fair,  
 My lower breath a grateful Air.  
 I am a Flow'r for sight, a Drug for use.  
 Soft as I am, amidst this Luxury,  
 Before me rough Diseases fly.  
 Thus a bold *Amazon* with Virgin-Face  
 Troops of dastard Men will chase.  
 Thus *Mars* and *Venus* often greet,  
 And in single *Pallas* meet:  
 Equal to her in Beauties Charms,  
 And not to him inferiour in Arms.

(m) The Juice of the Root takes away Freckles and Morpheus.

(n) Of the Root is made that call'd Powder of *Cyprus*, or *Orris* Powder.

By secret Virtue and resistless Power

Those whom the (o) Jaundice seizes I restore ;  
Though moist with Unguent, and inclin'd to Love,  
I rather was for Luxury designed,  
And yet like some enraged Lions

Before my painted Arms the yellow Foe does hast.

The Dropsy head-long makes away

As soon as I my Arms display ;

The Dropsy, which Man's *Microcosm* drowns,  
Pulling up all the Sluices in its Rounds.

I follow it through every winding Vein,  
And make it quit in haste the delug'd Man.

The Nation of the *Jews* a pious Folk,

Though our Gods they don't invoke ;

And not to You, ye Plants, unknown

I'th' Days of that great Flowrist, *Solomon*,

Tell us, that *Jove*, to cheer the drooping Ball,

After the Flood, a Promise past,

That so long as Earth shou'd last,

No future Deluge on the World shou'd fall.

And as a Seal to this obliging Grant,

The *Rain-bow* in the Sky did plant ;

I am that Bow, in poor Hydropick Man,

The same refreshing Hopes contain,

I look as gay, and shew as fine,

I am the Thing of which that only is the Sign.

My Plant performs the same

Towards Man's little worldly Frame ;

And when within him I appear,

He needs no Deluge from a Dropsy fear.

(p) The *Peony* then, with large red Flower came on,  
And brought no Train, but his lov'd Mate alone ;

---

(o) Its Faculty in curing these Diseases, is celebrated by *Lauremberg*,  
*Fernelius*, &c.

(p) The *Peony* Male and Female. Other Flowers have particular Sub-  
divisions of Species, which this has not.

Numbers cou'd not make him the Cause espouse,  
 'Las! the whole Nation made but one poor House.  
 Nor did her costly Wardrobe Pride inspire,  
 All dress'd alike, all did one Colour wear.  
 And yet he wanted not for Majesty,  
 Appearing with a sober Gravity.  
 For He advanc'd his purple Forehead, which  
 A Flower with thousand Foldings did enrich:  
 Some love to call it the *Illustrious Plant*,  
 And we may well, I think, that Title grant;  
 Physicians in their publick Writings shew,  
 What Praise is to the first Inventor due.  
 (q) *Paon* was Doctor to the Gods, they say,  
 By the whole College honour'd to this Day.  
 With her own Merits, and this mighty Name  
 Hearten'd and buoy'd, she thus maintain'd her Claim.

---

(q) *Homer* says, *Paon* cur'd *Pluto* with this Plant, when he was wounded by *Hercules*.

*Paonia.* The P E O N Y.

**I**F the fond *Tulip*, swell'd with Pride,  
 In her Fools Coat of motley Colours dy'd;  
 If lov'd *Adonis* Flower, the *Celandine*,  
 Wou'd proudly be prefer'd to mine;  
 Then let *Jove's* Bird, the Eagle, quit the Field,  
 The Thunder to the painted Peacock yield:  
 Then let the Tyrant of the Woods be gone,  
 The Lion yield to the Chamelion.  
 You'll say, perhaps, the Nymphs make much of you;  
 They gather me for Garlands too.  
 And yet d'ye think, I value that?  
 Not I, by *Flora*, not a jot.  
 Virtue and Courage are the valuable things,  
 On difficult Occasions shown.  
 Not painted Arms enoble Kings,  
 Virtue alone gives Lustre to a Crown.

Hence I, the known *Herculean* Disease  
 The Falling-Sickness, cure with ease,  
 Which, like the Club that Hero once did wear,  
 Down with one single Blow Mankind does bear.

I fancy, th' Story hence to rise,  
 That, *Pluto* wounded once by *Hercules*,  
 My Juice, infus'd by *Paon*, gave him ease  
 And did the groaning God appease.  
*Paon* was fam'd, I'm sure, for curing this Disease.

*Pluto* is God of Hell, 't shou'd seem,  
 Prince of inexorable Death;

Now this Disease is Death; but not like him,  
 Without a Sting, plac'd in the Shades beneath.

I should be vain, extremely vain, indeed,  
 A Quarrel of *Punctilio's* to breed,

Since a more noble Flower than I,  
 The Sun in all his Journey does not spy.

Nor do I go in *Phylick's* beaten Road,

By other Plants before me trod,  
 But in a way worthy a healing God.

I never with the Foe come Hand to Hand,

My Odour Death does at a distance send;

Hung round the Neck, strait, without more ado

I put to flight the rampant Foe;

I neither come (what think you, *Cesar*, now)

Nor view the Camp, and yet can overthrow.

She spoke, and bow'd, and so the Court forsook,  
 Her Consort follow'd with a blushing Look;

When strait a fragrant Air of strong Perfume,

And a new Lustre darted through the Room.

No wonder, for the *Rose* did next appear; [Rear.

*Spring* wisely plac'd his best and choicest Troops i'th

Some wild in Woods; yet Worth and Beauty show,

Such as might in *Hesperian* Gardens grow.

Nought, by Experience, than the *Wood-Rose* found,

Better to cure a mad Dog's poisonous Wound;

This brings away the Gravel and the Stone,  
 And gives you Ease, though to a Quarry grown.  
 The beauteous Garden-Rose she did not shame,  
 Though better bred, and of a softer Name;  
 Which in four Squadrons drawn, the *Damask* Rose,  
 In Name of all the rest, maintain'd the Cause;  
 Which sprung, they say, from *Syrian* (r) *Venus* Blood,  
 Long time the Pride of rich *Damascus* stood.

(r) The *Rose* is said at first to have grown white only, till *Venus* running after *Adonis*, scratch'd her Legs upon its Thorns, and stain'd the Flowers with her red Blood.

## The R O S E.

AND who can doubt my Race, says she,  
 Who on my Face Love's Tokens see?  
 The God of Love is always soft, and always young,  
 I am the same, then to his Blood what Wrong?  
 My Brother winged does appear;  
 I Leave instead of Wings do wear;  
 He's drawn with lightned Torches in his Hand;  
 Upon my top bright flaming Glories stand;  
 The Rose has Prickles, so has Love,  
 Though *these* a little sharper prove;  
 There's nothing in the World above, or this below,  
 But would for Rosie-colour'd go;  
 This is the Dye that still does please  
 Both mortal Maids, and heavenly Goddesses;  
 I am the Standard by which Beauty's try'd,  
 The Wish of *Chloe*, and immortal *Juno*'s Pride.  
 The bright *Aurora*, Queen of all the *East*,  
 Proud of her (f) Rosie Fingers, is confest;  
 When from the Gates of Light the rising Day  
 Breaks forth, his constant Rounds to go,

(f) *Homer* calls her ῥοδοδάκτυλος.



The winged Hours prepare the Way,  
 And Rosie Clouds before him strow.  
 The Windows of the Sky with Roses shine;  
 I am Day's Ornament as well as Sign.  
 And when the glorious Pomp and Tour is o'er,  
 I greet it posting to the *Western Shore*.  
 The God of Love, we must allow,  
 Shou'd tolerably Beauty know.  
 Yet never from those Cheeks he goes,  
 Where he can spy the blushing Rose.  
 Thus the wise Bee will never dwell  
 (*That*, like the God of Love, has Wings;  
 That too has Honey, that has Stings)  
 On vulgar Flow'rs, that have no grateful Smell.  
 Tell me blest Lover: What's a Kiss,  
 Without a Rosie-Lip create the Bliss?  
 Nor do I only charming Sweets dispense,  
 But bear Arms in my own and Man's Defence;  
 I, without the Patient's Pain,  
 Man's Body, that *Augean Stable*, clean.  
 Not with a rough and pressing Hand,  
 Thunder-Storms from Clouds command,  
 But as the Dew and gentle Showers  
 Dissolving Light on Herbs and Flowers.  
 Nor of a short and fading Date,  
 Was I the less design'd for Rule and State;  
 Let proud ambitious *Floramour*  
 Usurping on the Gods immortal Name,  
 Joy to be stil'd the (t) *Everlasting Flower*,  
 I ne'er knew yet that Plant that near to *Nestor* (u) came.  
 We too too blest, too powerful shou'd be grown,  
 Which wou'd but Envy raise,  
 If we cou'd say our Beauty were our own,  
 Or boast long Life and many Days.  
 But why should I complain of Fate  
 For giving me so short a Date?

(t) *Amaranth.*(u) No Plants so long-liv'd as *Nestor*.

Since Flowers the Emblems of Mortality,  
 All the same way and manner die.  
 But the kind Gods above forbid,  
 That Virtue e'er a Grave shou'd find,  
 And though the fatal Sisters cut my thread,  
 My Odour, like the Soul, remains behind.  
 To a dead Lion a live Worms prefer'd,  
 Though once the King of all the savage Herd.  
 After my Death I still excel  
 The best of Flowers that are alive and well;  
 If that the Name of Dead will bear,  
 From whose meer Corps does come,  
 (Like the dead Bodies still surviving Heir)  
 So sweet a Smell and strong Perfume.  
 Let 'em invent a thousand ways  
 My mangled Corps to vex and squeeze,  
 Though in a sweating Limbeck pent,  
 My Ashes shall preserve their scent.  
 Like a dead Monarch to the Grave I come,  
 Nature embalms me in my own Perfume.

She spoke, a Virgin-Blush came o'er her Face,  
 And an Ambrosian Scent flew round the Place;  
 But that which gave her Words a finer Grace,  
 Not without some Constraint she seem'd to tell her  
 Her Rivals trembled; for the Judge's Look [Praise.  
 A secret Pleasure and much Kindness spoke;  
 The Virgin did not for Well-wishers lack,  
 Her Kindred-Squadrons stood behind her Back.  
 The yellow nearest stood, unfit for War,  
 Nor did the Spoils of cur'd Diseases bear;  
 The white was next, of great and good Renown,  
 A kind Assistant to the Eye-sight known;  
 The third, a mighty Warrior, was the red,  
 Which terribly her bloody Banner spread;  
 She binds the Flux with her restraining Arts,  
 And stops the Humours Journey to those Parts;

She brings a present and a sure Relief  
 To Head and Heart, the Fountains both of Life.  
 The Feavers Fire by her are Mildness taught,  
 And the hag'd Man to sweet Composure wrought.  
 By help of this, *Jason* of old, we read,  
 Yok'd and subdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed;  
 One Dose to sleep the watchful Dragon sent,  
 By which no more but an high Fever's meant.  
 Between this Squadron and the White, we're told,  
 A long and grievous Strife commenc'd of old;  
*Strife* is too soft a Word for many Years  
 Cruel, unnatural, and bloody Wars;  
 The fam'd *Pharsalian* Fields twice dy'd in Blood,  
 Ne'er of a nobler Quarrel Witness stood;  
 The Thirst of Empire, ground of most our Wars,  
 Was that which solely did occasion theirs;  
 For the Red Rose cou'd not an Equal bear,  
 And the White wou'd of no Superiour hear;  
 The Chiefs by (w) *York* and *Lancaster* upheld,  
 With Civil Rage harass'd the *British* Field.  
 What Madness drew ye Roses to engage,  
 Kin against Kin to spend your Thorns and Rage!  
 Go, turn your Arms where you may Triumph gain,  
 And Fame unsullied with a blushing stain;  
 See the *French* Lily spoils and wafts your Shore;  
 Go, conquer there, where you've twice beat before.  
 Whilst the *Scotch Thistle*, with audacious Pride,  
 Taking Advantage, gores your bleeding Side.  
 Do Roses no more Sense and Prudence own,  
 Than to be fighting for domestick Crown?  
 From *Venus* You much of the Mother bear,  
 You both take Pleasure in the God of War.  
 I now begin to think the Fable true,  
 That *Mars* sprung from a Flower, fulfill'd by You.

---

(w) The Civil Wars between the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, of which the first bore the White Rose, and the other the Red, cost more *English* Blood, than did twice conquering *France*.

War ravages the Field, and like the furious Boar,  
That turns up all the Gardens beauteous Store ;  
O'erthrows the Trees and Hedges, and does wound  
With his ungentle Tusk the bleeding Ground :  
Roots up the *Saffron* and the *Violet-bed*,  
And feasts upon the gaudy *Tulip's* Head !  
You'd grieve to see a beauteous Plat so soon  
Into Confusion by a Monster thrown.

But O, my Muse, O whither dost thou tow'r !  
This is a Flight too high for thee to soar.  
The harmless Strife of Plants, their wanton Play,  
Thy Pipe perhaps may well enough essay ,  
But for their Wars, that is a Theme so great,  
Rather for *Lucan's* Martial Trumpet fit :  
To him that sang the *Theban* Brother's Death,  
To *Maro*, or some such, that Task bequeath.

*The End of the Third Book.*

O F

O F  
P L A N T S.

---

B O O K I V.

---

*F L O R A, of Flowers.*

**H** Appy the Man, whom, from Ambition freed,  
A little Field and little Garden feed.  
The *Field* does frugal *Nature's* Wants supply,  
The *Garden* furnishes for *Luxury*.

What farther specious Clogs of Life remain,  
He leaves for Fools to seek, and Knaves to gain.

This happy Life did th' old (x) *Corycian* choose ;  
A Life deserving *Maro's* noble Muse :

This happy Life did wise (y) *Abdol'min* charm,  
The Mighty Monarch of a little Farm.

While houghing Weeds that on his Walks encroach'd,  
Great *Alexander's* Messenger approach'd,  
Receive, said he, the Ensigns of a Crown,  
A Sceptre, Mitre, and *Sidonian* Gown:

To Empire call'd, unwillingly he goes,  
And longing Looks back on his Cottage throws.  
Thus (z) *Aglaus's* Farm did frequent Visits find  
From Gods, himself a Stranger to Mankind.

*Gyges*, the richest King of former Times,  
(Wicked and swelling with successful Crimes)

Is there, said he, a Man more blest than I?

Thus challeng'd he the *Delphick* Deity.

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(x) *Virg. Georg. IV.*

(z) *Val. Max. Plin. vii. 46.*

(y) *Quin. Curt. l. 14.*



Yes, *Aglau*s : the plain-dealing God reply'd :  
*Aglau*s ? Who's he ? th' angry Monarch cry'd.  
 Say, is there any King so call'd ? there's none,  
 No King was ever by that Title known.  
 Or any great Commander of that Name,  
 Or Hero, who with Gods does Kindred claim :  
 Or any who does such vast Wealth enjoy,  
 As all his Luxury can ne'er destroy.  
 Renown'd for Arms, for Wealth or Birth, no Man  
 Was found call'd *Aglau*s : Who's this *Aglau*s then ?  
 At last, in the retir'd *Arcadian* Plains,  
 (Silence and Shades surround *Arcadian* Swains)  
 Near (a) *Psophis* Town (where he but once had been)  
 At Plow this Man of Happiness was seen.  
 In this Retirement was that *Aglau*s found,  
 Envy'd by Kings, and by a God renown'd.

Almighty Pow'r, if lawful it may be,  
 Among fictitious Gods to mention Thee,  
 Before encroaching Age too far intrude,  
 Let this sweet Scene my Life's dull Farce conclude !  
 With this sweet Close my useless Toil be blest,  
 My long toils'd Barque in that calm Station rest.

Once more my Muse in wild Digression strays,  
 Ne'er satisfy'd with dear Retirement's Praise.  
 A pleasant Road —— but from our purpose wide,  
 Turn off, and to our Point directly guide.

Of *Summer*-Flow'rs a mighty Host remain,  
 With those which *Autumn* musters on the Plain,  
 Who, with Joint-Forces fill the shining Field,  
 Grudging the *Spring* shou'd equal Numbers yield  
 To both their Lists, or 'cause some Plants had been  
 Under the Service of both Seasons seen.  
 Of these my Muse, rehearse the Chief ; for all  
 Though *Mem'ry*'s Daughter, thou can'st ne'er recall.  
 The Spikes of *Summers* Corn thou may'st as well,  
 Or ev'ry Grape of fruitful *Autumn* tell.

---

(a) See *Ovid* and *Statius*.

The (b) *flamy Pansie* ushers *Summer* in,  
 His friendly March with *Summer* does begin ;  
*Autumn's* Companion too (so *Proserpine*  
 Hides half the Year, and half the Year is seen.)  
 The *Violet* is less beautiful than thee,  
 That of *one* Colour boasts, and thou of *three*.  
 Gold, Silver, Purple, are thy Ornament,  
 Thy Rivals thou might'st scorn, hadst thou but Scent.

The (c) *Hesperis* assumes a *Violet's* Name,  
 To that which justly from the *Hesper* came ;  
*Hesper* does all thy precious Sweets unfold,  
 Which coily thou didst from the Day with-hold :  
 In him, more than the Sun, thou tak'st delight,  
 To him, like a kind Bride, thou yield'st thy Sweet at  
 [Night,

The (d) *Anthemis*, a small, but glorious Flower,  
 Scarce rears his Head, yet has a Giant's Tower :  
 Forces the lurking Fever to retreat,  
 (Enscop'd, like *Cacus* in his smoaky Seat)  
 Recruits the feeble Joints, and gives them Ease.  
 He makes the burning Inundation cease ;  
 And when his Force against the Stone is sent,  
 He breaks the Rock and gives the Waters vent.  
 Not Thunder finds through Rocks a swifter-Course,  
 Nor Gold the rampir'd Town so soon can force.

*Blue Bottle*, thee my Numbers fain wou'd raise,  
 And thy \* Complexion challenges my Praise,  
 Thy Countenance, like Summer-Skies, is fair,  
 But ah! how different thy vile Manners are!  
*Ceres* for this excludes thee from my Song,  
 And Swains, to Gods and me a sacred Throng:

(b) Call'd *Flamy*, because her three Colours are seen in the Flame of Wood, as in the Rainbow.

(c) *Dames Violet*, call'd *Hesperis*, because it smells strongest in the Night. *Plin. lib. 21. 7.*

(d) *Camomile*, whose many Virtues see among the *Botanists*.

\* *Cyanus*,

A treach'rous Guest, Destruction thou dost bring  
To th' hospitable Field where thou dost spring.  
(e) Thou bluntest the very Reaper's Sickle, and so  
In Life and Death becom'st the Farmer's Foe.

The (f) *Fenel-Flower* does next our Song invite,  
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the sight :  
His Beard all bristly, all unkemb'd his Hair,  
Ev'n his wreathed Horns the same rough Aspect bear ;  
His Visage too a watrish blue adorns,  
Like *Achelous*, e're his Head wore Horns.  
Nor without Reason, (prudent Nature's Care  
Gives Plants a Form that might their Use declare)  
Dropxies it cures, and makes moist Bodies dry,  
It bids the Waters pass, the frighted Waters fly.  
Does through the Bodies secret Channels run ;  
A Water-Goddes in the little World of Man.

But say, (g) *Corn Violet*, why thou dost claim  
Of *Venus Looking-Glass* the pompous Name ?  
Thy studded Purple vies, I must confess,  
With the most Noble and Patrician Dress ;  
Yet wherefore *Venus Looking-Glass*? that Name  
Her Off-spring Rose did ne'er presume to claim.

*Antirrhinum*, more modest, takes the Stile  
Of *Lions-Mouth*, sometimes of *Calf-Snout* vile ;  
By us *Snap-Dragon* call'd to make amends,  
But say what this Chimeric Name intends ?  
Thou well deserv'st it, if, as old Wives say,  
Thou driv'st nocturnal Ghosts and Sprights away.

Why does thy Head, *Napellus*, (h) Armour wear,  
Thy Guilt, perfidious Plant, creates thy Fear :  
Thy Helmet we cou'd willingly allow,  
But thou, alas ! hast mortal Weapons too.  
But wherefore arm'd ? as if for open Fight ;  
Who work'st by secret Poison all thy Spight.

(e) Therefore also call'd *Blaptiscula*.

(f) *Nigella*, *Gith*.

(g) *Speculum Veneris*.

(h) Blue Helmet-Flowers, or Monks-Hood, so called from its Figure;

Helmet 'gainst Helmet justly thou dost wear,  
 Blue (i) *Anthora* upon thy lovely Hair;  
 This Cov'ring from fell Wounds thy Front does shield,  
 With such a Head-piece *Pallas* goes to Field.  
 What God to thee such baneful Force allow'd,  
 With such Heroick Piety endow'd?  
 Thou poison'st more than e'er *Medea* slew,  
 Yet no such Antidote *Medea* knew.  
 Nor powerful only 'gainst thy own dire Harms;  
 Thy Virtue ev'ry noxious Plant disarms;  
 Serpents are harmless Creatures made by thee,  
 And *Africa* it self's from Poison free,  
 Air, Earth, and Seas, with secret Taint oppress,  
 Discharge themselves of the unwelcome Guest;  
 On wretched Us they shed their deadly Bane,  
 Who die by them that should our Life maintain.  
 Then Nature seems t' have learnt the pois'ning Trade,  
 Our common Parent our Step-Mother made:  
 'Tis then the sickly World perceives thy Aid,  
 By thy prevailing Force the Plague is staid.  
 A noble Strife 'twixt Fate and thee we find,  
 That to destroy, thou to preserve Mankind.

Into thy Lists, thou Martial Plant, admit  
 (k) *Goats-Rue*; *Goats-Rue* is for thy Squadrons fit.

Thy Beauty, (l) *Campion*, very much may claim,  
 But of *Greek-Rose* how didst thou gain thy Name?  
 The *Greeks* were ever privileg'd to tell  
 Untruths, they call thee *Rose*, who hast no Smell.  
 Yet formerly thou wast in Garlands worn,  
 Thy starry Beams our Temples still adorn,  
 Thou crown'st our Feasts, where we in Mirth suppose,  
 And in our Drink allow Thee for a *Rose*.

The *Chalcedonian* Soil did once produce  
 A *Lychnis* of much greater Size and Use;

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(i) Counter-Poison, Monks-Hood, or wholsom Helmet Flower.

(k) *Ruta Copryaria*.

(l) Call'd *Lychnis*, quod noctu lucet,

Form'd like a Sconce, where various Branches rise,  
 Bearing more Lights than *Juno's* (m) Bird has Eyes.  
 Like those in Palaces, whose Golden Light  
 Strikes up and makes the gilded Roofs more bright :  
 This great Mens Tables serves, while that's preferr'd  
 To Altars, and the Gods Celestial Board.

Shou'd *Maro* ask me in what Region springs  
 The Race of Flow'rs inscrib'd with Names of Kings,  
 I answer, that, of Flow'rs deserv'dly crown'd  
 With Royal Titles, many may be found,  
 The Royal (n) *Loose strife*, Royal (o) *Gentian* grace  
 Our Gardens, proud of such a Princely Race.

(p) *Soap-Wort*, tho' coarse thy Name, thou dost excel  
 In Form, and art enrich'd with fragrant Smell :

As great in Virtue too, for thou giv'st ease

In Dropsies, and Fair *Venus* foul Disease.

Yet dost not servile Offices decline,

But condescend'st to make our Kitchens shine.

*Rome's* great Dictator thus his Triumph past,

Return'd to plow, nor thought his Pomp debas'd,

The same Right-hand guides now the humble Stive

And Oxen Yoaks, that did fierce Nations drive.

Next comes the (q) Flow'r in Figure of a Bell,

Thy sportive meaning, Nature, who can tell ?

In these what Musick, *Flora*, dost thou find ?

Say for what jocund Rites they are design'd.

By us these Bells are never heard to sound,

Our Ears are dull, and stupid is our Mind,

Nature is all a Riddle to Mankind.

Some Flow'rs give Men as well as God delight,

These qualify nor Smell, nor Taste, nor Sight ;

(m) The Peacock.

(n) Call'd *Lyfimachia* from *Lyfimachus*.

(o) Found by *Gentius* King of *Illyricum*, where they grow largest.

(p) So call'd from its cleaning quality, used in washing Cloaths and scouring Kitch'n-Vessels.

(q) Bell Flowers, *Campanula*,



Why therefore should not our (*r*) fifth Sense be serv'd?  
Or is that Pleasure for the Gods reserv'd?

But of all *Bell-Flow'rs* (*f*) *Bindweed* does surpass  
Of brighter Metal than *Corinthian* Brass.

My *Muse* grows hoarse and can no longer sing,  
But, *Throat-Wort*, haste her kind Relief to bring;  
The Colleges with Dignity enstall

This Flow'r, 'at *Rome* he is a (*t*) Cardinal.

The (*u*) *Fox-Glove* on fair *Flora's* Hand is worn,  
Left, while she gathers Flow'rs, she meet a Thorn.

(*w*) *Love-Apple*, though its Flow'r less fair appears,  
It's golden Fruit deserves the Name it bears.

But this is new in Love, where the true Crop  
Proves nothing; all the Pleasure was i'th' Hope.

The *Indian* (*x*) Flow'ry Reed in Figure vies,  
And Lustre, with the *Cancer* of the Skies.

The (*y*) *Indian-Cress*, our Climate now does bear,  
Call'd *Lark-beel*, 'cause he wears a Horse-man's Spur.

This *Gilt-spur* Knight prepares his Course to run,  
Taking his Signal from the Rising Sun,

And stimulates his Flow'r to meet the Day:

So *Castor* mounted spurs his Steed away.

This Warriour sure has in some Battle been,

For spots of Blood upon his Breast are seen.

Had *Ovid* seen him, how would he have told

His History, a Task for me too bold;

His Race at large and Fortune had express,

And whence those bleeding Signals on thy Breast.

From later *Bards* such Mysteries are hid,

Nor does the God inspire, as heretofore he did.

With the same Weapon (*z*) *Lark-spur* thou dost mount  
Amongst the Flow'rs, a Knight of high account;

(*r*) The Hearing (*f*) Call'd great *Bind Weed*, or great *Bell-Flower*.

(*t*) In Latin call'd *Flos Cardinalis*.

(*u*) *Flos Digitalis*, from resembling a Glove. (*w*) *Pomum Amoris*,

(*x*) *Canna Indica*, or *Flos Coneri*.

(*y*) *Nasturtium Indicum*, *Delphinium luteum*.

(*z*) *Consolida Regalis*.

To want those war-like Ensigns were a shame  
 For thee, who Kindred dost with *Ajax* claim:  
 Of unarm'd Flow'rs he could not be the Sire,  
 Who for the loss of Armour did expire:  
 Of th' ancient *Hyacinth* thou keep'st the Form,  
 Those lovely Creatures that ev'n *Phœbus* charm;  
 In thee those skilful (a) Letters still appear,  
 That prove thee *Ajax* his undoubted Heir.  
 That up start (b) Flow'r, that has usurpt thy Fame,  
 O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his Claim.  
 The *Lily* too wou'd fain thy Rival be,  
 And brings, 'tis true, some Signs that well agree,  
 But in Complexion differs much from thee.  
 At Spring thou mayst adorn the *Asian* Tow'rs,  
 We crop thee here among our Summer-Flow'rs  
 But (c) *Martagon* a bolder Challenge draws,  
 And offers Reason to support his Cause;  
 Nor did *Achilles* Armour e'er create,  
 'Twixt *Ajax* and *Ulysses* such Debate,  
 So fierce, so great, as at this Day we see,  
 For *Ajax* Spoils, 'twixt *Martagon* and thee.  
 That (d) *Bastard Dittany* of Sanguine Hue,  
 From *Hector's* reeking Blood Conception drew;  
 I cannot say, but still a Crimson Stain  
 Tinctures its Skin, and colours every Vein:  
 In Man the three chief Seats it does maintain,  
 Defends the Heart, the Stomach, and the Brain.  
 But all in vain thy Virtue is employ'd,  
 To save a Town must be at last destroy'd;  
 In vain thou fight'st with Heaven and Destiny,  
 Our *Troy* must fall, and thou our *Hector* die.  
 Next comes the (e) *Candy-Tufts*, a *Cretan* Flower,  
 That rivals *Jove* in Country and in Power.

(a) The Syllables *Ac*, *As*, most visible in this Flower.

(b) The common *Hyacinth*, who wants all the Notes of the old *Hyacinth* or *Ajax* Flower.

(c) *Lily* of the Mountains;

(d) *Fraxinella*.

(e) *Thlaspi*.

The (f) *Pellitory* healing Fire contains,  
That from a raging Tooth the Humour drains ;  
At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,  
Resembling Teeth and Gums, for both a certain Cure.

The *Sow-bread* does afford rich Food for Swine,  
Physick for Man, and Garlands for the Shrine.

(g) *Moufe-Ear*, like to its Name-sake, loves t' abide  
In Places out o'th' way, from Mankind hid.  
It loves the Shade, and Nature kindly lends  
A Shield against the Darts that *Phœbus* sends ;  
'Tis with such silky Bristles cover'd o'er,  
The tend'rest Virgin's Hand may crop the Flow'r.  
From all its num'rous Darts no Hurt is found,  
Its Weapons know to Cure, but not to Wound.

(b) *Sweet William* small, has Form and Aspect bright,  
Like that sweet Flower that yields great *Jove* delight ;  
Had he Majestick bulk, he'd now be stil'd  
*Jove's* Flower, and, if my Skill is not beguil'd,  
He was *Jove's* Flow'r, when *Jove* was but a Child. }  
Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,  
He's worthy *Jove*, ev'n now he has a Beard.

The (i) *Catch-Fly* with *Sweet William* we confound,  
Whose Nets the Straglers of the Swarm confound,  
Whose viscous Threads, that hold th' entangled Prey,  
From its own treach'rous Entrails force their Way.

Three Branches in the (k) *Barren-Wort* are found,  
Each Branch again with three less Branches crown'd,  
The Leaves and Flow'rs adorning each are three,  
This Frame must needs contain some Sacred Mystery.

Small are thy Blossoms, double \* *Pellitory*,  
Which yet united are the Garden's Glory.  
Sneezing thou dost provoke, and Love for thee,  
When thou wast born, sneez'd most auspiciously.

f (f) *Pyrethrum*, *Pellitory of Spain*; (g) *Auricula muris*, *Phosella*,

(b) *Armerius*, *Sweet-John*.

(i) *Muscipula Lobelii*.

(k) *Epimedium*.

\* *Sneezewort*.

But thou that from fair (l) *Mella* tak'st thy Name,  
 Thy Front surrounded with a Star-like Flame,  
 Scorn not the Meads, for from the Meads are born  
 Wreaths, which the Temples of the Gods adorn;  
 Kind Sustenance thou yield'st the lab'ring Bee,  
 When scarce thy Mother-Earth affords it thee.  
 Thy Winter-Store in hardest Months is found,  
 And more than once with Flow'rs in Summer crown'd.  
 Thy Root supplies the Place of Flow'rs decay'd,  
 And Fodder for the fainting Hive is made.

Behold a (m) Monster loathsome to the Eye,  
 Of slender Bulk, but dang'rous Policy,  
 Eight Legs it bears, three Joints in every Limb,  
 That nimbly move, and dextrously can climb;  
 Its Trunk (all Belly) round, deform'd and swell'd,  
 With fatal Nets and deadly Poison fill'd.  
 For Gnats and wand'ring Flies she spreads her Toils,  
 And Robber-like, lives high on ravish'd Spoils.  
 The City-Spider, as more civiliz'd,  
 With this less hurtful Practice is suffic'd,  
 With greater Fury the *Tarantula*  
 Tho' small it self, makes Men and Beasts its Prey;  
 Takes first our Reason, then our Life away.  
 Thou *Spider-Wort* dost with the Monster strive,  
 And from the conquer'd Foe thy Name derive.  
 Thus *Scipio*, when the World's third Part he won,  
 While to the Spoils the meaner Captains run,  
 The only Plunder he desir'd was Fame,  
 And from the vanquish'd Foe to take his Name.

(n) The *Marvel* of the World comes next in view,  
 At home, but stil'd the *Marvel* of *Peru* :  
 (Boast not too much, proud Soil, thy Mines of Gold,  
 Thy Veins much Wealth, but more of Poison hold)  
 Bring o'er the Root, our colder Earth has Power  
 In its full Beauty to produce the Flower ;

(l) *Star wort*. Virg. Geor. 4:

(n) *Mirabile Peruvianum*.

(m) *Phalangium*, *Spider-wort*.

But yields for Issue no prolifick Seed,  
And scorns in foreign Lands to plant and breed.

(o) The *Holiboek* disdains the common Size  
Of Herbs, and like a Tree does proudly rise;  
Proud she appears; but try her, and you'll find  
No Plant more mild, or friendly to Mankind;  
She gently all Obstructions does unbind.

The (p) *Africans* their rich Leaves closely fold,  
Bright as their Country's celebrated Gold.  
Each hollow Leaf, envelop'd, does impart  
The form of a gilt Pipe, and seems a Work of Art.  
Would kind *Apollo* once these Pipes inspire,  
They'd give such Sounds as should surpass his Lyre.  
A more than common Date this Flow'r enjoys,  
And sees a Month compleated e're she dies.  
These only Fate permits so long to stand,  
And crops 'em then with an unwilling Hand.  
The Calyx where her fertile Seeds are laid  
In likeness of a painted Quiver's made,  
With store of Arrows too the same is grac'd,  
And decently on *Flora's* Shoulder plac'd.  
When she in Gardens hunts the *Butterfly*,  
In vain the Wretch his Sun-burnt Wings does try,  
Secure enough, did Fear not make him fly.  
Himself would seem a Flow'r, if motionless,  
And cheat the Goddess with his gaudy Dress,  
Retreating, the keen Spikes his Sides does goad,  
To Earth he falls, a light and unfelt Load.

Such was the Punick *Caltha*, which of Yore,  
Of *Juno's* Rose the lofty Title bore.  
Of famous *Carthage*, now by Fate bereft,  
This last (and surely) greatest Pride is left.  
How vain, O Flow'rs, your Hopes and Wishes be,  
Born, like your selves, by rapid Winds away.

(o) *Malva hortensis.*

(p) A Flower so call'd, and sometimes falsely *French Marigolds.* *Caltha Africana.*



Once you had hope, at *Hannibal's* return  
From vanquish'd *Rome*, his Triumphs to adorn,  
And ev'n, imperious *Carthage* Head surround,  
When she the Mistress of the World was crown'd;  
Presum'd that *Flora* wou'd for you declare,  
Though she that time a *Latian* Goddess were:  
But now, alas! reduc'd to private State,  
Thou shar'st, poor *Flower*, thy Captive Country's Fate.

(g) Why *Holly-Rose*, dost thou, of slender Frame,  
And without Scent, assume a *Rose's* Name?  
Fate on thy Pride a swift Revenge does bring,  
The Day beholds thee dead, that sees thee spring.  
Yet to the Shades thy Soul triumphing goes,  
Boasting that thou didst imitate the *Rose*.

A better claim (r) *Sweet-Cistus* may pretend,  
Whose sweating Leaves a fragrant Balsam send:  
To crop this Plant the wicked *Goat* presumes,  
Whose fetid Beard the precious Balm perfumes:  
But in Revenge of the unhallow'd Theft,  
The Caitiff's of his larded Beard bereft.  
Baldness thou dost redress, nor are we sure  
Whether the Beard or Balsam gives the Cure.

Thy Ointment (f) *Jessamine*, without abuse  
Is gain'd, yet grave old Sots condemn the use;  
Though *Jove* himself, when he is most enrag'd,  
With thy Ambrosial Odour is asswag'd:  
Capricious Men! why should that Scent displease,  
That is so grateful to the Deities?

*Flora* herself to th' (t) *Orange-Tree* lays claim,  
Calls it her own, *Pomona* does the same;  
Hard Words ensue, (for under Sense of Wrong  
Ev'n Goddesses themselves can find a Tongue)  
If Apples please you so, *Pomona* cries,  
Take your *Love-Apple*, and let that suffice,

(g) *Cistus*, *Sage-Rose*.

(r) *Lada*, *Ladanon*; *Gum-Cistus*.

(f) *Jasme*, *Jasminum*, *Gelsimum*, *Jessamy*.

(t) *Malus Aurantijs*, *Orange Flower*.

To claim another's Right is Harlots Trade,  
So may a Goddess of an Harlot made.

And on what Score, *Flora* incens'd reply'd,  
Were you by kind (u) *Vertumnus* deify'd?  
You kept (no Thanks) your Maiden Virtue, when  
He was a Matron, when a Youth ——— What then?  
Such fragrant Fruits as these may *Flow'rs* be call'd,  
And henceforth with that Name shall be enstal'd.  
On sundry Sorts of *Pulse* we do bestow  
That Title, though in open Field they grow,  
As others oft are in the Garden seen,  
Witness the (w) *Everlasting-Pease*, and *Scarlet Bean*.

The vulgar *Beans* sweet Scent, who does not prize!  
With Iv'ry Forehead, and with Jet black Eyes,  
Amongst our Garden-Beauties may appear,  
If Gardens only their cheap Crop did bear.  
*Pythagoras* not rightly understood,  
Has left a Scandal on the noble Food:  
Take care henceforth, ye *Sages*, to speak true,  
Speak Truth, and speak intelligibly too.

*Lupine* unsteep'd, to harshness does incline,  
And like old *Cato*, is of Temper rough;

But drench the *Pulse* in Water, *Him* in Wine,  
They'll lose their Sowness and grow mild enough.

These Flowers, and thousands more, whose num'rous  
And pompous March, 'twere endless to describe. [Tribe,

The (x) *Mandrake* only imitates our Walk,  
And on two Legs erect is seen to stalk.  
This Monster struck *Bellona's* self with awe,  
When first the Man-resembling Plant she saw.  
The *Water-Lily* still is wanting here,  
What cause can *Water-Lily* have to fear,  
Where Beauties of inferiour Rank appear?

(u) *Ovid. Met. 14.*

(w) *Lathyrus, Pisum perenne.*

(x) The Male white, the Female black.

Her Form excels, and for Nobility  
 The whole Assembly might her Vassals be.  
 A (y) Water-Nymph she was, *Alcides* Bride,  
 (Who sprung from Gods, himself now deify'd)  
 This cost her dear — by Love of him betray'd,  
 The *Water-Goddes* a poor Plant was made;  
 From this Misfortune she does triftful prove,  
 And to this Hour she hates the Name of Love.  
 All Freedom she renounces, Mirth and Play,  
 That to more close Embraces led the way:  
 And since our *Fera*'s former Pranks are known,  
 (If in a Goddes we such Crimes may own)  
 In Life the common Mistress of the Town:  
 She scorns at the Tribunal to be seen,  
 Nor would, on Terms so scandalous, be Queen.  
 To be from Earth divorce'd she'd rather choose,  
 And to the Sun her wither'd Root expose.

Thée, (z) *Maracot*, a much more sacred Cause  
 From these profane ridic'ious Rites withdraws;  
 With Signals of a real God adorn'd,  
 Poets and Painter's Gods by thee are scorn'd:  
 T' unfold the Emblems of this mystick Flow'r,  
 Transcends (alas) my feeble *Muses* Pow'r;  
 But Nature sure by chance did ne'er bestow  
 A Form so diff'rent from all Plants that grow,  
 Enrob'd with ten white Leaves, the proper Dress,  
 Of Virgins chaste and sacred Priestesses.  
 Twice round her twofold Selvedge you may view  
 A purple Ring, the sacred Martyr's Hue.  
 Thick sprouting Stems of ruddy *Saffron-Grain*  
 Strive to conceal the Flow'r, but strive in vain,

(y) See *Nymphæa*, or *Water-Lily*.

(z) *Flos Passionis Christi*. The Passion Flower, or *Virginian Climber*.  
 The first of these Names was given it by the *Jesuits*, who pretended  
 to find in it all the Instruments of our Lord's Passion: not so easily di-  
 scern'd by Men of Senses not so fine as they.

This Coronet of ruby Spikes compos'd,  
 The thorny Blood-stain'd Crown may be suppos'd:  
 The Blood-stain'd Pillar too a curious Eye  
 May there behold, and if you closely pry,  
 The Sponge, the Nails, the Scourge thereon you'll spy,  
 And Knobs resembling a Crown'd Head descry.  
 So deep in Earth the Root descends, you'd swear,  
 It meant to visit Hell, and triumph there:  
 In every Soil it grows, as if it meant  
 To stretch its Conquest to the World's extent.  
 Beside the forenam'd Candidates, but few  
 Remain'd, and most of them were modest too.  
 But where such fragrant Rivals did appear,  
 Who would have thought to find rank *Moly* there?  
 Amongst Competitors of such fair Note,  
 Sure, *Garlick* only will for *Moly* Vote.  
 Yet something 'twas, (and Plants themselves confess  
 The Honour great,) that (a) *Homer* did express  
 Her famous Name in his immortal Song:  
 Swell'd with this Pride, she presses through the Throng,  
 Deep silence o'er the whole Assembly spreads,  
 Whilst with unsav'ry Breath her Title thus she pleads.

---

(a) *Hom. Odyss. x. 305.*

### M O L Y.

**T**O find a Name for me the Gods took care,  
 A Mystick Name that might my Worth declare.  
 They call me *Moly*; dull Grammarians Sense  
 Is puzzled with the Term——  
 But *Homer* held Divine Intelligence.  
 In *Greek* and *Latin* both my Name is (b) *Great*,  
 The Term is just, but *Moly* sounds more neat:

---

(b) A Species of large *Garlick*. *Méja magnum.*

My Pow'rs prevented *Circes* dire Design,  
*Ulysses* but for me had been a Swine;  
 In vain had *Mercury* inspir'd his Brain  
 With Craft, and tipt his wheedling Tongue in vain;  
 Had I not enter'd timely to his Aid.  
 Thus *Moly* spoke, and would much more have said;  
 But by Mischance (as if some angry Pow'r  
 Had ow'd her long a Shame) a Belch most sow'r  
 Broke from her Throat, perfuming all the Court,  
 And made her Rivals unexpected Sport.  
 Her pompous Name no longer can take place,  
 Her Odour proves her of the *Garlick* Race;  
 Forthwith with one Consent the jibing Throng  
 Set up their Notes, and sung the well-known (c) Song,

*He that to cut his Fathers Throat  
 Did heretofore presume,  
 T' have Garlick cram'd into his Gut  
 Receiv'd the dreadful Doom.*

*Flora* to silence the tumultuous Jest,  
 (Though secretly she smil'd among the rest)  
 That she her self would speak, a Sign exprels'd.  
 Then with sweet Grace into these Accents broke,  
 Th' unfavoury Place perfuming while she spoke.

(c) *Horat. Epod. lib. Od. 3:*

## F L O R A.

**H**OMER I will not *vain* or *careless* call,  
 Though he no mention makes of me at all,  
 That he blame-worthy was in this, 'tis true,  
 But the blind Bard gives other Gods their due.  
 His Truth 'twere great Impiety to slight,  
 Ev'n what of *Moly* he affirms is right.  
 I once had such a Flow'r, but now bereft  
 O'th' Happiness, the Name is only left.



No sooner Men its wondrous Virtue knew,  
 But jealous Gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew.  
 'Tis said that *Jove* did *Mercury* chastise  
 For shewing to *Ulysses* such a Prize.  
 To say I saw him do't, I'll not presume,  
 But Witness am of *Moly's* unjust Doom.  
 E'en to the Shades below her Root strikes down,  
 As she wou'd make th' infernal World her own.  
 As from their native Seats the Fiends she'd drive,  
 And, spight of Flames and blasting Sulphur, thrive.  
*Jove* saw't, and said, Since Fire can't stop thy Course,  
 We'll try some Magick Water's stranger Force.  
 Then calling (d) *Lympha* to him, thus at large  
 Unfolds his Mind, and gives the Goddess charge:  
 Thou know'st, said he, where *Cicones* reside,  
 There runs a marvelous petrifying Tide;  
 Take of that Stream (but largely take) and throw  
 Where'er thou seest the wicked *Moly* grow;  
 Our Empire is not safe, her Pow'r's so large;  
 Whole Rivers therefore on her Head discharge.  
*Lympha* with lib'ral Hand the Liquor pours,  
 While thirsty *Moly* her own Bane devours;  
 Her Stem forthwith is turn'd, O Prodigy!  
 Into a Pillar; where her Flow'r shou'd be  
 The Sculpture of a Flow'r is only shown:  
 Poor *Moly* thus transform'd to Marble-Stone,  
 The Story of her Fate does still present,  
 And stands in Death her own sad Monument.  
 Here ended little *Moly's* mighty Reign,  
 By jealous Gods for too much Virtue slain.

What Wonder then, if that bold (e) Flow'r doth prove  
 The Object of his Wrath that rival'd *Jove*?

---

(d) The Goddess of Water.

(e) *Larkspur*. The Herb, by the touch of which *Juno* was feign'd  
 to conceive *Mars*. *Ovid*, *Fast.* lib. 5.

That to embrace chaste *Juno* did aspire,  
 Gallant t' a Goddess, of a God the Sire,  
 The vigorous Herb begat a Deity,  
 A God, like *Jove* himself for Majesty,  
 And one that thunders too as loud as he,  
 With one short Moment's Touch begot him too,  
 That's more than ever threshing *Jove* cou'd do.  
 The Flow'r it self appears with Warriour's Mien,  
 (As much as can in growing Plants be seen)  
 With stabbing Point and cutting Edge 'tis made,  
 Like warlike Weapon, and upon its Blade  
 Are ruddy Stains like Drops of Blood display'd.  
 Its Spikes of Faulchion-shape are sanguine too,  
 Its Stem and Front is all of bloody Hue:  
 The Root in Form of any Shield is spread,  
 A crested Helmet's plac'd upon its Head.  
 Upon his Stalk, Strings, Bow and Arrows grow,  
 A Horseman's Spur upon his Heel below.  
*Minerva* I would have this Warriour wed,  
 A Warriour fit for chaste *Minerva's* Bed;  
 So she might teem, yet keep her Maiden-head.  
 My Garden had but one of these, I own,  
 And therefore by the Name of *Phœnix* known,  
 The Herb that could increase *Jove's* mighty Breed;  
 T' its self an Eunuch was, and wanted Seed.  
 Grieving that Earth so rich a Prize should want,  
 I try'd all Means to propagate the Plant:  
 What cannot Wit, what cannot Art fulfil!  
 At least where Powers Divine wou'd shew their Skill.  
 One tender Bulb another did succeed,  
 And my fair *Phœnix* now began to breed;  
 But mark th' Event, shall I expecting sit,  
 Says *Jove*, till this young Sprout more Gods beget,  
 To have a Rival in my Heav'n and see  
 An Herb-race mingle with *Jove's* Progeny?  
 A dreadful and (f) blind Monster then does make;  
 That on his Rival dire Revenge might take;

---

(f) The Mole,

Though less of Size, sharp'd like a Forest-Boar,  
 And turns him loose into my Garden's Store.  
 What havock did the Savage make that Day!  
 (I weep to think what flow'ry Ruins lay)  
 With Sulphur's Fume I strove to drive him thence,  
 The Fume of Sulphur prov'd too weak Defence.  
 Great *Spurge* and *Affa Fœtida* I try'd,  
 In vain, in vain, strong *Moly's* Scent apply'd.  
 Small Vermin did his Ancestors suffice,  
 When they cou'd catch a *Beetle*, 'twas a Prize,  
 But such coarse Fare this Salvage does despise.  
 He like a Swine, of *Epicurus* breed,  
 On the best Dainties of my Soil must feed,  
*Tulips* of ten Pounds price (so large and gay  
 Adorn'd my Bow'r) he'd eat me ten a Day:  
 For twice the Sum I could not now supply  
 The like, though *Jove* himself should come to buy.  
 Yet like a Goddess I the Damage bore  
 With Courage, trusting to my Art for more.  
 While therefore I contrive to trap the Foe,  
 The Wretch devours my precious *Phœnix* too.  
 Nor to devour the Sire is satisfy'd,  
 But tears the tender Off-spring from his Side.  
 O impious Fact!—Here *Flora* paus'd a-while,  
 And from her Eyes the Crystal Tears distil:  
 But, as became a Goddess, check'd her Grief,  
 And thus proceeds, in Language sweet and brief.  
 Thee *Moly*, *Homer* did perhaps devour,  
 For, to Heav'n's Shame be't spoke, the Bard was poor.  
 But in thy Praise wou'd ne'er vouchsafe to speak.  
 From these Examples, *Moly*, warning take.  
 To fatal Honours seek not then to rise,  
 'Tis dangerous claiming Kindred with the Skies:  
 Thou honest *Garlick* art, let that suffice,  
 Of Country growth, own then thy Earthly Race,  
 Nor bring by Pride, on Plants or Man, disgrace.  
 She said!—and to the *Lily* waiting by  
 Gave Sign, that she her Title next should try.

## White L I L Y.

SUCH as the lovely Swan appears  
 When rising from the *Trent* or *Thame*,  
 And, as aloft his Plumes he rears,  
 Despises the less beauteous Stream :

So when my joyful Flow'r is born,  
 And does its native Glories show ;  
 Her clouded Rival she does scorn,  
 Th' are all but Foils where *Lilies* grow.

Soon as the Infant comes to light,  
 With harmless Milk alone 'tis fed ;  
 That from the Innocence of White  
 A gentle Temper may be bred.

The Milky Teat is first apply'd  
 To fiercest Creatures on the Earth,  
 But I can boast a greater pride,  
 (g) A Goddess Milk produc'd my Birth.

When *Juno* in the Days of yore  
 Did with this great *Akides* teem,  
 Of Milk the Goddess had such store,  
 The Nectar from her Breast did stream ;

Whitening beyond the pow'r of Art  
 The Pavement where it lay,  
 Yet through the Crevices some part  
 Made shift to find its way.

---

(g) *Jupiter*, in order to make *Hercules* immortal, clap'd him to *Juno's* Breasts while she was asleep. The lusty little Rogue suck'd so hard, that too great a gush of Milk coming forth, some spilt upon the Sky, which made the *Galaxy* or Milky-way, and out of some which fell to the Earth arose the *Lily*.

The Earth forthwith did pregnant prove,  
With Lily-Flow'rs supply'd,  
That scarce the Milky Way above  
With her in Whiteness vy'd.

Thus did the Race of Man arise,  
When sparks of heavenly Fire,  
Breaking through Crannies in the Skies,  
Did Earth's dull Mass inspire.

Happy those Souls that can, like me,  
Their native White retain;  
Preserve their heav'nly Purity,  
And wear no guilty Stain.

Peace in my Habit comes array'd,  
My Dress her Daughters wear;  
Hope and Joy in White are clad,  
In Sable Weeds Despair.

Thus Beauty, Truth, and Chastity  
Attir'd we always find;  
These in no Female meet, but me,  
From me are ne'er disjoin'd.

Nature, on many Flow'rs beside,  
Bestows a muddy White;  
On me she plac'd her greatest Pride,  
All over clad in Light.

Thus *Lily* spoke, and needless did suppose  
Secure of Form, her Virtues to disclose.  
Then follow'd *Lilies* of a diff'rent hue,  
Who ('cause their Beauty less than hers they knew) }  
From Birth and high Descent their Title drew,  
Of these the *Martagon* chief Claim did bring,  
(The noble Flow'r that did from *Ajax* spring)  
But from the noblest Hero's Veins to flow,  
Seem'd less than from a Goddess Milk to grow.



At last the drowzy *Poppy* rais'd her Head,  
 And sleepily began her Cause to plead.  
 Ambition e'en the drowzy *Poppy* wakes,  
 Who, thus to urge her Merit, undertakes.

## P O P P Y.

**O** Sleep, the gentle Ease of Grief,  
 Of Care and Toil the sweet Relief;  
 Like Sov'reign Balm thou canst restore,  
 When Doctors give the Patients o'er.

Thou to the wretched art a Friend,  
 A Guest that ne'er does Harm intend;  
 In Cottages mak'st thy Abode,  
 To th' Innocent thou art a God.

On Earth, with *Jove*, bear'st equal sway,  
 Thou rul'st the Night, as *Jove* the Day;  
 A middle station thou dost keep,  
 'Twixt *Jove* and *Pluto*, pow'rful Sleep!

As thou art just, and scorn'st to lie,  
 Confess before this Company,  
 That by the Virtue of my Flow'r,  
 Thou holdest thy nocturnal Pow'r.

Why do we call thee Loiterer?  
 Who fly'st so nimbly through the Air?  
 The Birds on Wing confess thy Force,  
 And stop i'th' middle of their Course.

Thy Empire, as the Ocean, wide,  
 Rules all that in the Deep reside;  
 That moving Island of the Main,  
 The Whale, is fetter'd in thy Chain.

The Desert-Lands thy Pow'r declare,  
 Thou rul'st the Lion, Tiger, Bear:

To mention these, alas, is vain,  
O'er City-Tyrants thou dost reign.

The *Basilisk*, whose Looks destroy,  
And Nymph more fatal, if she's coy;  
Whose Glances surer Death impart  
To her tormented Lover's Heart.

When Sleep commands, their Charms give way,  
His more prevailing Force obey;  
Their killing Eyes they gently close,  
Disarm'd by innocent Repose.

That careful *Jove* does always wake,  
The Poets say; a foul Mistake!  
For when to Pow'r the Wicked rise,  
Can *Jove* look on with open Eyes?

When Blood to Heav'n for Vengeance calls,  
So loud it shakes his Palace-Walls;  
Yet does unheard, unanswer'd sue,  
Must *Jove* not sleep, and soundly too?

That *Ceres* with my Flow'r is griev'd,  
Some think, but they are much deceiv'd,  
For where her richest Corn she sows,  
The Inmate *Poppy* she allows.

Together both our Seeds does fling,  
And bids us both together spring;  
Good Cause, for my Sleep-giving Juice  
Does more than Corn to Life conduce.

On us the Mortals freely feed,  
Of other Plants there's little need;  
Full of *Poppy*, full of Corn,  
Th' *Hesperian* Garden you may scorn.

(b) Bread's more refreshing, mix'd with me,  
Honey and I with Bread agree,

---

(b) In old time the Seed of the White *Poppy* parch'd, was serv'd up  
as a Dessert.

Our Taste so sweet it can excite  
The weak or sated Appetite.

In *Ceres* Garland I am plac'd,  
Me she did first vouchsafe to taste ;  
When for her Daughter lost she griev'd,  
Nor, in long time had Food receiv'd.

'Bove all she does extol my Plant,  
For, if sustaining Corn you want,  
From me such kind Supplies are sent,  
As give both Sleep and Nourishment ;

The Reason therefore is most plain  
Why I was made the fruitful'st Grain ;  
The *Persian* brings not to the Field,  
Such Armies as my Camp does yield.

Diseases in all Regions breed,  
No Corner of the World is freed,  
Hard Labour ev'ry where we find,  
The constant Portion of Mankind.

Sick Earth Great *Jove* beheld with Grief,  
And sent me down to her Relief,  
And 'cause her Ills so fast did breed,  
Endow'd me with more fertile Seed.

Thus *Poppy* spake, nor did, as I suppose,  
So soon intend her bold Harangue to close,  
But seiz'd with Sleep, here finish'd her Discourse ;  
Nor cou'd resist her own Lethargick Force.  
I tell strange things, ( but nothing should deter,  
Since 'tis most certain Truth what I aver, )  
Nor would I sacred History profane,  
As Poets use, with what is false and vain.  
While *Poppy* spoke——  
Th' Assembly could no longer open keep  
Their Eyes, ev'n *Flora's* self fell fast asleep.

So *Daffadils* with too much Rain oppress,  
 Recline their drooping Heads upon their Breast,  
*Zephyr*, not long could bear this foul Disgrace;  
 With a brisk Breeze of Air he shook the Place:  
*Flora*, who well her Husband's Kisses knew,  
 Wak'd first, but rear'd her Head with much ado:  
 With heavy Motion to her drowsy Eyes  
 Her Fingers lifts, and 'What's o' Clock, she cries?  
 At which the rest (all by degrees) unfold  
 Their Eye-lids, and the open Day behold.  
 The *Sun-Flow'r*, thinking 'twas for him foul shame  
 To nap by Day-light, strove t' excuse the Blame;  
 It was not Sleep that made him nod, he said,  
 But too great Weight and Largeness of his Head.  
 Majestick then before the Court he stands,  
 And Silence with *Phœbean* Voice commands.

### (i) SUN-FLOWER.

**I**F by the Rules of Nature we proceed,  
 And Likeness to the Sire must prove the Breed;  
 Believe me, Sirs, when *Phœbus* looks on you,  
 He scarce can think his Spouse, the Earth, was true.  
 No sooner can his Eye on me be thrown,  
 But he (k) by *Styx* will swear I am his own.  
 My Orb-like golden Aspect bound with Rays,  
 The very Picture of his Face displays.  
 Among the Stars, long since, I should have place,  
 Had not my Mother been of mortal Race.  
 Presume not then, ye Earth-born *Musbroom* Brood,  
 To call me Brother—I derive my Blood  
 From *Phœbus* self; which by my Form I prove,  
 And (more than by my Form) my filial Love.  
 I still adore my Sire with prostrate Face,  
 Turn where he turns, and all his Motions trace;

---

(i) *Chrysanthemum Peruvianum*. (k) The usual Oath of the Gods.

Who seeing this, (all things he sees) decreed  
 To you his doubtful, if not spurious, Breed,  
 These poorer Climes, to be in Dow'r enjoy'd,  
 Of that divine *Phœbean* Metal void;  
 On me that (l) richer Soil he did bestow,  
 Where Gold, the Product of his Beams, does grow.  
 Amongst his Treasures well might he assign  
 A Place for me, his like and living Coin.

He said, and bowing twice his Head, with Grace,  
 To *Flora*, thrice to's Sire, resum'd his Place.

To him succeeds a (m) Flow'r of greater Name,  
 Who from high *Jove* himself deriv'd his Claim.

(l) *America*, where grow the largest *Sun Flowers*. (m) *Flos Jovis*,

## (n) JULY-FLOWER.

HOW this Pretender, for no Med'cine good,  
 Can be allow'd the Son of Physick's God,  
 I leave to the wise Judgment of the Court;  
 With better Proofs my Title I support:  
*Jove* was my Sire, to me he did impart  
 (Who best deserv'd) the Empire of the Heart.  
 Let him with golden Aspect please the Eye,  
 A sov'reign Cordial to the Heart am I.  
 Not *Tagus*, nor the Treasures of *Peru*  
 Thy boasted Soil can Grief, like me, subdue  
 Should *Jove* once more descend in golden Show'r,  
 Not *Jove* cou'd prove so cordial as my Flow'r.  
 One golden Coat thou hast, I do confess,  
 That's all, poor Plant, thou hast no Change of Drels.  
 Of sev'ral hues I sev'ral Garments wear,  
 Nor can the *Rose* her self with me compare:  
 The gaudy *Tulip* and the *Emony*  
 Seem richly coated, when compar'd with thee.

(n) *Caryophyllus fativus major*, *Carnations*.



View both their Stocks, my Ward-robe has the same,  
 The very *Craſus* I of Colours am.  
 Rich but in Dreſs they are, in Virtue poor,  
 Or keep, like Miſers, to themſelves their Store,  
 Moſt lib'rally my Bounty I impart,  
 'Tis Joy to mine to eaſe another's Heart.  
 Some Flow'rs for Phyſick ſerve, and ſome for Smell,  
 For Beauty ſome——but I in all excel.

[Port,

While thus ſhe ſpake, her Voice, Scent, Dreſs, and  
 Majeſtick all, drew Rev'rence from the Court.  
 Well might th' inferiour Plants concern'd appear,  
 The very *Roſe* her ſelf began to fear.  
 Her next of Kin, a fair and num'rous Hoſt,  
 Of their Alliance to *Carnation* boaſt.  
 Then divers more, who, though to Fields remov'd,  
 From *Garden-July-Flower* their Lineage prov'd.  
 They of the *Saffron-Houſe* next took their Courſe,  
 Of dwarfiſh Stature, but gigantick Force :  
 Led by their purple Chief, who dares appear,  
 And ſtand the ſhock of the declining Year.  
 In *Autumn's* ſtormy Months he ſhews his Head,  
 When tainted Skies their baneful Venom ſhed.  
 He ſcarce began to ſpeak, when looking round,  
 The *Colchic*-Tribe amongſt his Train he found ;  
 Hence ye profane, he cry'd, nor bring Diſgrace  
 On my fair Title, I diſown your Race,  
 Repair to *Circe's* or *Medea's* Tent,  
 When on ſome fatal Miſchief they are bent ;  
 To baneful *Pontus* flee, ſeek Kindred there,  
 You, who of Flowers, Earth, Heav'n, the Scandal are.  
 Thus did he ſtorm ; for, though by Nature mild,  
 Againſt the poiſ'nous Race his Choler boil'd.  
 His ſacred Virtue the Intruders knew,  
 And from th' Aſſembly conſciouſly withdrew.

---

(o) Meadow Saffron, call'd *Bulbus Strangulatorius* & *Ephemeron luteale*.

## S A F F R O N.

**W**Hile others boast their high Original,  
 And *Sol* or *Jove* their Parents call ;  
 I claim ( contented with such slender Flow'rs )  
 No Kindred with Almighty Pow'rs.  
 I from a constant (p) Lover took my Name,  
 And dare aspire to no greater Fame.  
 Whom after all the Toils of anxious Life,  
 'Twixt Hopes and Fears a tedious Strife,  
 Great *Jove*, to quit me of my hopeless Fire,  
 ( My Patron he, though not my Sire )  
 Transform'd me to a smiling Flow'r at last,  
 To recompense my Sorrows past.  
 Live chearful now, he said, not only live  
 Merry thy self, but Gladness give.  
 Then to my sacred Flow'r with Skill he join'd,  
 Stems three or four of Star-like kind,  
 Made them the (q) Magazines of Mirth and Joy,  
 Whate'er can sullen Grief destroy.  
 Gay Humours there, Conceit and Laughter lie,  
*Venus* and *Cupid's* Armory.  
*Bacchus* may, like a Quack, give present Ease,  
 That only strengthens the Disease.  
 You crush, alas! the Serpent's Head in vain,  
 Whose Tail survives to strike again.  
 All noxious Humours from the Heart I drive,  
 And, spite of Poison, keep alive ;  
 The Heart secur'd, through all the Parts beside,  
 Fresh Life and dancing Spirits glide.  
 But still 'tis vain to guard th' Imperial Seat,  
 If to the (r) Lungs the Foe retreat ;

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(p) *Ovid. Met. 4. Plin. 16. 35.*

(q) See its many Virtues enumerated by *Laurentbergius* and *Schroder!*

(r) It is accounted so wholesom for the Lungs, that it is call'd *Ani-*  
*ma Pulmonum.*

If of those Avenues he's once possess'd,  
 Famine will soon destroy the rest.  
 I watch and keep those Passes open too,  
 For vital Air to come and go.  
 Ungrateful to his Friend that Breath must be,  
 That can abstain from praising me.

But, having been an Instance of Love's Pow'r,  
 To Females, still a sacred Flow'r;  
 'Tis just that I shou'd now the Womb defend,  
 And be to *Venus* Seat a Friend,  
 'Gainst all that wou'd the teeming Part annoy,  
 My ready Succour I employ:  
 I ease the lab'ring Pangs, and bring away  
 The Birth, that past its time would stay.  
 If this Assembly then my Claim suspend,  
 Who am to Nature such a Friend;  
 Who all that's Good protect, and Ill confound,  
 If you refuse to have me crown'd;  
 If you decline my gentle, chearful Sway,  
 Let my pretended (f) Kinsman come in play,  
 Punish your Folly, and my Wrongs repay.

He said, and shaking thrice his fragrant Head,  
 Through all the Court a Cordial Flavour spread;  
 While of his scatter'd Sweets each Plant partakes,  
 And on th' *Ambrosial* Scent a Banquet makes.  
 Touch'd with a Sense of Joy, his Rivals smil'd,  
 Ev'n *them* his Virtue of their Rage beguil'd;  
 Ev'n *Poppy's* self, refresh'd, crests her Head,  
 Who had not heard one Word of what he said.

(t) *Flower-gentle* last, on lofty Stem did rise,  
 And seem'd the humble *Saffron* to despise;

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(f) The fore-mentioned *Basard-Saffron*.

(t) *Amaranthus*, or which never withers. *Floramour*, *Goldilocks*,  
*the Yellow fort*,

On his high Name and Stature he depends,  
And thus his Title to the Crown defends.

## AMARANTH, FLOWER-GENTLE.

WHAT can the puling *Rose* or *Violet* say,  
Whose Beauty flies so fast away?  
Fit only such weak Infants to adorn,  
Who die as soon as they are born.

Immortal Gods wear Garlands of my Flowers,  
Garlands eternal as their Powers,  
Nor Time that does all earthly Things invade  
Can make a Hair fall from my Head.  
Look up, the Gardens of the Sky survey,  
And Stars that there appear so gay,  
If credit may to certain Truth be giv'n,  
They are but th' *Amaranths* of Heav'n.

A transient Glance sometimes my *Cynthia* throws  
Upon the *Lily* or the *Rose*;  
But views my Plant, astonish'd, from the Sky,  
That she should *change*, and never I.

Because with Hair instead of Leaves adorn'd,  
By some, as if *no Flower*, I'm scorn'd;  
But I my chiefest Pride and Glory place  
In what they reckon my Disgrace.  
My Priv'lege 'tis to differ from the rest;  
What has its *like* can ne'er be best:  
Nor is it fit *Immortal* Plants shou'd grow  
In form of *fading* Plants below.

That Gods have Flesh and Blood we cannot say,  
That they have something *like* to both, we may;  
So I, resembling an immortal Pow'r,  
Am only, *as it were*, a Flower.

Their Pleas thus done, the several Tribes repair,  
 And stand in Raps about the Goddess's Chair,  
 Silent and trembling betwixt Hope and Fear.  
*Flora*, who was of Temper light and free,  
 Puts on a personated Gravity;  
 As with the grave Occasion best might suit,  
 And in this manner finish'd the Dispute.

## F L O R A.

**A**mongst the Miracles of ancient *Rome*,  
 When *Cineas* thither did as Envoy come,  
 Th' August and purpl'd Senate he admir'd,  
 View'd 'em, and if they all were Kings, enquir'd?  
 So I, in all this num'rous Throng, must own  
 I see no Head but what deserves a Crown.  
 On what *one* Flow'r can I bestow my Voice,  
 Where *equal* Merits so distract my Choice?  
 Be rul'd by me, the envious Title wave,  
 Let no one *claim* what all deserve to *have*.  
 Consider how from *Roman* Race we spring,  
 Whose Laws, you know, wou'd ne'er permit a *King*.  
 Can I, who am a *Roman* Deity,  
 A haughty *Tarquin* in my Garden see?  
 Ev'n your own Tribes, if I remember right,  
 Rejoyc'd when they beheld the Tyrant's flight.  
 With *Gabine* slaughter big, think how he slew  
 The fairest Flow'rs that in his Plat-forms grew;  
*Mankind* and *you* how he alike annoy'd,  
 And both with sportive Cruelty destroy'd.  
 You, who are Lords of Earth as well as they,  
 Shou'd Free-born *Roman* Government display.  
 Rest ever then a Commonwealth of Flow'rs,  
 Compos'd of *People* and of *Senators*.  
 This I presume the best for You and Me,  
 With Sense of Men and Gods does best agree,



*Lily* and *Rose* this Year your Consuls be,  
 The Year shall so begin auspiciously.  
 Four *Prators* to the Seasons four I make,  
 The vernal *Pratorship*, thou, *Tulip*, take :  
 (u) *Jove's* Flow'r the Summer, (w) *Crocus* Autumn  
 Let Winter warlike *Hellebore* obey. [fway,  
 Honour's the sole Reward that can accrue.  
 Though short your Office, to your Charge be true.  
 Your Life is short——The Goddesses ended here.  
 The Chosen with her Verdict pleas'd appear ;  
 The rest with Hope to speed another Year.

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(u) *July-Flowers.*

(w) *Saffron.*

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

S

OF



O F  
P L A N T S.

---

B O O K V.

---

P O M O N A; Goddess of Fruit-bearing  
Trees.

**L**ET now my *Muse* more lofty Numbers bring,  
Proportion'd to the lofty Theme we sing.  
The Race of *Trees*, whose towering Branches rise  
In open Air, and almost kiss the Skies.  
Too light those Strains that tender *Flow'rs* desir'd,  
Too low the Verse that humbler *Herbs* requir'd ;  
Those Weaklings near the Surface of the Earth  
Reside, nor from the Soil, that gave them Birth,  
Dare launch too far into the airy Main,  
The Winds rough Shock unable to sustain ;  
These to the Skies with Heads erected go,  
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.  
Not Man, the Earth's proud Lord, so high can raise  
His Head, they touch those Heav'ns which he surveys.

Between th' *Herculean* Bounds and Golden Soil  
By great *Columbus* found, there lies an Isle,  
Of those call'd *Fortunate* the fairest Seat,  
Indulg'd by Heav'n and Nature's blest retreat.  
A constant settled Calm the Sky retains,  
Disturb'd by no impetuous Winds or Rains.  
*Zephyr* alone with fragrant Breath does cheer  
The florid Earth, and hatch the fruitful Year.

No Clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,  
 But fatning Dews in stead from Heav'n distil,  
 And friendly Stars with vital Influence fill.  
 No Cold invades the temp'rate Summer there,  
 More rich than Autumn, and than Spring more fair.  
 The Months without Distinction pass away,  
 The Trees at once with Leaves, Fruit, Blossoms gay;  
 The changing Moon all these, and always does sur-  
 [vey.]

Nature, some Fruits, does to our Soil deny,  
 Nor what we have can ev'ry Month supply,  
 But ev'ry Sort that happy Earth does bear,  
 All Sorts it bears, and bears them all the Year.

This Seat *Pomona* now is said to prize,  
 And fam'd *Alcinous* Gardens to despise.  
 Betwixt th' old World and new makes this Retreat  
 Of her green Empire the Imperial Seat;  
 And wisely too, that Plants of ev'ry Sort,  
 May from both Worlds repair to fill her Court.  
 Hedges instead of Walls this Place surround,  
 Brambles and Thorns of various Kinds abound,  
 With (x) *Haw-Thorn* that does Magick Spells con-  
 found.

The well-rang'd *Trees* within broad Walks display,  
 Through which her verdant City we survey:  
 I'th' midst her Palace stands, of Bow'rs compos'd,  
 With twining Branches, and green Walls enclos'd;  
 By Nature deck'd with Fruits of various kind,  
 You'd swear some Artist had the Work design'd.  
 When Autumn's Reign begins, the Goddess here,  
 (Autumn with us, eternal Summer's there)  
 When *Scorpio* with his Venom blasts the Year,  
 The Goddess her Vertumnal Rites prepares  
 (So call'd from various Forms *Vertumnus* wears)

(x) Of White Thorn, *Spina Alba*, *Ovid. Fast. 6.*

No Cost she spares those Honours to perform,  
 (For no Expence can that rich Goddess harm)  
 She then brings forth her Garden's choice Delights,  
 To treat the rural Gods whom she invites.  
 The Twelve of Heavenly Race, her Guests appear,  
 Wanton *Priapus* too is present there,  
 The fair *Host* more attracts him than the *Fare*.  
 Then *Pales* came, and *Pan*, *Arcadia's* God,  
 On his dull *Ass* the fat *Silenus* rode,  
 Lagging behind; the *Fauni* next advance,  
 With nimble Feet, and to the Banquet dance;  
 Nor Heav'n's inferiour Pow'rs were absent thence,  
 Whose Altars seldom smook with Frankincense.  
 (y) *Pictumnus*, who the barren Lands manures,  
 (z) *Tutanus* too, who gather'd Fruit secures,  
 (a) *Collina* from the Hills, from Vallies low  
 (b) *Vallonia* came, (c) *Rurina* from the Plow,  
 With whom a hundred rustick Nymphs appear,  
 Who Garments form'd of Leaves or Bark did wear,  
 To these, strange (d) Pow'rs from new found *India* came,  
 Most dreadful in their Aspect, Form, and Name.

The hundred Mouths of Fame cou'd ne'er suffice  
 To taste or tell that Banquet's Rarities.  
 With change of Fruits the Table still was stor'd,  
 For ready Servants waited at the Board.  
 In various Dress, the *Months* attending too,  
 In Number Twelve, twelve times the Feast renew,  
 Of Apples, Pears and Dates they fill'd the Juice,  
 The *Indian-Nut* supply'd the double Use  
 Of Drink and Cup; the more luxuriant *Vine*  
 Afforded various kinds of sprightly Wine:  
*Canaria's* neighb'ring Isle, the most Divine.

(y) God of Improvement of Land, in *Æn.* 6. also call'd *Sterquilinus*.

(z) God of Granaries and Repositories of Corn, *Æn.*

*Aug. de Civ. D. c. 8.*

(a) Goddess of the Hills.

(b) Goddess of the Vales.

(c) Goddess of Plow'd Lands.

(d) *American Pagodes*.

Of this glad *Bacchus* fills a Bowl, and cries,  
 O sacred Juice ; O wretched Deities !  
 Who absent hence of sober *Nectar* take  
 Dull Draughts, nor know the Joys of potent *Sack*.  
 The rest who *Bacchus* Judgment cou'd not doubt,  
 Pledg'd him in Course, and sent the Bowl about,  
*Venus* and *Flora* Chocolate alone  
 Wou'd drink, — the Reason to themselves best known.

The Gods (who surely were too wise to spare,  
 When they both knew their Welcome and their Fare )  
 Fell freely on, till now Discourse began,  
 And one, exclaiming cry'd, O foolish Man !  
 That grossly feeds on Flesh, when ev'ry Field  
 Does easy and more wholesome Banquets yield.  
 Who in the Blood of Beasts their Hands imbrue,  
 And eat the Victims to our Altars due.  
 From hence the rest occasion take at last  
 The Goddesses to extol, and her Repast :  
 The *Orange* one, and one the *Fig* commends ;  
 Another the rich Fruit that *Persia* sends ;  
 Some cry the *Olive* up above the rest,  
 But by the most the *Grape* was judg'd the best.

The *Indian* God who heard them nothing say  
 Of Fruits that grow in his *America*,  
 ( Of which her Soil affords so rich a Store ;  
 Her Golden Mines can scarce be valu'd more.)  
 Thus taxes their unjust Partiality,  
 As well he might ; the *Indian Bacchus* he.

Can Prejudice, said he, corrupt the Pow'rs  
 Of this old World ? far be that Crime from ours.  
 If when to furnish out a noble Treat  
 You seek our Fruits, the Banquet to compleat ;  
 ( Which I with Greediness have seen you eat )  
 Are these your Thanks, ingrateful Deities ?  
 Your Tongues reproach what did your Palates please :



You only praise the Growth of your own Soil,  
 Because the Product of long Age's Toil;  
 But had not Fortunè been our Country's Foe,  
 And Parent Nature's self forsak'n us too,  
 Had not your armed *Mars* in Triumph rode  
 O'er our *Ochecus*, a poor naked God,  
 Had not your *Neptune's* floating Palaces  
 Sunk our tall *Ochus* Fleet of hollow Trees,  
 Nor thundring *Jove* made *Varicocha* yield,  
 Nor *Spaniards* yet more fierce laid waste our Field.  
 And left alive no Tiller to recruit  
 The breed of Plants, and to improve the Fruit,  
 Our Products soon had silenc'd this Dispute.  
 But as it is, my Climate I'll defend,  
 No Soil can to such numerous Fruits pretend;  
 We still have many to our Conqu'ors Shame,  
 Of which you are as yet to learn the Name,  
 So little can you boast to shew the same.

This I assert; if any be so vain  
 To contradict the Truth that I maintain,  
 ( Since from both Worlds this Feast has hither brought  
 All Fruits with which our diff'rent Climes are fraught)  
 The Deities that are assembl'd here  
 Shall judge which World the richest will appear;  
 In Fruits I mean, for that our Lands excel  
 In Gold, you to our Sorrow know too well.

His Comrade-Gods in this bold Challenge join,  
 Nor did our Pow'rs the noble Strife decline;  
*Minerva* in her Olive safe appear'd;  
*Bacchus*, who with a Smile, the Boaster heard,  
 As in the *East* his Conquest had been shown,  
 Now reckons the *West-Indies* too his own.  
 His Courage with ten Bumpers first he chear'd;  
 Then all agree to have the Table clear'd,  
 And each respective Tree to plead their Worth;  
 The Goddesses one by one commands them forth.  
 She summon'd first the *Nut* of double Race,  
 And *Apple*, which in our old World have place,

Of each the noblest Breeds ; for to the Name  
A thousand petty Families lay claim.

The *Nut*-Trees Name at first the *Oak* did grace,  
Who in *Pomona*'s Garden then had place,  
Till her nice Palate Acorns did decline,  
Scorning in Diet to partake with Swine :

At last the *Filbert* and the *Chefnut* sweet,  
Were scarce admitted to her verdant Seat ;  
The airy *Pine*, of Form and Stature proud,  
With much Entreaty was at length allow'd.

The *Hazel* with light Forces marches up,  
The first in Field, upon whose nutty Top  
A Squirrel sits, and wants no other Shade  
Than what by his own spreading Tail is made ;  
He culls the soundest, dext'rously picks out  
The Kernels sweet, and throws the Shells about.  
You see, *Pomona* cries, the cloister'd Fruit,  
That with your Tooth, *Silenus*, does not suit.

That therefore useless 'tis, you cannot say,  
It serves our Youths at once for Food and Play ;  
But while such Toys, my Lads, you use too long,  
Expecting Virgins think you do 'em Wrong :  
'Tis time that you these childish Sports forsake,  
*Hymen* for you has other Nuts to crack.

O Plant, most fit for Boys to patronize  
( Says *Bacchus* ) who my gen'rous Juice despise,  
A restive Fruit, by Nature made to grace  
The Monky's Saws, and humour the Grimace.

The sudden Gibe made sober *Pallas* smile,  
Who thus proceeds in a more serious Stile.  
A strong and wondrous Enmity we find  
In Hazle-tree 'gainst Poisons of all kind,  
More wondrous their Magnetick Sympathy,  
That secret Beds of (e) Metals can descry,  
And point directly where hid Treasures lie.

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(e) Of this is made the Divining Rod with which they pretend to  
discover Mines *Bapt. Port, Schrod.*

In search of Golden Mines a Hazle Wand,  
 The wise Diviner takes in his Right-Hand,  
 In vain, alas ! he casts his Eyes about,  
 To find the rich and secret Mansions out,  
 Which yet, when near, shall, with a Force Divine,  
 The Top of the suspended Wand incline.  
 So strong the Sense of Gain, that it affects  
 The very lifeless Twig, who strait reflects  
 His trembling Head, and eager for th' Embrace,  
 Directly tends to the Magnetick Place ;  
 What Wonder then so strange Effects confound  
 The Minds of Men, in Mists of Errour drown'd ;  
 It puzzled me, who was at *Athens* bred,  
 Ev'n me the Off-spring of great *Jove's* own Head.  
 Let *Phæbus* then unfold this Mystery.  
 Much more than Man We know, but *Phæbus* more than  
 [We.

She said — *Apollo*, with th' *Ænigma* vex'd,  
 And scorning to be pos'd in Words perplex'd,  
 Strove to disguise his Ignorance, and spent  
 Much Breath on Atoms, and their wild Ferment :  
 Of Sympathy he made a long Discourse,  
 And long insisted on self-acting Force ;  
 But all confus'd and distant from the Mark,  
 His *Delphick* Oracle was ne'er so dark.  
 'Twas Mirth for *Jove* to see him tug in vain,  
 At what his *Wisdom* only cou'd explain ;  
 For those profounder Mysteries to hide  
 From Gods, and Men, is sure *Jove's* greatest Pride.

The shady *Chestnut* next her Claim puts in,  
 Though seldom she is in our Gardens seen.  
 So coarse her Fare, that 'tis no small Dispute,  
 If Nuts or Acorns we shou'd call her Fruit ;  
 So vile, the Gods from Mirth cou'd not forbear  
 To see such Kernels such strong Armour wear ;  
 First, with a linty Wad wrapt close about,  
 ( Useful to keep green Wounds from gushing out )

Her next Defence of solid Wood is made,  
The third has Spikes that can her Foes invade.  
*Thersites*, sure, no greater Sport cou'd make,  
With *Ajax* sev'n-fold Shield upon his Back.

The *Pine* with awful Rev'rence next did rise  
Above Contempt, and almost touch'd the Skies;  
Carv'd in his sacred (f) Bark, he wore beside  
Great *Maro's* Words, to justify his Pride:  
*Pan* own'd th' approaching Plant, and bowing low  
His Pine-wreath'd Head, but just Respect did show.  
Were *Neptune* present he had done the same  
To that fair Plant that in his *Isthmian* Game  
The Victor crowns, whose loud Applauses he  
With equal Transport hears in either Sea.  
*Neptune* of other Plants no Lover seems,  
But with good Reason, he the *Pine* esteems;  
The *Pine* alone has Courage to remove  
From's native Hills (where long with Winds he strove  
In Youth) on (g) watry Mountains to engage,  
With's naked Timber, fiercer Tempests rage.  
In vain were Floods to Plants and Men deny'd,  
In vain design'd for Fishes to reside,  
Since Nature's Laws by Art are overcome,  
And Men with Ships make Seas their native Home.  
But of all *Pines* Mount *Ida* bears the best,  
By (h) *Cybele* prefer'd above the rest.  
This Plant a lovely Boy was heretofore,  
Belov'd by *Cybele*, upon whose Score  
He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now  
His Fruit delaying *Venus* now excites,  
His Wood affords the Torch which *Hymen* lights.

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(f) *Pulcherrima Pinus in hortis.* Virg. Ecl.

(g) Being made into Masts for Ships

(h) *Atys*, reported for the sake of Chastity to have made himself an Eunuch. *Ovid Met.* 10. *Juven.*

(i) *Ia*, for whom her Father, of *White-thorn*,  
 A Torch prepar'd e're *Pine* by Brides was born ;  
 When she shou'd meet her long expected Joy  
 Embrac'd the *Pine-tree* for her lovely Boy.  
 Dire change ! yet cannot from his Trunk retire,  
 But languishes away with vain Desire :  
 Till *Cybele* afforded her Relief,  
 ( Her Rival once, now Partner in her Grief )  
 Transform'd her to the bitter (k) *Almond-tree*,  
 Whose Fruit seems still with Sorrow to agree.  
 Her Sister, who the dreadful Change did mark,  
 Strove with her Hands to stop the spreading Bark ;  
 But while the pious Office she perform'd,  
 In the same manner found her self transform'd.  
 But, as her Grief was less severe, we find  
 Her (l) *Almond sweet*, and of a milder kind.  
 Thus did this Plant into her Arms receive  
 Th' unfortunate, and more than once relieve.  
 Poor *Phyllis* thus *Demophoon's* Absence mourn'd,  
 Till she into an *Almond-Tree* was turn'd.  
 Thus *Phyllis* vanish'd ; *Ceres* saw her bloom,  
 And prophes'd a fruitful (m) Year to come.

The firm *Pistachio* next appear'd in view,  
 Proud of her Fruit that Serpents can subdue.

The *Walnut* then approach'd, more large and tall,  
 His Fruit, which we a *Nut*, the Gods an *Acorn* call ;  
 (n) *Jove's* Acorn, which does no small Praise confess,  
 T' have call'd it *Man's Ambrosia* had been less.  
 Nor can this Head-like Nut, shap'd like the Brain  
 Within, be said that Form by chance to gain,  
 Or *Caryon* call'd by learned *Greeks* in vain. }

(i) The Daughter of *Midas* espous'd to *Atys*. *Arnob*

(k) The Bitter Almond.

(l) Sweet Almond.

(m) *Virg Georg.* 1,

(n) *Jove's Nut*. *Plin*, 23. 8;



For Membranes soft as Silk, her Kernel bind,  
 Whereof the inmost is of tendrest kind,  
 Like those which on the (o) Brain of Man we find;  
 All which are in a Seam join'd Shell enclos'd,  
 Which of this Brain the Skull may be suppos'd.  
 This very Skull envelop'd is again  
 In a green Coat, his *Pericranion*.

Lastly, that no Objection may remain,  
 To thwart her near Alliance to the Brain;  
 She nourishes the Hair, remembering how  
 Her self deform'd, without her Leaves does show:  
 On barren Scalps she makes fresh Honours grow.  
 Her Timber is for various Uses good;  
 The Carver she supplies with lasting Wood;  
 She makes the Painter's fading Colours last;  
 A Table she affords us, and repast;  
 Ev'n while we feast, her Oil our Lamp supplies,  
 The rankest Poison by her Vertue, dies;  
 The mad Dog's Foam; and Taint of raging Skies.  
 The *Pontick* King, who liv'd where Poisons grew,  
 Skilful in Antidotes, her Virtues knew;  
 Yet envious Fates, that still with Merit strive  
 And Man ingrateful, from the Orchard drive  
 This Sov'reign Plant excluded from the Field,  
 Unless some useless Nook a Station yield.  
 Defenceless, in the common Road she stands,  
 Expos'd to restless War of vulgar Hands;  
 By neighb'ring Clowns, and passing Rabble torn,  
 Batter'd with Stones by Boys, and left forlorn.

To her did all the Nutty Tribe succeed,  
 A hardy Race, that makes weak Gums to bleed;  
 But to the Banquets of the Gods prefer'd,  
 Are said to open of their own accord.  
 Twixt these and juicy Fruits of painted Coat,  
 Such as on Sunny Apples we may note;

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(o) *Mater pia* and *dura Mater*.

Advanc'd the Tribe of those with rugged Skin,  
More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a-kin.

*Pomegranate*, Chief of these, whose blooming Flow'r  
(*Pomona's Pride*) may challenge *Flora's Bow'r*;  
The Spring-Rose seems less fair when she is by,  
Nor Carbuncle can with her Odour vie;  
Nor Scarlet Robes by proudest Monarchs worn,  
Nor purple Streaks that paint the rising Morn,  
Nor Blushes that consenting Maids adorn.

In the *Eubæan* Isle did stand of old  
Great *Juno's* Image, form'd of massy Gold.  
In one Right-Hand she held a Scepter bright,  
(For with the Pow'rs Divine both Hands are Right)  
Her (p) *Carthage* lovely Fruit the other grac'd,  
And fitly in (q) *Lucina's* Hand was plac'd;  
Whose Orb within so many Cells contains,  
In form of Wombs, and stor'd with seedy Grains.  
But (r) *Proserpine* implacable remain'd  
Against this Plant, for former Wrongs sustain'd;  
Nor *Ceres* yet her Hatred cou'd disguise,  
But from *Pomegranate* turn'd her weeping Eyes.  
For the *Elysian* Fields (whence Fates permit  
None to return) what Tree can be more fit  
Than this (s) *restringent* Plant? a single Tast  
Of three small Grains kept *Ceres* Daughter fast.

*Orange* and *Lemon* next, like Lightning bright,  
Came in, and dazled the Beholders Sight;  
These were the fam'd *Hesperian* Fruits of old,  
Both Plants alike, ripe Fruit and Blossoms hold,  
This shines with Pale, and that with deeper Gold.

(p) *Pomegranate*, call'd *Malus Punica*.

(q) *Juno* being the same with *Lucina*, the Goddess of Midwifery.

(r) *Jupiter* is said to have promis'd *Ceres*, that *Proserpine* should be restor'd to her, if she had tasted nothing in the lower Regions, but she having eaten *Pomegranate* Seeds, was retain'd.

(s) *Pomegranate*, a most powerful *Restringent*, us'd in all immoderate Evacuations.

Planted by *Atlas*, who supports the Skies,  
 Proud at his Feet to see these brighter Stars to rise.  
 To keep them safe the utmost care he took,  
 He fenc'd 'em round with Walls of solid Rock ;  
 Nor with *Priapus* Custody content,  
 A watchful Dragon for their Guard he sent.  
 Let vulgar Apples Boys and Beggars fear,  
 These, worth *Alcides* stealing did appear.  
 From Lands remote he came, and thought his Toils  
 Were more than recompenc'd in those rich Spoils.  
 He only priz'd 'em for their Taste and Hue ;  
 For half their real Worth he never knew :  
 Nor cou'd his Tutor *Mars* to him impart  
 The noble Secrets of *Apollo's* Art.  
 Had he but known their Juice 'gainst Poison good,  
 The *Hydra's* Venom mixt with Centaur Blood  
 Had never made Mount *Oeta* hear his Cries,  
 Nor th' oft-slain Monster more had pow'r to rise.

The *Plums* came next, by *Cherry* led, whose Fruit  
 Th' expecting Gard'ner early does salute,  
 To pay his Thanks impatient does appear,  
 And with red Berries first adorns the Year.  
*May*, rich in Dress, but in Provision poor,  
 Admires and thinks his early Fruit a Flow'r.  
 To wait for *Summer's* ripening Heat disdains,  
 Not puts the Planter to immod'rate Pains.  
 He loves the cooler Climes, *Egyptian Nile*  
 Cou'd ne'er persuade him on her Banks to smile.  
 He scorns the Bounty of a two-Months Tide,  
 That leaves him thirsting all the Year beside.  
 Proud *Rôme* her self this Plant can hardly rear,  
 Ev'n to this Day he seems a Captive there.  
 Pris'ner of War from *Cerasus* he came,  
 (From's native (t) *Cerasus* he took his Name ).

---

(t) The Cherry Tree, in *Latin* call'd *Cerasus*, a Town in *Cappadocia*,  
 from whence it was brought into *Italy* by *Lucullus*, An. Urb. 680

From thence transplanted to th' *Italian* Soil,  
*Lucullus* Triumph brought no richer Spoil :  
 Loud *Paeans* to your noble Gen'ral sing,  
*Italian* Plants, that such a Prize did bring.  
 The Conqu'rous Laurels, as in Triumph, wear  
 The blushing Fruit, and captive *Cherries* bear.  
 Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native Home,  
 E'er long thou shalt a Denizen become,  
 Among the Plants of World-commanding *Rome*.

A num'rous Host of *Plums* did next succeed,  
 Diff'ring in Colour, and of various Breed ;  
 Yhe *Damask Prune*, most antient, led in Van,  
 Who, in *Damascus*, first his Reign began.  
 Time out of mind he had subdu'd the *East*,  
 'Twas long e're he got Footing in the *West* ;  
 But now in *Northern* Climates he is known,  
 A hardy Plant, makes ev'ry Soil his own.

Next him, th' *Armenian Apricock* took place,  
 Not much unlike, but of a nobler Race ;  
 Of richer Flavour, and of Taste divine,  
 Whose golden Vestments, streakt with Purple, shine.

Then came the Glory of the *Persian* Field,  
 And to *Armenia's* Pride disdain'd to yield.  
 The *Peach* with silken Vest and pulpy Juice,  
 Of Meat and Drink at once supplies the Use.  
 But take him while he's ripe, he'll soon decay ;  
 For next Day's Banquet he disdains to stay ;  
 Of Fruits the fairest, as the *Rose* of Flow'rs,  
 But ah ! their Beauties have but certain Hours.

A Fruit there is on whom the (u) *Rose* confers  
 Her Name ; of Smell and Colour too like hers :  
 A *Plum*, that can it self supply the Board,  
 To hungry Stomachs solid Food afford.  
 To please our Gust, and Stomach to recruit,  
 He thinks sufficient Tribute for his Fruit ;

(u) *Rhodocina*. *Plin*, 15. 12, 13.

For Physicks Use his other Parts are good,  
His Leaves, his Blossoms, ev'n his Gum and Wood,  
Does to us Health and Joy alike restore;  
Friend to our Pleasure, to our Health much more.

Not so the *Corneil-Tree* design'd for Harms,  
Her Wood supplies dire *Mars* with impious (w) Arms.  
For such a Plant our Gardens are too mild,  
Harsh is her Fruit, and fit for Desarts wild.

With her the *Fujube Tree*, a milder Plant,  
Which (though offensive Thorns she does not want)  
In Peace and Mirth alone does Pleasure take,  
Her Flow'rs, at Feasts, the genial Garlands make,  
Her Wood the Harp that keeps the Guests awake.

Next comes the *Lote-Tree*, in whose dusky hue,  
Her black and Sun-burnt (x) Country you might view,  
To whom th' Assembly all rose up (from whence  
Came this Respect?) and paid her Reverence.

*Priapus* only, with a down-cast Look,  
And conscious Blushes, at her presence shook.  
Th' all-seeing Gods, through that obscure Disguise,  
Nymph (y) *Lotis* saw, conceal'd from humane Eyes.  
They knew how, on the *Hellepontick Shore*,  
T' escape the dreadful Dart *Priapus* wore;

And, zealous to preserve her Chastity,  
She lost her Form, and chang'd into a Tree.  
Though now no more a Nymph, a better Fate  
She does enjoy, and lives with longer Date;

A longer Date than Oaks she does enjoy,  
Those long-liv'd Oaks that call old *Nestor*, Boy &  
She calls 'em *Girls*, green Branches she display'd  
When (z) *Rome* was built, and when in Ashes laid.  
'Tis true, she did not long survive the Fire,  
(With Grief and Flames at once forc'd to expire)

(w) Of which Wood Spears and Bows were made. *Volat. Itaq*  
*Cornus.*

(x) Being an *African* Plant.

(y) *Ov. Met. IX.*

(z) From *Romulus* the Builder, to *Nero* that burnt it.



Almost Nine Hundred Years were past away,  
 Yet then she grudg'd to die before her Day.  
 Ev'n after Death her Trunk appears to (a) live;  
 Does vocal Pipes and breathing Organs give,  
 And fitly, like us Poets, may be said,  
 To make the greatest Noise when she is dead.  
 A Thousand Years are since elaps'd, yet still  
 She flourishes in Praise, and ever will.  
 Her Trees rich Fruit, with which she charm'd Mankind,  
 Shew'd, when a Nymph, the Sweetness of her Mind.  
 These Sounds express the Musick of her Tongue,  
 More sweet than *Circe's* or the *Syren-Throng*.

But Nymph, retire, triumphant *Palm* appears,  
 She thrives the more the greater Weight she bears,  
 No Pressure for her Courage is too hard,  
 Of Virtue both th' Example and Reward.  
 She flourish'd once in (b) *Solymean* Ground,  
 Fam'd *Joshua's* and *Jessides* sacred Triumphs crown'd,  
 But since that Land was curs'd, the gen'rous Plant  
 Grieves to continue her Inhabitant.  
*Pisa* bears *Olives*, *Delphos* Laurel yields,  
*Nemea* *Smallage*, *Pines* the *Isthmian* Fields;  
 But all breed *Palms*, the Prize of Victory,  
 All Lands in Honour of the *Palm* agree.  
 And 'tis but the just Tribute of her Worth,  
 Virtue no fairer Image has on Earth.  
 Her Verdure she inviolate does hold,  
 In spight of *Summer's* Heat and *Winter's* Cold.  
 Opprest with Weight she from the Earth does rise,  
 And bears her Load in Triumph to the Skies.  
 What various (c) Benefits does she impart  
 To Human-kind! her Wine revives the Heart,

---

(a) Instruments of Musick made of her Wood,

(b) *Judea*.

(c) *Strabo* relates that the *Babylonians* used a Song that recited Three Hundred and Sixty Benefits of the *Palm* or *Date Tree*.

Her Dates rich Banquets to our Tables send,  
 At once to Pleasure, and to Health a Friend.  
 A Lover true, and well to *love* and *serve*  
 Is Virtues noble Task, and does the *Palm* deserve.  
 (d) *Evadne*, who a willing Victim prov'd,  
 Nor chaste (e) *Aceſtis* ſo her Husband lov'd,  
 As does the Female *Palm* her Male, her Arms  
 To him are ſtretch'd with moſt endearing Charms.  
 Nor ſtops their Paſſion here ; like Lovers, they  
 To more retir'd Endearments find the way,  
 In Earth's cold Bed their am'rous Roots are found,  
 In cloſe Embraces twining under Ground.

Let Arms to Learning yield, the *Palm* reſign,  
 The conqu'ring *Palm*, to *Olive* more divine ;  
 Peace all prefer to War——thus *Pallas* ſpoke ;  
 And in her Hand a peaceful *Olive* ſhook.  
 'Twas with this Branch that ſhe the Triumph gain'd  
 (The greateſt that can be by Gods obtain'd)  
 On learned (f) *Athens* to confer her Name ;  
 A Right which ſhe, moſt learn'd of Pow'rs might claim.  
 Noſ Gods in Heav'n without Ambition live,  
 But, who ſhall be poor Mortals Patrons, ſtrive.

Fiſt, *Neptune*, with his Trident, ſtrook the Ground ;  
 The warlike Steed no ſooner heard the Sound,  
 But ſtarts from his dark Manſion, ſhakes his Hair,  
 His Noſtrils ſnort the unaccuſtom'd Air,  
 Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted Noiſe is proud,  
 With his inſulting Feet his native Field is plow'd,  
 Intrepid he beholds of Gods the circling Crowd.

*Pallas*, on th' other ſide, with gentle ſtroke  
 Of her ſtrong Spear, Earth's tender Surface broke,

---

(d) Leaping into the Flame of his Funeral Pile.

(e) Who died in her Husband *Admetus*'s ſtead.

(f) The Contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva*, who ſhould give the Name to *Athens*.

Through which small Breach a sudden Tree shoots up,  
 Ev'n at his Birth, with rev'rend hoary top,  
 And vig'rous Fruit; the Gods applaud the Plant,  
 And to *Minerva* the Precedence grant.

The vanquish'd Steed and God in rage assail'd  
 The Victors, but ev'n so, their Malice fail'd,  
 Wit's Goddess and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.

(g) Hail, sacred Plant, who well deserv'st to be  
 By Laws secur'd from Wrong, as well as we.  
 From War's wild Rage Respect thou dost command,  
 When Temples fall thou art allow'd to stand,

(b) *Neptune's* bold Son revenging the Disgrace  
 His Sire sustain'd, fell dead upon the place;  
 The whirling Axe upon his Head rebounds,  
 The Stroke design'd on thee, himself confounds.  
 The Gods concern'd Spectators stood, and smil'd  
 To see his impious Sacrilege beguil'd.

Such be his Fate, whoe'er presumes to be  
 A Foe to Peace, and to her sacred Tree.

Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant, upon our Guard  
 Warns us to stand, and be for War prepar'd.  
 In Peace delights, but when the Cause is just,  
 Permits not the avenging Sword to rust.

With suppling Oil and conqu'ring Wreaths supplies  
 The Martial Schools of youthful Exercise:

Nor is the strong Propension she does bear  
 To Peace, th' Effect of Luxury or Fear.

Earth's teeming Womb affords no stronger Birth,  
 No Soil manuring needs to bring her forth.

Allow her but warm Suns and temp'rate Skies,  
 The vig'rous Plant in any Soil will rise.

Lop but a Branch, and fixt in Earth, you'll see  
 She'll there take Root, and make her self a Tree.

Her Youth, 'tis true, by slow degrees, ascends,  
 But makes you with long flourishing Years amends,

(g) Laws were made in *Athens* to secure the *Olive Tree*,

(b) *Halirrothius*.

Nature her Care in this did wisely show,  
 That useful *Olive* long and easily shou'd grow.  
 Most sov'raign, taken inward, is her Oil,  
 And outwardly, confirms the Limbs for Toil.  
 Life's Passages from all Obstructions frees,  
 Clears Nature's Walks, to smarting Wounds gives Ease,  
 With easy Banquets does the Poor supply,  
 And makes cheap Herbs with Royal Banquets vie.  
 The Painters flying Colours it binds fast,  
 Makes short-liv'd Pictures long as Statues last;  
 The Student's Friend, no Labour can excel  
 And last, but of *Minerva's* Lamp must smell.  
 Nay, this does so! —————

Most justly therefore does this Liquor rise  
 O'er all in Mixture, justly may despise  
 T' incorporate with any other Juice;  
 Sufficient in it self for ev'ry Use.

Most justly, therefore, did *Judea's* Land,  
 (Who best Religious Rites did understand)  
 Oil, potent, chaste, and sacred Oil appoint  
 Her Kings, her Priests, and Prophets, to anoint.

Such was th' Appearance which the *Olive* made,  
 With noble Fruit and verdant Leaves array'd;  
 From whom *Minerva* took, as she withdrew,  
 A joyful Branch, and with it wreath'd her Brow.

Fresh Armies then advanc'd into the Plain,  
 First those whose Fruit did many Stones contain;  
 In their first Lists, the *Medlar-Tree* was found  
 Proud of his putrid Fruit, because 'twas (i) crown'd.

Of Beauties Goddess, then the Plant more fair,  
 Whose fragrant Motion so perfum'd the Air;  
 The Smoak of Gums when from their Altars sent;  
 Ne'er gave th' Immortal (k) Guests such sweet Content.  
 Let *Phæbus* Laurel bloody Triumphs lead,  
 The *Myrtle* those, where little Blood is shed,  
 Th' Ovation of a bleeding Maiden-head.

(i) The top thereof resembling a Crown or Coronet,

(k) The Myrtle,

No Virgin-Fort impregnable can be  
To him that crowns his Brow with *Venus Tree*.

The Tribe of *Pears* and *Apples* next succeed,  
Of noble Families, and num'rous Breed :  
No Monarch's Table e'er despises them, [temn.  
Nor they the poor Man's Board or earthen Dish con-  
Supports of Life, as well as Luxury,  
Nor like the Rivals a few Months supply,  
But see themselves succeeded e're they die.

Where *Phœbus* shines too faint to raise a *Vine*,  
They serve for Grapes, and make a Northern Wine.  
Their Liquor for th' Effects deserves that Name,  
Love, Valour, Wit and Mirth it can enflame,  
Care it can drown, lost Health, lost Wealth restore,  
And *Bacchus* potent Juice can do no more.  
With Cyder stor'd the (1) *Norman* Province sees  
Without regret the neighb'ring Vintages,  
Of *Pear* and *Apple*-kinds, an Army stood,  
Before the Court, and seem'd a moving Wood ;  
On them *Pomona* smil'd as they went off,  
But flouting *Bacchus* was observ'd to scoff.

The *Quince* yet scorn'd to mingle with the Crowd, }  
Alone she came, of signal Honours proud, }  
With which by grateful *Jove* she was endow'd. }  
A silky Down her golden Coat o'erspreads,  
Her rip'ning Fruit a grateful Odour sheds ;  
*Jove* otherwise ingrateful had been stil'd,  
In Honey steep'd she fed him when a Child,  
In his most froward Fits she stopt his Cries ;  
And now he eats *Ambrosia* in the Skies,  
Reflects sometimes upon his Infant-Years,  
And just Respect to *Quince* and *Honey* bears.

The noblest of *Wine-Fruits* brought up the Rear,  
But all to reckon, endless wou'd appear,  
The *Barbary* and *Currant* must escape,  
Though her small Clusters imitate the Grape;

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(1) *Normandy in France.*



The *Raspberry* and prickled *Goosberry*,  
*Tree-Strawberry*, must all unmention'd be,  
 With many more whose Names we may decline;  
 Not so the *Mulberry*, the *Fig* and *Vine*,  
 The stoutest Warriours in our Combat past,  
 And of the present Field the greatest Hope and last.

But cautiously the *Mulberry* did move,  
 And first the Temper of the Skies wou'd prove,  
 What Sign the Sun was in, and if she might  
 Give credit yet to *Winter's* seeming flight.  
 She durst not venture on his first Retreat,  
 Nor trust her Leaves and Fruit to double Heat:  
 Her ready Sap within her Bark confines,  
 Till she of settled Warmth has certain Signs.  
 But for her long Delay amends does make,  
 At once her Forces the known Signal take,  
 And with tumultuous Noise their Sally make:  
 In two short Months, her purple Fruit appears,  
 And of two (m) Lovers slain the Tincture wears,  
 Her Fruit is rich, but Leaves she does produce,  
 That far surpass in Worth and noble Use;  
 The Frame and Colour of her Leaves survey,  
 And that they are most vulgar you must say,  
 But trust not their Appearance, they supply  
 The Ornaments of Royal Luxury.  
 The beautiful they make more beauteous seem,  
 The Charming Sex owes half their Charms to them,  
 Effeminate Men to them their Vestments owe.  
 How vain that Pride which Insect-Worms bestow!

Such was the *Mulberry* of wondrous Birth.  
 The *Fig* succeeds; but to recite her Worth,  
 And various Powers, what Numbers can suffice?  
 Hail *Ceres*, Author of so great a Prize,  
 By thee with Food and Laws we were supply'd,  
 And with wild Fare wild Manners laid aside,

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(n) *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*. Ovid,

With Peace and Bread our Lives were blest before,  
 And modest Nature cou'd desire no more ;  
 But thou ev'n for our Luxury took'st Care,  
 And kindly did this milky Fruit prepare.  
 The poor Man's Feast, but such delicious Cheer  
 Did never at *Apicius* Board appear ;  
 The grateful (*n*) *Ceres* with this Plant is said  
 Her hospitable Host to have repaid ;  
 Yet with no vernal Bloom the Tree supply'd ;  
 To lighter Plants, said she, I leave that Pride ;  
 To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy Dress,  
 Who meretricious Qualities confess,  
 And who like wanton Prostitutes expose  
 Their Bloom to ev'ry Hand, their Sweets to ev'ry Nose.  
 My Fruit like a chaste Matron does proceed,  
 And has of painted Ornament no need.  
 They study Dress, but mine Fertility ;  
 Forcing her Off-spring from her solid Tree.  
 Through haste sometimes abortive Births she bears,  
 But ever makes amends in those she rears.  
 For whom her full charg'd Veins Supplies afford,  
 Like a strong Nurse, with Milk she's ever stor'd.  
 Our Voice by thee refresh'd, ungrateful 'twere  
 If, *Fig-Tree*, thy just Praise it shou'd forbear ;  
 The Passes of our vital Breath by thee  
 Are smooth'd and clear'd, obstructed Lungs set free.  
 Nor only dost to Speech a Friend appear,  
 Ev'n for that Speech thou dost unlock the Ear,  
 Set'st ope the Gate, and giv'st it Entrance there.  
 The foulest Ulcers putrid Sinks are drain'd  
 By thee, by thee the Tumour's Rage restrain'd ;  
 The Gangrene, Ring-worm, Scurf and Leprosy ;  
 Kings Evil, Cancers, Warts are cur'd by thee :  
 Of flaming Gout thou dost suppress the Rage,  
 Of Dropsy thou the Deluge dost assuage.

(*n*) *Phytalus* who kindly entertain'd her, and in return receiv'd from  
 her the *Fig-Tree*. *Pausan.* *Att.* 35. 27.

'Twere endless all thy Virtues to recite,  
 With all the Hosts of Poisons thou dost fight,  
 Aided by *Rue* and *Nut* put'st *Africa* to flight.  
 Encounter'st the Diseases of the Air,  
 When baneful Mischiefs secret Stars prepare;  
 Whence does this vegetative Courage rise?  
 Even angry *Jove* himself thou dost despise,  
 His Lightning's furious Sallies thou dost see,  
 That spares not his own Consecrated Tree;  
 While he with Temples does wild Havock make,  
 While Mountains rend, and Earth's Foundations  
     quake,  
 Of thy undaunted Tree no Leaf is seen to shake.

Hail, *Bacchus*! hail, thou powerful God of Wine,  
 Hail, *Bacchus*, hail, here comes thy darling *Vine*,  
 Drunk with her own rich Juice, she cannot stand,  
 But comes supported by her Husband's Hand;  
 The lusty *Elm* supports her stagg'ring Tree,  
 My best-lov'd Plant, how am I charm'd with thee!  
 Bow down thy juicy Clusters to my Lip,  
 Thy Nectar-sweets I wou'd not lightly sip,  
 But drink thee deep, drink till my Veins were swell'd,  
 Drink till my Soul with Joys and thee were fill'd.  
 What God so far a Poet's Friend will be,  
 Who from great *Orpheus* draws his Pedigree?  
 (And tho' his Muse comes short of *Orpheus* Fame,  
 Yet seems inspir'd, and may the *Ivy* claim)  
 To place him on Mount *Ismarus*, or where  
*Campanian* Hills the sweetest Clusters bear,  
 Where Grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted grow  
 With *Phæbus* Beams above, *Vesuvius*'s Flames below.  
 Or in the fortunate *Canarian* Isles,  
 Or where *Burgundia*'s purple Vintage smiles.  
 'Tis fit the Poet should beneath their Shade  
 Transported lie, or on their Hills run mad,  
 His Veins, his Soul swell'd with th' Inspiring God,

Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,  
 And with his grateful Voice discharge agen  
 The Deity, which with his Mouth he drank so large.  
 [ly in.]

O vital Tree, what Blessings dost thou send!  
 Love, Wit and Eloquence on thee attend,  
 Mirth, Sports, green Hopes, ripe Joy, and Martial Fire,  
 These are thy Fruits, thy Clusters these inspire.  
 The various Poison which ill Fortune breeds,  
 (Not *Pontus* so abounds with baneful Weeds,  
 Nor *Africa* so many Serpents feeds)  
 By thy rich Antidote defeated are,  
 'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the War;  
 But 'tis when thou, our Cordial, art not by,  
 They watch their time, and take us when we're dry.  
 Thou mak'st the Captive to forget his Chain,  
 By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again;  
 The Exul thou restor'st, the Candidate  
 Without the People's Vote thou dost create,  
 And mak'st him a (o) *Caninian* Magistrate.  
 Like kind *Vespasian* thou Mankind mak'st glad,  
 None from thy Presence e'er departed sad.  
 What more can be to *Wisdom's* School assign'd,  
 Than from prevailing Mists to purge the Mind?  
 From thee the best Philosophy does spring,  
 Thou canst exalt the Beggar to a King;  
 Th' unletter'd Peasant, who can compass thee,  
 As much as *Cato* knows, and is as great as he.  
 Thy Transports are but short, I do confess,  
 But so are the Delights Mankind possess,  
 Our Life it self is short, and will not stay,  
 Then let us use thy Blessing while we may,  
 And make it in full Streams of Wine more smoothly  
 [pass away.]

(o) *Caninius* was Consul but seven Hours, dying the same Day he was chosen,

The *Vine* retires ; with loud and just Applause  
Of *European* Gods ; — As she withdraws,  
Each in his Hand a swelling Cluster prest,  
But *Bacchus* much more sportive than the rest,  
Fills up a Bowl with Juice from Grape-stones drein'd,  
And puts it in (p) *Omelochilus* Hand :

Take off this Draught, said he, if thou art wise,  
'Twill purge thy Cannibal Stomach's Crudities.

He, unaccustom'd to the acid Juice,  
Storm'd, and with Blows had answer'd the Abuse,  
But fear'd t' engage the *European* Guest,  
Whose Strength and Courage had subdu'd the *East* ;  
He therefore chuses a less dang'rous Fray,  
And summons all his Country's Plants away :  
Forthwith in decent Order they appear,  
And various Fruits on various Branches wear ;  
Like *Amazons* they stand in painted Arms ;  
*Coca* alone appear'd with little Charms,  
Yet led the Van, our scoffing *Venus* scorn'd  
The shrub-like Tree, and with no Fruit adorn'd.  
The *Indian* Plants, said she, are like to speed  
In this Dispute of the most fertile Breed,  
Who chuse a Dwarf and *Eunuch* for their Head.  
Our Gods laugh'd out aloud at what she said.

*Pachamama* defends her darling Tree,  
And said, the wanton Goddess was too free :  
You only know the Fruitfulness of Lust,  
And therefore here your Judgment is unjust,  
Your Skill in other Off-springs we may trust.  
With those chaste Tribes that no Distinction know  
Of Sex, your Province nothing has to do.  
Of all the Plants that any Soil does bear,  
This Tree in Fruits the richest does appear,  
It bears the best, and bears them all the Year.  
Ev'n now with Fruit 'tis stor'd — Why laugh you yet ?  
Behold, how thick with Leaves it is beset ;

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(p) An *American* Godling, as those which follow.

T



Each Leaf is Fruit, and such substantial Fare,  
 No Fruit beside to rival it will dare.  
 Mov'd with his Country's coming Fate ( whose Soil  
 Must for her Treasures be expos'd to spoil )  
 Our *Varicocha*, first his (q) *Coca* sent,  
 Endow'd with Leaves of wondrous Nourishment,  
 Whose Juice suck'd in, and to the Stomach ta'n  
 Long Hunger and long Labour can sustain ;  
 From which our faint and weary Bodies find  
 More Succour, more they cheer the drooping Mind, }  
 Than can your *Bacchus* and your *Ceres* join'd.  
 Three Leaves Supply for six Days March afford,  
 The *Quitoita*, with this Provision stor'd,  
 Can pass the vast and cloudy *Andes* o'er,  
 The dreadful *Andes* plac'd twixt Winter's Store  
 Of Winds, Rains, Snow, and that more humble Earth, }  
 That gives the small, but valiant, *Coca* Birth ;  
 This Champion that makes warlike *Venus* Mirth. }  
 Nor *Coca* only useful art at Home,  
 A famous Merchandize thou art become ;  
 A thousand *Paci* and *Vicugni* groan  
 Yearly beneath thy Loads, and for thy sake alone }  
 The spacious World's to us by Commerce known. }

Thus spake the Goddess ( on her painted Skin  
 Were Figures wrought ) and next calls *Hovia* in.  
 That for its stony Fruit may be despis'd,  
 But for its Virtue, next to *Coca* priz'd.

Her Shade by wondrous Influence can compose,  
 And lock the Senses in such sweet Repose,  
 That oft the Natives of a distant Soil  
 Long Journeys take of voluntary Toil,  
 Only to sleep beneath her Branches shade:  
 Where in transporting Dreams entranc'd they lie,  
 And quite forget the *Spaniards* Tyranny.

The Plant ( at *Brasil* *Bacoua* call'd ) the Name  
 Of th' Eastern *Plane-Tree* takes, but not the same :

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(q) The *Coca-Nut*, its Virtues.

Bears Leaves so large, one single Leaf can shade  
 The Swain that is beneath her Covert laid ;  
 Under whose verdant Leaves fair Apples grow,  
 Sometimes two Hundred on a single Bough ;  
 Th' are gather'd all the Year, and all the Year  
 They spring, for like the *Hydra* they appear,  
 To ev'ry one you take succeeds a Golden Heir.  
 'Twere loss of time to gather one by one,  
 Its Boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done.  
 New sprouting Branches still the Loss repair,  
 What would so soon return 'twere vain to spare.

2  
3

The *Indian Fig-Tree* next did much surprize,  
 With her strange Figure, all our Deities.  
 Amongst whom, one, too rashly did exclaim  
 ( For Gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woful Shame )  
 This is a Cheat, a Work of Art, said he,  
 And therefore stretcht his Hand to touch the Tree ;  
 At which the *Indian* Gods laugh'd out aloud,  
 And ours no less surpriz'd with Wonder stood.  
 For, to ! the Plant, her Trunk and Boughs unclos'd,  
 Wholly of Fruit and Leaves appear'd compos'd ;  
 New Leaves, and still from them new Leaves unfold,  
 A Sight 'mongst Prodigies to be enroll'd.

The *Tuna* to the *Indian-Fig* a kin,  
 ( The Glory of *Ilascalla* ) next came in ;  
 But much more wonderful her Fruit appears,  
 Than th' other Leaves, for living Fruit she bears.  
 To her alone great *Varicocha* gave  
 The Priviledge, that she for Fruit should have  
 Live Creatures, that with purple Die adorn  
 Th' Imperial Robe ; the precious Tincture's worn  
 With Pride ev'n by the Conqu'rors of the Soil,  
 But ah ! we had not grudg'd that purple Spoil,  
 Our *Cochineel* they freely might have gain'd,  
 If with no other Blood they had been stain'd.

*Guatemala* produc'd a Fruit unknown  
 To *Europe*, which with Pride she call'd her own ;

Her *Cacao-Nut* with double Use endu'd,  
 ( For *Chocolate* at once is Drink and Food )  
 Does Strength and Vigour to the Limbs impart,  
 Makes fresh the Countenance, and cheers the Heart.  
 In *Venus* Combat strangely does excite  
 The fainting Warriour to renew the Fight ;  
 Not all *Potosi's* Silver Grove can be  
 Of equal Value to this useful Tree,  
 Nor cou'd the wretched hungry Owner dine,  
 Rich *Cartama*, upon thy Golden Mine.  
 Of old, the wiser *Indians* never made  
 Their Gold or Silver the Support of Trade,  
 Nor us'd for Life's Support what well they knew  
 Useless to Life at best, and sometimes hurtful too.  
 With Nuts instead of Coin they bought and sold,  
 Their Wealth by *Cacao's*, not by Sums, they told.  
 One Tree, the growing Treasure of the Field,  
 Both Food and Cloaths did to its Owner yield ;  
 Procur'd all Utensils, and wanting Bread,  
 The happy Hoarder on his Money fed.  
 This was true Wealth, those Treasures we adore  
 By Custom valu'd, in themselves are poor,  
 And Men may starve amidst their Golden Store,  
 Too happy *India* had this Wealth alone,  
 And not thy Gold been to the *Spaniard* known.

The *Agucat* no less is *Venus* Friend  
 ( To th' *Indies*, *Venus* Conquest does extend )  
 A fragrant Leaf the *Agucata* bears,  
 Her Fruit in Fashion of an Egg appears ;  
 With such a white and spermy Juice it swells,  
 As represents moist Life's first Principles.

The *Cacao's* Owner any thing may buy,  
 But he that has the *Metla*, may supply  
 Himself with almost all Things he can want,  
 From *Metla's* almost all-sufficient Plant ;  
*Metla* to pass as Money does despise,  
 Or Traffick serve, it self is Merchandize.

She bears no Nuts for Boys, nor luscious Fruit,  
 That may with nice Effeminate Palates suit,  
 Her very Tree is Fruit; her Leaves when *young*,  
 Are wholesome Food, for Garments serve when *strong*;  
 Not only so, but, to make up the (r) Cloath,  
 They furnish you with Thread and Needle both.  
 What though her Native Soil with drought is curst,  
 Cut but her Bark, and you may slake your Thirst.  
 A sudden Spring will in the Wound appear,  
 Which through streight Passes strein'd comes forth more

[clear;

And though through long *Meanders* of the Veins  
 'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious Hue retains,  
 Limpid and sweet the Virgin-stream remains.  
 These Gifts for Nature might sufficient be,  
 But, bounteous *Metla*, seem'd too small for thee;  
 Thou gratify'st our very Luxury.  
 For liq'rish Palates Honey thou dost bear,  
 For those whose Gust wants quickning, Vinegar.  
 But these are Trifles, thou dost Wine impart,  
 That drives dull Care and Trouble from the Heart.  
 If any Wretch of Poverty complains,  
 Thou pour'st a golden Stream into his Veins.  
 The poorest *Indian* still is rich in thee,  
 In spite of *Spanish* Conquests still is free,  
 The *Spaniards* King is not so blest as he.  
 If any doubts the Liquor to be Wine,  
 Because no Crystal Water looks more fine.  
 Let him but drink, he'll find the weak Nymph fled,  
 And potent *Bacchus* enter'd in her stead.  
 To all these Gifts of Luxury and Wealth,  
 Thou giv'st us sov'reign Med'cines too for Health;  
 Choice Balm from thy concocted Bark breaks forth,  
 Thou shed'st no Tear, but 'tis of greater Worth

---

(r) The Thorn growing at the end of each Leaf, which together with the stringy Part joining to it, is used in manner of a Needle and Thread to sew witha'.

Than fairest Gems, no Lover more can prize  
 The Tears in his consenting Mistress Eyes,  
 When in his Arms the panting Virgin lies :  
 No Antidote affords more present Aid,  
 'Gainst doubly mortal Wounds by pois'nous Arrows  
 [made.

Almost all Needs thou *Metla* dost supply,  
 Yet must not therefore bear thy self too high ;  
 While th' all-sufficient *Coccus-Tree* is by,  
 To *Coccus* thou must yield the Victory.  
 While she preserves this *Indian* Palm alone,  
*America* can never be undone,  
 Embowel'd and of all her Gold bereft,  
 Her Liberty and *Coccus* only left,  
 She's richer than the *Spaniard* with his Theft.  
 What senseless Miser by the Gods abhor'd,  
 Would covet more than *Coccus* doth afford ?  
 House, Garments, Beds and Boards, ev'n while we dine,  
 Supplies both Meat and Dish, both Cup and Wine.  
 Oil, Honey, Milk, the Stomach to delight,  
 And poignant Sauce to whet the Appetite.  
 Nor is her Service to the Land confin'd :  
 For Ships intire compos'd of her we find,  
 Sails, Tackle, Timber, Cables, Ribs and Mast,  
 Wherewith the Vessel fitted up, at last  
 With her own Ware is freighted, all she bears  
 Is *Coccus* growth, except her Mariners ;  
 Nor need we ev'n her Mariners exclude,  
 Who from the *Coco-Nut* have all their Food.

The *Indian* Gods with wild and barb'rous Voice,  
 And Gestures rude, tumultuous rejoice ;  
 Ours as astonish'd and with envious Eyes  
 Each other view'd, if, as weak Men surmise,  
 Envy affects immortal Deities.  
 My modest Muse that Censure does decline,  
 Nor dares interpret Ill of Pow'rs Divine.



The *Indian* Pow'rs ( though yet they had not shown  
 The hundredth Part of Plants to *India* known )  
 Already did conclude the Day their own.  
 Rash and impatient round the Goddess throng,  
 And think her Verdict is deferr'd too long.

*Pomona*, seated high above the rest,  
 Was cautiously revolving in her Breast,  
 ( The Cause depending was no trifling Toy,  
 That did the Patrons of both Worlds employ )  
 T' express her self at large she did design,  
 And handsomely the Sentence to decline ;  
 ( If I may guess at what the Goddess meant )  
 But lo ! a slight and sudden Accident  
 Puts all the Court into a wild Ferment.  
 For, during th' Tryal, the most tipling Brace,  
*Omelochilus* of the *Indian* Race,  
 And our ( *f* ) *Lenaus*, at whate'er was spoke  
 Or done that pleas'd him, a full Bumper took,  
 And drank to t'other, him the *Metla* Tree  
 Supply'd with Juice ; thy Vine, *Lenaus*, thee ;  
 Each Bowl they touch'd, they turn'd the Bottom up,  
 And gave a brisk Huzza at ev'ry Cup.  
 Their Heads at last the rising Vapour gains,  
 And proves too hard for their immortal Brains,  
 With mutual Repartees they jok'd at first,  
 Till growing more incens'd they swore and curs'd ;  
*Omelochilus* does no longer dread  
 ( With present *Metla* warm'd ) the *Greecian* God,  
 But throws a *Coco*-Bowl at *Bacchus* Head.  
 Which spoil'd his Draught ; but left his Forehead sound,  
 And rests betwixt his Horns without a Wound.

*Bacchus* enrag'd with Wine and Passion too,  
 With all his might the massy Goblet threw,  
 Directly levell'd at the Rustick's Face,  
 That laid him bruise'd and sprawling on the Place :

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( *f* ) *Bacchus*,

He in his native Gibb'rish crys aloud,  
 And with his Noise alarms the savage Crowd ;  
 Gnashing their foamy Teeth, like Beasts of Prey,  
 Promiscuously they bellow, roar, and bray ;  
 The frighted Waves back to the Deep rebound,  
 The very Island trembles with the Sound.

Next him *Vitziliputli* sat, in Smoak  
 Of foul *Tobacco* almost hid, that broke  
 In Belches from his gormandizing Maw,  
 Where human Flesh as yet lay crude and raw ;  
 Throwing in Rage his kindled Pipe aside,  
 And snatching Bow and Darts, Arm, Arm, he cry'd.

*Tescalipuca* ( of the salvage Band  
 The next in fierceness ) took his Spear in Hand,  
 And all in Arms the barb'rous Legion stand.  
 The Goddesses disperse, and sculk behind  
 The Thickets, frighted *Venus* bore in mind  
 Her former Wound, th' effect of mortal Rage ;  
 What must she then expect where Gods engage ?  
*Pallas*, who only Courage had to stay,  
 In vain her peaceful *Olive* did display :  
 The Gods, with daring Weapons in their Hand,  
 Devoted to the dire Encounter stand.

Most woful some had that Days Battle found,  
 And long been maim'd with many a smarting Wound.  
 ( For, to suppose th' Immortals can be slain,  
 Though with Immortals they engage, is vain )  
 Had not *Apollo* in the nick of time  
 Found out a Stratagem t' avert that Crime ;  
 Which with his double Title did agree,  
 The God of *Wit*, and *Physick's* Deity ;  
 None better knew than he to use the Bow,  
 But now resolv'd his nobler Skill to show,  
 Sweet Musick's Pow'r ; he takes his Lyre in hand,  
 And does forthwith such charming Sounds command,  
 As struck the Ears of Gods with new Delight,  
 When Nature did this Worlds great Frame unite :

When jarring Elements their War did cease,  
 And danc'd themselves into harmonious Peace.  
 Such Streins had surely charm'd the *Centaur's* Rage,  
 Such Streins the raving Billows cou'd assuage;  
 Wild Hurricanes had due Obedience shown,  
 And, to attend his Sounds, suppress their own.  
 The wrangling Guests at once appear bereft  
 Of ev'ry Sense, their Hearing only left.

*Vitziliputli*, fiercest of the Crew,  
 While to the Head his venom'd Shaft he drew,  
 Lets fall both Dart and Bow; with lifted Hands  
 Astonish'd, and with Mouth wide-gaping stands,  
 So high to raise his greedy Ears, he's said,  
 As forc'd his feather'd Di'dem from his Head.  
*Pomona's* Altar haw'd from solid Rock,  
 In both his Hands bold *Varicoca* took,  
 Which like a Thunder-bolt he wou'd have hurl'd,  
 (He is the Thund'rer in the *Indian* World)  
 But at the first sweet Strain forgot his Heat,  
 Laid down the Stone, and us'd it for a Seat.  
 His ravish'd Ears the peaceful Sounds devour,  
 His hundred Victims never pleas'd him more.  
 Their Magick Force in spite of his Disgrace,  
 And Gore yet streaming from his batter'd Face,  
*Omelochilus* self did reconcile;  
 At first, 'tis true, he did but faintly smile,  
 But laugh'd anon as loud as any there;  
 For (such the sacred Charms of Measures are)  
 The ambient Air struck with the healing Sounds  
 Of *Phæbus* Lyre, clos'd up the bleeding Wounds.  
 Ev'n of their own accord the Breaches close,  
 For pow'rful Musick all Things can compose.  
 Pleas'd with his Art's Success, *Apollo* smil'd  
 To see the awkward Mirth and Gestures wild  
 Of his charm'd Audience; having thus subdu'd  
 Their ravish'd Sense, his Conquest he pursu'd,  
 And still to make the pleasing Spell more strong;  
 Joins to his Lyre his tuneful Voice and Song.

He sang, how th' Inspir'd (t) Hero's Mind beheld  
A World that for long Ages lay conceal'd.

' Most happy thou, whose Fancy cou'd descry  
' A World seen only by my circling Eye.  
' Thou, who alone in Toils hast equal'd me,  
' Great *Alexander* is out-done by thee ;  
' By thee, whose Skill cou'd find, and Courage gain  
' That other World, for which he wish'd in vain.  
' Not my own Poet's Tales cou'd thee deceive,  
' No Credit to their Fables thou didst give ;  
' Me, weary'd with my Day's hard Course, they feign  
' To rest each Night in the *Hesperian* Main ;  
' Can *Phæbus* tire ? my great *Columbus*, thou  
' Didst better judge, and *Phæbus* better know.  
' For I my self did then thy Thoughts incline,  
' Inspir'd thy Skill, and urg'd thy bold Design.  
' *Herculean* Limits cou'd not thee contain,  
' Nor Terrour of an unexperienc'd Main ;  
' Nor Nature's awful Darkness cou'd restrain.  
' Thy native World's dear Sight for three Months lost  
' For three long Months on the wide Ocean tost.  
' New Stars, new Floods, and Monsters thou didst spy,  
' Unterrify'd thy self, new Gods didst terrify :  
' Thou, only thou, undaunted didst appear,  
' Whilst thy faint Comrades half expir'd with Fear ;  
' They urge thee to return, and threaten high,  
' When, *Guanaban*, thy Watch-light they descry,  
' Thy flaming Beacon from afar they spy :  
' Whose happy Light to their transported Eyes  
' Discloses a new World ; with joyful Cries  
' They hail the Sign that to a golden Soil  
' Unlock'd the Gate ; forgetting now their Toil,  
' They hug their Guide, at whom they late repin'd ;

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(t) *Christopher Columbus*, who first discover'd these before unknown Lands.

' From this small Fire, and for small Use design'd,  
 ' How great a Light was open'd to Mankind!  
 ' How easily did Courage find the way,  
 ' By this Approach, to seize the golden Prey,  
 ' That in a secret World's dark Entrails lay!  
 ' For Courage, what Attempt can be too bold?  
 ' Or rather, what for Thirst of Pow'r and Gold?  
 ' While to the Shoar the *Spanish* Navy drew,  
 ' The *Indian* Natives with Amazement view  
 ' Those floating Palaces, which fondly they  
 ' Mistook for living Monsters of the Sea;  
 ' Wing'd Whales——nor at the *Spaniards* less admire,  
 ' A Race of Men with Beards and strange Attire,  
 ' Whose Iron-dress their native Skin they deem'd;  
 ' The Horse-man mounted on his Courser, seem'd  
 ' To them a Centaur of prodigious Kind;  
 ' A compound Monster of two Bodies join'd,  
 ' That cou'd at once in sev'ral Accents break,  
 ' Neigh with one Mouth, and with the other speak.  
 ' But most, the roaring Cannon they admire,  
 ' Discharging sulph'rous Clouds of Smoak and Fire;  
 ' Mock-Thunder now they hear, Mock-lightning view,  
 ' With greater Dread than e'er they did the true.  
 ' Ev'n thou the Thunderer of th' *Indian* Sky  
 ' (Nor wilt thou, *Varicocha*, this deny)  
 ' Ev'n thou thy self astonish'd didst appear,  
 ' When Mortals louder Thunder thou didst hear.  
 ' Strange Figures, and th' unwonted Face of Things,  
 ' No less Amazement to the *Spaniards* brings;  
 ' New Forms of Animals their Sight surprize,  
 ' New Plants, new Fruits, new Men and Deities,  
 ' Intirely a new Nature meets their Eyes.  
 ' But most transported with the glitt'ring Mould,  
 ' And wealthy Streams whose Sands were fraught  
 ' [with Gold,  
 ' These they too much admire, with too much Love  
 ' [behold,



' For these forthwith against their Hosts engage  
 ' The treach'rous Guests in impious War and Rage;  
 ' From these, inhuman Slaughter did ensue,  
 ' Which now I grieve to tell, as then I blush'd to view.  
 ' By sudden Force, like some demolish'd Town,  
 ' I saw the *Indian* World at once o'erthrown,  
 ' What can this Land by this Dispute intend?  
 ' About her Fruits she does in vain contend,  
 ' Who knows not how her Entrails to defend!  
 ' Thy Slaughters past, do thou at length forget  
 ' For with no small Revenge thy Wrongs have met,  
 ' And Heaven will give thee greater Comforts yet.  
 ' Enjoy thy Fate whose bitter Part is o'er,  
 ' And all the Sweet for thee reserv'd in Store.

Here *Phæbus* his most chearful Airs employs,  
 And melts their savage Hearts in promis'd Joys.  
 They felt his Musick glide through ev'ry Vein,  
 Their brawny Limbs from Dancing scarce refrain,  
 But fear'd to interrupt his charming Strain.

' That Gold which *Europe* ravish'd from your Coast,  
 ' O'er *Europe*, now a Tyrant's Pow'r does boast.  
 ' Already has more Mischiefs brought on *Spain*,  
 ' Than from insulting *Spaniards* you sustain.  
 ' Where'er it comes, all Laws are straight dissolv'd,  
 ' In gen'ral Ruin all Things are involv'd:  
 ' No Land can breed a more destructive Pest.  
 ' Grieve not that of your Bane you're dispossess'd,  
 ' Call in more *Spaniards* to remove the rest.  
 ' The fatal *Helen* drive from your Abodes,  
 ' Th' *Erinnys* that has set both Worlds at odds.  
 ' Fire, Sword, and Slaughter on her Footsteps wait;  
 ' Whole Empires she betrays to utmost Fate.  
 ' Mean while these Benefits of Life you reap.  
 ' Consider, and you'll find th' Exchange was cheap.  
 ' Your former salvage Customs are remov'd,  
 ' The Manners of your Men and Gods improv'd;

' With human Flesh no more they shall be fed ;  
 ' Whether dire Famine first that Practice bred,  
 ' Or more detested Luxury ———  
 ' Not long shalt thou *Vitziliputli* feed  
 ' On bloody Feasts, or smoak thy *Indian Weed* ;  
 ' E'er long (like Us) with pure Ambrosial Fare  
 ' Thou shalt be pleas'd, and taste Celestial Air.  
 ' To live by wholesome Laws you now begin,  
 ' Buildings to raise, and fence your Cities in,  
 ' To plow the Earth, to plow the very Main,  
 ' And Traffick with the Universe maintain ;  
 ' Defensive Arms and Ornaments of Dress,  
 ' All Implements of Life you now possess.  
 ' To you the Arts of War and Peace are known,  
 ' And whole *Minerva* is become your own.  
 ' Our Muses to your Sires an unknown Band,  
 ' Already have got footing in your Land,  
 ' And like the Soil ———  
 ' *Inca's* already have Historians been,  
 ' And *Inca*-Poets shall e're long be seen.  
 ' But (if I fail not in my Augury,  
 ' And who can better judge Events than I ?)  
 ' Long rowling Years shall late bring on the Times,  
 ' When with your Gold debauch'd and ripen'd Crimes  
 ' *Europe* ( the World's most noble Part ) shall fall,  
 ' Upon her banish'd Gods and Vertue call  
 ' In vain ; while foreign and domestick War  
 ' At once shall her distracted Bosom tear ?  
 ' Forlorn, and to be pity'd ev'n by you ———  
 ' Mean while your rising Glory you shall view ;  
 ' Wit, Learning, Virtue, Discipline of War,  
 ' Shall for Protection to your World repair,  
 ' And fix a long illustrious Empire there.  
 ' Your native Gold ( I would not have it so  
 ' But fear th' Event ) in time will follow too :  
 ' O, should that fatal Prize return once more,  
 ' 'Twill hurt your Country, as it did before.

‘ Late Destiny shall high exalt your Reign,  
‘ Whose Pomp no Crowds of Slaves, a needless Train,  
‘ Nor Gold (the Rabble’s Idol) shall support,  
‘ Like *Motezum’s*, or *Guanapaci’s* Court;  
‘ But such true Grandeur as old *Rome* maintain’d,  
‘ Where Fortune was a Slave, and Virtue reign’d.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*

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B O O K VI.

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S T L V A.

CEASE, O my Muse, the soft Delights to sing  
 Of *Flowry Gardens* in their fragrant Spring;  
 And trace the rougher Paths of *obscure Woods*,  
 All gloom aloft, beneath o'rgrown with Shrubs.  
 Where *Phæbus*, once thy Guide, can dart no Ray  
 T' inspire thy Flight, and make the Scene look gay.  
 Courage, my Huntrels, let us range the Glades,  
 And search the inmost Grotto's of the Shades:  
 Even to the lone Recesses let us pass,  
 Where the green Goddess rests on Beds of Moss.  
 Let loose my Fancy, swift of Foot to trace,  
 With a sagacious Scent, the noble Chase;  
 And, with a joyful Cry, pursue the Prey;  
 'Tis hidden Nature we must rouse to Day,  
 Set all your Gins, let every Toil be plac'd,  
 Through all her Tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,  
 And seize her panting with her eager Haste. }  
 Nor yet disdain, my Muse, in *Groves* to range,  
 Or humbler *Woods* for nobler *Orchards* change.  
 Here Deities, of old, have made Abode,  
 And once (†) secur'd great CHARLES, our earthly God.  
 The Royal Youth, born to out-brave his Fate,  
 Within a neighbouring Oak maintain'd his State:

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(†) The Royal Oak, near Boscobel, in Shropshire,

The faithful Boughs in kind Allegiance spread  
 Their sheltring Branches round his awful Head,  
 Twin'd their rough Arms, and thicken'd all the Shade.

To Thee, belov'd of Heaven, to Thee we sing  
 Of sacred Groves, blooming perpetual Spring.  
 May'lt thou be to my rural Verse and Me,  
 A present and assisting Deity.  
 Disdain not in this leafy Court to dwell,  
 Who its lov'd Monarch did secure so well.  
 Th' eternal OAK, now consecrate to thee,  
 No more thy Refuge, but thy Throne shall be.  
 We'll place thee Conquerour now, and crown thy Brows  
 With Garlands made of its young gayest Boughs:  
 While from our oaten Pipes the World shall know  
 How much they to this sacred Shelter owe.

And you, the soft Inhabitants of th' Groves,  
 You Wood Nymphs, Hamadryades, and Loves,  
 Satyrs and Fauns, who in these Arbors play,  
 Permit my Song, and give my Muse her way.  
 She tells of antient Woods the wondrous things,  
 Of Groves, long veild in sacred Darkness sings,  
 And a new Light into your Gloom she brings.  
 Let it be lawful for me to unfold  
 Divine Decrees, that never yet were told:  
 The Harangues of the Wood-Gods to rehearse,  
 And sing of flowry Senates in my Verse.  
 Voices unknown to Man he now shall hear,  
 Who always ignorant of what they were,  
 Have pass'd 'em by with a regardless Ear;  
 Thought 'em the Murmurings of the rustled Trees,  
 That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting Breeze.  
 But (w) *Daphne* knew the Mysteries of the Wood,  
 And made Discoveries to her am'rous God;

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(w) *Daphne* belov'd of *Phaebus*, being turn'd into a Laurel. *Ovid*,  
*Met.* 2.



*Apollo* me inform'd, and did inspire  
My Soul with his divine, prophetick Fire.  
And I, the Priest of Plants, their Sense expound;  
Hear, O ye Worlds, and listen all around.

'Twas now, when Royal *Charles* that Prince of Peace,  
(That pious Off-spring of the Olive Race)  
Sway'd *England's* Scepter with a God-like Hand,  
Scattering soft Ease and Plenty o'er the Land;  
Happy 'bove all the neighbouring Kings, while yet  
Unruff'd by the rudest Storms of Fate:  
More fortunate the People, till their Pride  
Disdain'd Obedience to the Sovereign Guide,  
And to a base Plebeian Senate gave  
The arbitrary Priv'lege to enslave;  
Who through a Sea of noblest Blood did wade,  
To tear the Diadem from the sacred Head.  
Now above Envy, far above the Clouds  
The Martyr sits, triumphing with the Gods.  
While Peace before did o'er the Ocean fly  
On our blest Shore, to find Security:  
In *British* Groves she built her Downy Nest,  
No other Climate could afford her Rest:  
For warring Winds o'er wretched *Europe* range,  
Threatning Destruction, universal Change.  
The raging Tempest tore the aged Woods,  
Shook the vast Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods.  
Nor did the fruitful Goddess brood in vain,  
But here in Safety hatch'd her golden Train.  
Justice and Faith one *Cornucopia* fill,  
Of useful Med'cines known to many an Ill.

Such was the Golden Age in *Saturn's* Sway,  
Easy and innocent it pass'd away:  
But too much Luxury and good Fortune cloy,  
And Virtues she should cherish she destroys.  
What we most wish, what we most toil to gain,  
Enjoyment palls, and turns the Bliss to Pain.  
Possession makes us shift our Happiness,  
From peaceful Wives to noisy Mistresses.

The Repetition makes the Pleasure dull ;  
 'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.  
 O, Notion false ! O, Appetite deprav'd,  
 That has the nobler Part of Man enslav'd.  
 Man, born to Reason, does that Safety quit,  
 To split upon the dangerous Rock of Wit.  
 Physicians say, there's no such Danger near,  
 As when, though no Signs manifest appear,  
 Self-tir'd and dull, Man knows not what he ails,  
 And, without Toil, his Strength and Vigour fails.

Such was the State of *England*, sick with Ease,  
 Too happy, if she knew her Happiness.  
 Their Crime no Ignorance for Excuse can plead,  
 That wretched Refuge for Ingratitude.  
 'Twas then that from the pitying Gods there came  
 A kind admonishing Anger to reclaim,  
 In dreadful (x) Prodigies ; but, alas, in vain.  
 So rapid Thunderbolts, before the Flame,  
 Fly, the consuming Vengeance to proclaim.  
 I, then a Boy, arriv'd to my Tenth Year,  
 And still those horrid Images I bear.  
 The mournful Signs are present to my Eyes.  
 I saw o'er all the Region of the Skies,  
 The History of our approaching Wars,  
 Writ in the Heav'ns in wondrous Characters.  
 The vaulted Firmament with Lightning burns,  
 And all the Clouds were kindled into Storms ;  
 And form'd an Image of th' infernal Hell ;  
 ( I shake with the portentous things I tell )  
 Like sulph'rous Waves the horrid Flames did roll,  
 Whose raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole ;  
 Then suddenly the bursting Clouds divide,  
 A Fire like burning Mounts on either side,

---

(x) This relation of Prodigies, seen in the Air, Mr. Cowley assures to be true, *Verum esse in me recipio, plurimique idonei testes rei nunc videntur*, In the Margin of the Original.

Discovering (to th' astonish'd World) within  
 At once a dreadful and a beauteous Scene :  
 Two mighty Armies clad in Battle-array,  
 Ready, by Combat, to dispute the Day :  
 Their waving Plumes, and glittering Armour shone,  
 Mov'd by the Winds, and gilded by the Sun.  
 So well in order seem'd each fearless Rank,  
 As they'd been marshal'd by our Hero, *Monk* ;  
*Monk*, born for mighty Things and great Command,  
 The glorious Pillar of our falling Land.  
 Perhaps his Genius on the Royal side,  
 One of those Heav'nly Figures did describe,  
 Here pointed out to us his noble Force,  
 And form'd him Conqueror on a flaming Horse.  
 We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,  
 The Signal giv'n by Drum and Trumpet Sound ;  
 We saw the Fire-wing'd Horses fiercely meet,  
 And with their fatal Spears each other greet.  
 Here shining brandish'd Pikes like Lightning shook,  
 While from ethereal Guns true Thunder broke.  
 With gloomy Mists they 'nvolv'd the Plains of Heaven,  
 And to the Cloud-begotten Men was given  
 A memorable Fate——

By the dire Splendor which their Arms display'd.  
 And dreadful Lightning that from Canons play'd,  
 We saw extended o'er the aerial Plain  
 The wounded Bodies of the numerous Slain :  
 ( Their Faces fierce with Anger understood )  
 Turning the Sky red with their gushing Blood ;  
 At last, that Army, we the Just esteem'd,  
 And which adorn'd by noblest Figures seem'd  
 Of Arms and Men, alas ! was put to flight ;  
 The rest was veil'd in the deep Shades of Night,  
 And Fates to come secur'd from human Sight.

But stupid *England*, touch'd with no Remorse,  
 Beholds the Prodigies as Things of Course.

( With many more, which to the Just appear'd  
As ominous Prefages. ) Then who fear'd  
The Monsters of the *Caledonian* Woods,  
Or the hid Ferments of Schismatick Crowds?  
Nor had the impious *Cromwel* then a Name,  
For *England's* Ruin, and for *England's* Shame.  
Nor were the Gods pleas'd only to exhort  
By Signs, the restive City and the Court.  
Th' impending Fates o'er all the Thickets reign'd,  
And Ruin to the *English* Wood proclaim'd.  
We saw the sturdy Oaks of monstrous Growth,  
Whose spreading Roots fix'd in their native Earth,  
Where for a Thousand Years in Peace they grew,  
Torn from the Soil, though none but *Zeph'rus* blew.  
But who such violent Outrages could find  
To be th' Effects of the soft Western Wind?  
The *Dryads* saw the Right Hand of the Gods  
O'erturn the noblest Shelters of the Woods.  
Others their Arms with baneful Leaves were clad,  
That new unusual Forms and Colours had,  
Whence now no *Aromatic* Moisture flows,  
Or noble *Misseltoe* enrich the Boughs.  
But bow'd with Galls, within those boding Hulls  
Lurk'd Flies, Diviners of ensuing Ills.  
Whose fatal buz did future Slaughters threat,  
And confus'd Murmurs, full of Dread, repeat.  
When no rude Winds disturb the ambient Air,  
The Trees, as weary of Repose, made War.  
With horrid Noise grappling their knotty Arms,  
Like meeting Tides, they ruffle into Storms;  
But when the Winds to rattling Tempests rise,  
Instead of warring Trees, we heard the Cries  
Of warring Men, whose dying Groans around  
The Woods and mournful Ecchoes did resound.  
The dismal Shade with Birds obscene were fill'd,  
Which spight of *Phæbus* he himself beheld.  
On the wild *Ash's* top the Bats and Owls,  
With all Nighy's ominous and baneful Fowls.

Sate brooding, while the Screeches of these Doves  
 Prophan'd and violated all the Groves.  
 If ought that Poets do relate be true,  
 The strange (y) *Spinturnix* led the feather'd Crew.  
 Of all the Monsters of the Earth and Air,  
*Spinturnix* bears the cruell'st Character.  
 The barbarous Bird, to mortal Eyes unknown,  
 Is seen but by the Goddesses alone :  
 And then they tremble ; for she always bodes  
 Some fatal Discord, ev'n among the Gods.  
 But that which gave more Wonder than the rest,  
 (z) Within an Ash a Serpent built her Nest,  
 And laid her Eggs ; when once, to come beneath  
 The very shadow of an Ash, was Death :  
 Rather, if Chance could force, she through the Fire,  
 From its faln Leaves so baneful, would retire.

But none of all the *Sylvan* Prodigies  
 Did more surprize the rural Deities,  
 Than when the Lightning did the Laurel blast ;  
 The Lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd :  
 The Laurel, which by *Jove's* divine Decree,  
 Since antient Time from injuring Tempests free:  
 No angry Threats from the celestial Powers,  
 Could make her fear the Ruin of her Bowers :  
 But always she enjoy'd a certain Fate,  
 Which she cou'd ne'er secure the Victor yet.  
 In vain these Signs and Monsters were not sent  
 From angry Heav'n, the Wise knew what they meant.  
 Their coming by Conjectures understood,  
 As did the *Dryads* of the *British* Wood.

There is an ancient (a) Forest known to Fame,  
 On this side sep'rate from the *Cambrian* Plain

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(y) What the Bird truly was, is not known, but it was much dreaded by the *Aruspices*. *Plin. Servius, &c.*

(z) For the Truth hereof take *Pliny's* Word, l. 16, 17.

(a) The Forest of *Dean*, in *Gloucestershire*.



By wandring *Wye*; whose winding Current glides,  
 And murm'ring Leaves behind its flowry Sides.  
 On that, 'tis wash'd by nobler *Severn's* Streams,  
 Whose Beauties scarce will yield to famous *Thames*.  
 Of yore 'twas *Arden* call'd, but that great Name,  
 As like her self, diminish'd into *Dean*.  
 The cursed Weapons of destructive War,  
 In all their Cruelties have made her share;  
 The Iron has its noblest Shades destroy'd,  
 Then to melt Iron is its Wood employ'd;  
 And so unhappy 'tis as it presents,  
 Of its own Death the fatal Instruments.  
 With Industry its Ruin to improve,  
 Bears Minerals below, and Trees above.  
 Oh Poverty! thou Happiness extreme,  
 (When no afflicting Want can intervene)  
 And oh: thou subtle Treasure of the Earth,  
 From whence all Rapes and Mischiefs take their Birth,  
 And you, triumphing Woods, secur'd from Spoil,  
 By the safe Blessing of your barren Soil.  
 Here unconsum'd, how small a part remains  
 Of that rich Store that once adorn'd the Plains!  
 Yet that small part that has escap'd the Ire  
 Of lawless Steel, and avaritious Fire,  
 By many Nymphs and Deities possess'd,  
 Of all the *British* Shades continues still the best,  
 Here the long Reverend *Dryas* (who had been  
 Of all those shady verdant Regions Queen,  
 To which by Conquest she had forc'd the Sea  
 His constant tributary Waves to pay)  
 Proclaim'd a gen'ral Council through her Court,  
 To which the *Sylvan* Nymphs shou'd all resort.  
 All the Wood-Goddesses do frait appear,  
 At least who cou'd the *British* Climate bear;  
 And on a soft Ascent of rising Ground,  
 Their Queen, their charming *Dryas*, they surround;  
 Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd,  
 And by a Thousand awful Beauties grac'd.

These Goddesses alike were dress'd in Green,  
 The Ornaments and Liv'ries of their Queen.  
 Had Travellers at any distance view'd  
 The beauteous Order of this stately Crowd,  
 They wou'd not guess they'd been Divinities,  
 But Groves all sacred to the Deities.  
 Such was the Image of this leafy Scene,  
 On one side water'd by a cooling Stream,  
 Upon whose brink the *Poplar* took her place,  
 The *Poplar*, whom *Alcides* once did grace,  
 Whose double colour'd shadow'd Leaves express  
 The Labours of our Hero *Hercules*;  
 Whose upper sides are black, the under white,  
 To represent his Toil and his Delight.

The *Phaetonian Alder* next took place,  
 Still sensible of the burnt Youth's Disgrace;  
 She loves the purling Streams, and often laves  
 Beneath the Floods, and wantons with the Waves.

Close by her side the pensive *Willows* join'd,  
 Chast Sisters all, to Lovers most unkind.

(b) *Oleſcarpians* call'd, in Youth severe,  
 Before the Winter-Age had snow'd their Hair.

In Rivers take delight, whose chilling Streams,  
 Mixt with the native Coldness of their Veins;

Like *Salamanders*, can all Heat remove,  
 And quite extinguish the quick Fire of Love.

Firm lasting Bonds they yield to all beside,  
 And take delight the Lovers to divide.

The *Elders* next, who, though they Waters love,  
 The same from humane Bodies yet remove,

And quite disperse the humid Moisture thence,  
 And partly with the *Dropsy* in this Sense:

Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood?

This Soil belongs to Rivulets of Blood,

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(b) That is, a Tribe which early drops its Seed, or which is an Enemy to Venerly,

' Why do you Men torment, when many a Shade,  
 ' And honest Trees and Plants do want your Aid?  
 ' Be gone, from human Bodies quick be gone,  
 ' And back into your native Channels run  
 ' By every Pore, by all the Ways you can.  
 The Moisture frightened, flies at the Command,  
 And awful Terror of her powerful Wand.

The hospitable *Birch* does next appear,  
 Joyful and gay in hot or frigid Air;  
 Flowing her Hair, her Garments soft and white,  
 And yet in Cruelty she takes delight;  
 No wild Inhabitant o'th' Woods can be  
 So quick in Wrath, and in Revenge, as she;  
 In Houses great Authority assumes,  
 And's the sole punisher of petty Crimes.  
 But most of all her Malice she employs  
 In Schools, to terrify and awe young Boys;  
 If she chastise, 'tis for the Patient's Good;  
 Though oft she blushes with their tender Blood.

Not so the generous *Maples*; they present  
 Whate'er the City Luxury can invent,  
 Who, with industrious Management and Pains,  
 Divide the Labyrinth of their curious Grains,  
 And many necessary Things produce,  
 That serve at once for Ornament and Use.

But thou, O (c) *Pteleas*, to the Swain allows  
 Shades to his Cattle, Timber for his Plows.  
 Ennobled thou above the leafy Race,  
 In that an amorous (d) God does thee embrace.

Next thee the (e) *Oxyas* of her self a Grove,  
 Whose wide-spread Shade the Flocks and Shepherds  
 Whether thy Murmurs do to Sleep invite, [love,  
 Or thy soft Noise inspire the rural Pipe;  
 Alike thou'rt grateful, and canst always charm,  
 In Summer cooling, and in Winter warm.

(c) The Elm.

(d) Bacchus, or the Vine.

(e) The Beech.

*Tity'rui,*

*Tityrus*, of yore, the Nymph with Garlands hung,  
 And all his Love-lays in her Shadow sung  
 When first the Infant-World her Reign began,  
 Ere Pride and Luxury had corrupted Man,  
 Before for Gold the Earth they did invade,  
 The useful Household-stuff of *Beech* was made;  
 No other Plate the humble Side-board dress'd,  
 No other Bowls adorn'd the wholesome Feast:  
 Which no voluptuous Cookery could boast,  
 The home-bred Kid or Lamb was all the Cost.  
 The Mirth, the Innocence, and little Care,  
 Surpass'd the loaded Boar's of high-priz'd Fare.  
 There came no Guest for Interest or Design,  
 For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine.  
 The *Beechen* Bowl without Debauch went round,  
 And was with harmless Mirth and Roses crown'd:  
 In these——the Ancients in their happy State,  
 Their Feasts and Banquets us'd to celebrate.  
 Fill'd to the Brim with uncorrupted Wine,  
 They made Libations to the Powers Divine;  
 To keep 'em still benign, no Sacrifice  
 They need perform the angry Gods to appease.  
 They knew no Crimes the Deities to offend,  
 But all their Care was still, to keep 'em kind.  
 No Poison ever did those Bowls infect,  
 Securely here the Shepherd quench'd his Thirst;  
 'Twas not that any Virtue in the Wood  
 Against the baneful Liquor was thought good;  
 But Poverty and Innocence were here,  
 The Antidotes against all Ills and Fear.  
 Such was the *Ash*, the Nymph was *Melias* nam'd,  
 For peaceful Use, and liberal Virtues fam'd:  
 But since *Achilles* Spear was of her Wood  
 Fatally form'd, and drank of *Hector's* Blood;  
 O wretched Glory! O unhappy Power,  
 She loves the Rain, and neighb'ring Floods no more,  
 No more the falling Showers delight her now,  
 She only thirsts to drink of bloody Dew.

(f) *Philyra*, not inferiour to her Race,  
 For her *Belle taille*, good Mien and handsome Grace,  
 For pious Use, and noblest Studies fit,  
*Minerva* here might exercise her Wit,  
 And on the lasting Vellum which she brings,  
 May in small Volumes write Seraphick Things;  
 'Mongst all the Nymphs and *Hamadryades*,  
 There's none so fair, and so adorn'd as this.  
 All soft her Body, innocent and white,  
 In her green flowing Hair she takes delight;  
 Proud of her perfum'd Blossoms far she spreads  
 Her lovely, charming, odoriferous Shades.  
 Her native Beauties ev'n excelling Art;  
 Her Vertues many Med'cines still impart;  
 The Dowry of each Plant in her does rest,  
 And she deserv'dly triumphs o'er the Best.

Next her (g) *Orcimelis* and *Achras* stood,  
 Whose Off-spring is a sharp and rigid Brood;  
 A Fruit no Season e'er could work upon,  
 Nor to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening Sun.

Hither the fair amphibious Nymphs resort,  
 Who both in Woods and Gardens keep their Court,  
 The (h) *Ouas*, but of no ignoble Fame,  
 Although she bears a base and servile Name;  
 Sharp (i) *Oxyacantha*, next the *Mulberry* stood,  
 The *Mulberry* dy'd in hapless Lovers (k) Blood.

(l) *Craneia*, a Nymph too lean to be admir'd,  
 But hard-gain'd (m) *Carya* is by all desir'd;  
 The pretty *Corylus* so neat and trim,  
 And (n) *Castanis* with rough ungrateful Skin.  
 These Nymphs, of all their Race, live rich and high,  
 They taste the City Golden Luxury,  
 And Woods their Country *Villa's* do supply.

(f) The Lime-Tree.

(g) Wood-Pear and Crab-Apple.

(h) Service-Tree.

(i) Barberry.

(k) *Pyramus* and *Thaisa*.

(l) Cornelian Berry.

(m) Wall-Nut.

(n) Common-Hazle; Small Nuts, and Chafons,



Nor was the *Haw-thorn* absent from this Place,  
 All Soils are Native to her harden'd Race;  
 Though her the Fields and Gardens do reject,  
 She with a thorny Hedge does both protect.  
 (c) *Helvetia* rough with Gold and Stones first bred  
 The Nymph, who thence to other Climates fled,  
 Of her a warlike sturdy Race was born,  
 Whose Dress, nor Court, nor City can adorn;  
 But with a faithful Hand they both defend;  
 While they upon no Garrison depend;  
 No Show, or noisy Grandeur they affect,  
 But to their Trust they're constant and exact:  
 Should you behold 'em rang'd in Battle-array,  
 All muster'd in due Order, you wou'd say,  
 That no *Militia* were so fine and gay.  
 Let not the Ancients rashly then reproach,  
 Who cut from hence the *Hymeneal* Torch.  
 Since they such Safeguards were 'gainst Thiefs and  
 [Beasts,

Which with an equal Force their Charge molests.  
 And 'twas commanded they should always bear  
 Their watchful Twigs before the married Pair.

With the *Helvetian* Nymph, a pretty Train,  
 All her Companions to the Circle came.  
 The fruitful *Bullace* first, whose Off-spring are,  
 Though harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.

The prickly *Bramble*, neat and lovely *Rose*,  
 So nice and coy, they never will dispose  
 Their valu'd Favours, but some Wounds they give  
 To those who will their guarded Joys receive.

No less a Troop of those gay Nymphs were seen,  
 Who nobly flourish in (p) eternal Green,  
 Unsubject to the Laws o' th' changing Year,  
 They want no Aids of kindly Beams or Air.

(c) *Switzerland*.

(p) Call'd *Sengreens*, or *Ay-greens*. *Sempervivus*.

But happy in their own peculiar Spring,  
 While the Pole weeps in Showers, they laugh and sing.  
 The generous (q) *Pyxias*, who a Conquest gains  
 O'er armed *Winter* with her Hosts of Rains,  
 All Ages she subdues; devouring Time  
 In vain endeavours to destroy her Prime;  
 Still in her Youth and Beauty she survives,  
 When all the Spring is dead, she smiles and lives:  
 Yet though she's obstinate to Time and Storms,  
 She's kindly pliable to all curious Forms;  
 To artful Masters she Obedience lends,  
 And to th' ingenious Hand, with ease she bends.  
 Into a thousand True-love's Knots she twines,  
 And with a verdant Wall the Flowers confines,  
 Still looking up with gay and youthful Love  
 To the triumphing Flow'rs that reign above.  
 Or, if you please, she will advance on high,  
 And with the lofty Trees her Stature vie;  
 And chearfully will any Figure take,  
 Whether Man, Lion, or a Bird you make;  
 Or on her Trunk like a green Parrot show,  
 Or sometimes like a *Hercules* she grow:  
 And hence, *Praxiteles* fair Statues forms,  
 When with green Gods the Gardens he adorns.  
 Nor yet, being dead, does of less use appear  
 To the industrious Artificer:  
 From her, the noblest Figures do arise,  
 And almost are Immortal Deities;  
 Of her, the *Berecynthian* Pipe is made,  
 That charms its native Mountain and its Shade,  
 That in such tuneful Harmonies express  
 The Praises of their Goddess *Cybeles*.  
 With this the lovely (r) Females dress their Hair,  
 That not least powerful Beauty of the Fair,  
 Their noblest Ornaments and th' Lover's Snare,

(q) The *Box-Tree*.

(r) Combs made of its Wood.

This into Form the beauteous Nets still lay,  
That the poor heedless Gazer does betray.

(*f*) *Agrias* is content with easier Spoils,  
Only for silly Birds she pitches Toils.  
The wanton Bird she stops upon the Wing,  
And can forbid the Insolence of Men;  
With a Defence the Garden she supplies,  
And does perpetually delight the Eyes:  
Her shining Leaves a lovely Green produce,  
And serve at once for Ornament and Use.  
Deform'd *December* by her Posie-boughs  
All deck'd and drest like joyful *April* shows,  
Cold Winter-days she both adorns and cheers,  
While she her constant springing Livery wears.

(*t*) *Camaris*, who in Winter give their Birth,  
Not humbly creeping on the servile Earth,  
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful Heads,  
Whose *Sylvan* Food unhappy *Fanus* feeds.  
His hungry Appetite he here destroys,  
And both his ravenous Mouths at once destroys.

(*u*) *Phyllyrea* here, and *Pyracantha* rise,  
Whose Beauty only gratifies the Eyes.  
Of Gods and Men, no Banquets they afford  
But to the welcome, though unbidden Bird.  
Here gratefully in Winter they repay  
For all the Summer-Songs that made their Groves so  
[gay.

Next came the melancholy *Tew*, who mourns  
With silent Languor at the Warrior's Urns,  
See where she comes, all in black Shadow veil'd,  
Ah, too unhappy Nymph, on every Side assail'd!  
Whom the *Greek* Poets and Historians blame,  
(Deceiv'd by easy Faith and common Fame)  
Thee, as a guilty Poisoner they present;  
Oh false Aspersers of the Innocent!

(*f*) The Holly Hereof Birdlime is made.

(*t*) Strawberry-Trees.

(*u*) Ever-green Privet, and prickly Coral-Trees.

If Poets may find Credit when they speak,  
 (At least all those who are not of the *Greek*)  
 No baneful Poison, no malignant Dew  
 Lurks in, or hangs about the harmless *Yew*,  
 No secret Mischief dares the Nymph invade,  
 And those are safe that sleep beneath her Shade.

(w) Nor thou, *Arceuthis*, art an Enemy  
 To the soft Notes of charming Harmony.  
 Falsly the chief of Poets would persuade,  
 That Evil's lodg'd in thy Eternal Shade,  
 Thy Aromatick Shade, whose verdant Arms  
 Ev'n thy own useful Fruits secures from Harms ;  
 Many false Crimes to thee they attribute,  
 Wou'd no false Virtues too they wou'd to thee impute.

But thee (x) *Sabina*, my impartial Muse  
 Cannot with any Honesty excuse.  
 By thee, the first new Sparks of Life, not yet  
 Struck up to shining Flame, to mature Heat,  
 Sprinkled by thy moist Poison fade and die,  
 Fatal *Sabina*, Nymph of Infamy.  
 For this the *Cypress* thee Companion calls,  
 Who piously attends at Funerals:  
 But thou more barbarous, dost thy Pow'r employ,  
 And even the unborn Innocent destroy.  
 Like Fate destructive thou, without remorse,  
 While she the Death of even the Ag'd deplores.

Such (y) *Cyparissus* was, that bashful Boy,  
 Who was belov'd by the bright God of Day ;  
 Of such a tender Mind, so soft a Breast,  
 With so compassionate a Grief oppress'd  
 For wounding his lov'd Deer, that down he lay  
 And wept, and pin'd his sighing Soul away ;  
*Apollo* pitying it, renew'd his Fate  
 And to the *Cypress* did the Boy translate,  
 And gave his hapless Life a longer Date.

(w) *Juniper-Tree*, whereof Musical Instruments are made.

(x) *Savin*, infamous for destroying Births and causing Abortions.

(y) *Ovid. Met.*

Then thus decreed the God——and thou, oh Tree!  
 Chief Mourner at all Funerals shalt be.  
 And since so small a Cause such Grief cou'd give,  
 Be't still thy Talent (pitying Youth) to grieve.  
 Sacred be thou in *Pluto's* dark Abodes,  
 For ever sacred to th' Infernal Gods!  
 This said, well skill'd in Truth he did bequeath  
 Eternal Life to the dire Tree of Death,  
 A Substance that no Worm can e'er subdue,  
 Whose never-dying Leaves each Day renew,  
 Whose Figures like aspiring Flames still rise,  
 And with a noble Pride salute the Skies.

Next (z) the fair Nymph that *Phæbus* does adore,  
 But yet as nice and cold as heretofore:  
 She hates all Fires, and with Aversion still  
 She chides and crackles, if the Flame she feel.  
 Yet though she's chaste, the burning God no less  
 Adores, and makes his Love his Prophetess.  
 And even the Murmurs of her Scorn do now  
 For joyful Sounds and happy Omens go.  
 Nor does the Humble, though the Sacred, Tree  
 Fear Wounds from any Earthly Enemy;  
 For she beholds when loudest Storms abound,  
 The flying Thunder of the Gods around.  
 Let all the flaming Heav'ns threat as they will,  
 Unmov'd th' undaunted Nymph out-braves it still.

Oh thou!——

Of all the woody Nations happiest made.  
 Thou greatest Princess of the fragrant Shade;  
 But shou'd the Goddess *Dryas* not allow  
 That Royal Title to thy Vertue due,  
 At least her Justice must this Truth confess,  
 If not a Princess, thou'rt a Prophetess.  
 And all the Glories of immortal Fame  
 Which conquering Monarchs so much strive to gain,

---

(z. *Ovid, Met.*



Is but at best from thy triumphing Boughs,  
To reach a Garland to adorn their Brows,  
And after Monarchs, Poets claim a Share  
As the next Worthy thy priz'd Wreaths to wear.  
Among that number, do not me disdain,  
Me, the most humble of that glorious Train.

(a) I, by a double Right, thy Bounties claim,  
Both from my Sex, and in *Apollo's* Name :  
Let me with *Sappho* and *Orinda* be,  
Oh ever sacred Nymph, adorn'd by thee ;  
And give my Verses Immortality.

The tall (b) *Elate* next, and (c) *Peuce* stood;  
The stateliest Sister-Nymphs of all the Wood.  
The flying Winds sport with their flowing Hair,  
While to the dewy Clouds their lofty Heads they rear,  
As mighty Hills above the Valleys shew  
And look with Scorn on the Descent below,  
So do these view the Mountains where they grow.  
So much above their humbler Tops they rise,  
So stood the Giants that besieg'd the Skies,  
The Terror of the Gods! they having thrown  
Huge *Ossa* on the Leafy *Pelion*,  
The *Fir*, with the proud *Pine*, thus threatening stands,  
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring Hands,  
In this vast Prospect they with ease survey  
The spacious-figur'd Land and boundless Sea,  
With joy behold the Ships their Timber builds,  
How they've with Cities stor'd once spacious Fields.

This Grove of *English* Nymphs, this noble Train,  
In a large Circle compass in their Queen,  
The Scepter-bearing *Dryas* (d) ———  
Her Throne a rising Hillock, where she fate  
With all the Charms of Majesty and State,

(a) The Translatress in her own Person speaks.

(b) The *Fir-Tree*.

(c) The *Pine*.

(d) Nymph of *Oaks*.

With awful Grace the Numbers she survey'd,  
Dealing around the Favours of her Shade.  
If I the Voice, of the loud Winds could take,  
Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate,  
'Twon'd not suffice to celebrate thy Name,  
Oh, sacred *Dryas*, of immortal Fame.  
If we a Faith can give Antiquity  
That sings of many Miracles, from thee  
In the World's Infant-Age Mankind broke forth;  
From thee the nobler Race receiv'd their Birth;  
Thou then in a green tender Bark was clad,  
But in *Deucalion's* Age a rougher Covert had,  
More hard and warm, with crusted White all o'er,  
As noble Authors sung in times of yore;  
Approv'd by some, condemn'd and argu'd down  
By the vain Troop of Sophists, and the Gown,  
The scoffing Academy, and the School  
Of *Pyrrho*; who Traditions over-rule:  
But let 'em doubt, yet they must grant this Truth,  
Those Brawny Men that then the Earth brought forth,  
Did on the Acorns feed, and feast and thrive,  
And with this wholesome Nourishment survive,  
In Health and Strength an equal Age with thee  
Secur'd from all the Banes of Luxury.  
Oh, happy Age! Oh Nymph, divinely Good!  
That mak'st thy Shade Man's House, thy Fruit his Food.  
When only Apples of the Wood did pass  
For noble Banquets spread on Beds of Grass.  
Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd,  
And Fruit that ne'er the Grudger's Hand reproach'd.  
Thy Bounties *Ceres* were of little use,  
And thy sweet Food ill Manners did produce:  
Unluckily they did thy Virtues find  
With that of the Wild-Boar and hunted Hind;  
With all wild Beasts on which their Luxury prey'd,  
While new Desires their Appetites invade.  
The Natures they partake of what they eat,  
And salvage they become as was their Meat.

Hence the Republick of the World did cease;  
 Hence they might date the Forfeit of their Peace.  
 The common Good was now peculiar made,  
 A generous Int'rest now became a Trade,  
 And Men began their Neighbour's Rights t' invade.  
 For now they measur'd out their common Ground,  
 And Outrages commit t' enlarge their Bound:  
 Their own seem'd despicable, poor and small;  
 Each wants more Room, and wou'd be Lord of all.  
 The Plow-man with Disdain his Field surveys,  
 Forsakes the Land, and plows the faithless Seas,  
 The Fool in these deep Furrows seeks his Gain,  
 Despising Dangers, and induring Pain.  
 The sacred Oak her peaceful Mansion leaves  
 Transplanted to the Mountains of the Waves.

Oh *Dryas*, Patron to th' industrious Kind,  
 If Man were wise and wou'd his Safety find;  
 What perfect Bliss thy happy Shade wou'd give?  
 And Houses that their Masters wou'd out-live?  
 All Necessaries thou afford'st alone  
 For harmless Innocence to live upon,  
 Strong Yokes for Oxen, Handles for the Plow,  
 What Husbandry requires, thou dost allow;  
 But if the Madness of desiring Gain,  
 Or wild Ambition agitate the Brain,  
 Straight to a wandering Ship they Thee transfer,  
 And none more fitly serves the Mariner.  
 Thou cut'st the Air, dost on the Waves rebound,  
 Wild Death and Fury raging all around;  
 Disdaining to behold the manag'd Wood,  
 Out-brave the Storms and baffle the rude Flood.

To Swine, O richest Oak, thy Acorns leave,  
 And search for Man whate'er the Earth can give,  
 All that the spacious Universe brings forth,  
 What Land and Sea conceals of any Worth,  
 Bring *Aromatick* from the distant *East*,  
 And Gold so dangerous from the risted *West*,  
 Whate'er the boundless Appetite can feast.

With thee the utmost Bounds of Earth w' invade,  
 By thee, the unlock'd Orb is common made.  
 By thee — — —

The great Republique of the World revives,  
 And o'er the Earth luxurious Traffick thrives;  
 If *Argos* Ship were valued at that Rate  
 Which ancient Poets so much celebrate,  
 From neighbouring *Colchos* only bringing home  
 The Golden-Fleece from Seas whose Tracts were known:  
 If of the Dangers they so much have spoke  
 (More worthy Smiles) of the *Cyanean* Rock,  
 What Oceans then of Fame shall thee suffice?  
 What Waves of Eloquence can sing thy Praise?  
 O sacred *Oak*, that great *Columbus* bore,  
 Io! thou Bearer of an happier Ore,  
 Yhan celebrated *Argo* did before.

[known,

And *Drake's* brave *Oak* that pass'd to Worlds un-  
 Whose Toils, O *Phæbus*, were so like thy own;  
 Who round the Earth's vast Globe triumphant rode,  
 Deserves the Celebration of a God.

O let the *Pegasean* Ship no more  
 Be worship'd on the too unworthy Shore.  
 After her watry Life, let her become  
 A fixt Star shining equal with the *Ram*.  
 Long since the Duty of a Star sh' has done,  
 And round the Earth with guiding Light has shone.

Oh, how has Nature blest the *British* Land,  
 Who both the valued *Indies* can command!  
 What though thy Banks the Cedars do not grace  
 Those lofty Beauties of fam'd *Lebanus*:

The Pine, or Palm of *Idumean* Plains;  
*Arabs* rich Woods, or its sweet smelling Greens,  
 Or lovely Plantan, whose large leafy Boughs  
 A pleasant and a noble Shade allows.

She has thy warlike Groves and Mountains blest  
 With sturdy Oaks, o'er all the World the best;

And for the happy Island's sure Defence,  
Has wall'd it with a Mote of Seas immense;  
While to declare her Safety and thy Pride,  
With Oaken Ships that Sea is fortify'd.

Nor was that Adoration vainly made,  
Which to the Oak the ancient *Druids* paid,  
Who reasonably believ'd a God within,  
Where such vast Wonders were produc'd and seen:  
Nor was it the dull Piety alone,  
And Superstition of our *Albion*,

Nor Ignorance of the future Age, that paid  
Honours Divine to thy surprizing Shade.  
But they foresaw the Empire of the Sea,  
Great *Charles* should hold from the Triumphant Tree.

No Wonder then that Age should thee adore,  
Who gav'st out sacred Oracles heretofore;  
The hidden Pleasure of the Gods was then  
In a hoarse Voice deliver'd out to Men.  
So Vapours from *Cyrrhean* Caverns broke,  
Inspir'd *Apollo's* Priestesses when she spoke.  
Whilst ravish'd the fair Enthusiastick stood,  
Upon her *Tripes* raging with the God:  
So Priest inspir'd with sacred Fury shook,  
When the Winds ruffled the *Dodonean* Oak,  
And toss'd their Branches, till a dreadful Sound  
Of awful Horror they proclaim around;  
Like frantick *Bacchanals*; and while they move,  
Possess with Trembling all the sacred Grove.

Their ris'd Leaves the Tempest bore away,  
And their torn Boughs scatter'd on all Sides lay.  
The tortur'd Thicket knew not that there came  
A God triumphant in the Hurricane,  
Till the wing'd Wind, with an amazing Cry,  
Deliver'd down the pressing Deity,  
Whose thundering Voice strange Secrets did unfold,  
And wondrous Things of Worlds to come he told,  
But Truths so veil'd in obscure Eloquence,  
They muse th' adoring Crowd with double Sense.



But by divine Decree the Oak no more,  
 Declares Security as heretofore,  
 With Words, or Voice, yet to the listning Wood,  
 Her differing Murmurs still are understood  
 For sacred Divinations; while the Sound  
 Informs, all but Humanity, around:  
 Nor e'er did *Dryas* murmur awful Truth  
 More clear and plain from the prophetick Mouth,  
 Than when she spoke to the *Chaonian* Wood,  
 While all the Groves with eager Silence stood;  
 And with erected Leaves themselves dispose  
 To listen to the Language of her Boughs.

You see (O my Companions) that the Gods  
 Threaten a dire Destruction to the Woods,  
 And to all human Kind—the black Portents  
 Are seen, of many sinister Events;  
 But lest their quick Approach too much should press,  
 (O my astonish'd Nymphs) your Tenderness,  
 The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,  
 And prepossess ye with the Fate to come.  
 With heedful Reverence then their Will observe,  
 And in your Barks deep Chinks my Words preserve:  
 Believe me, Nymphs, nor is your Faith in vain,  
 This Oaken Trunk in which conceal'd I am  
 From a long honour'd ancient Lineage came,  
 Who in the fam'd *Dodonean* Grove first spoke,  
 When with astonish'd Awe the sacred Valley shook.

‘ Know then that *Brutus* by unlucky Fate,  
 ‘ Murd’ring his Sire, bore an immortal Hate  
 ‘ To his own Kingdom, whose ungrateful Shore  
 ‘ He leaves with Vows ne’er to revisit more.  
 ‘ Then to *Epirus* a sad Exile came,  
 ‘ (Unhappy Son, who hast a Father slain,  
 ‘ But, happy Father of the *British* Name.)  
 ‘ There by victorious Arms he did restore  
 ‘ Those Scepters once the Race of *Priam* bore.

' In their paternal Thrones his Kindred plac'd,  
 ' And by their Piety his fatal Crime effac'd.  
 ' There *Jupiter* disdain'd not to relate  
 ' Thorough an Oaken Mouth his future Fate.  
 ' Who for his Grandfire's, great *Aeneas* sake,  
 ' Upon the Royal Youth will pity take :  
 ' Whose Toils to his shall this Resemblance bear  
 ' A long and tedious Wandring to endure.  
 ' 'Tis said the Deity retaining Oak  
 ' Bursting her Bark, thus to the Hero spoke,  
 ' Whose Voice the Nymphs surpriz'd with awful  
 ' Who in *Chaonian* Groves inhabited. [Dread,  
 ' Oh, noble *Trojan*, of great *Sylvia*'s Blood,  
 ' Hasten from the Covert of this threatening Wood.  
 ' A Mansion here the Fates will not permit,  
 ' Vast Toils and Dangers thou'rt to conquer yet,  
 ' E're for a murder'd Father thou canst be  
 ' Absolv'd, though innocently slain by thee,  
 ' Much thou must bear by Land, and much by Sea.  
 ' Then arm thy solid Mind, thy Virtues raise,  
 ' And through thy rough Adventures cut new Ways,  
 ' Whose End shall crown thee with immortal Bays.  
 ' Though *Hercules* so great a Fame atchiev'd :  
 ' His Conquests but to th' Western *Cales* arriv'd :  
 ' There finish'd all his Glories and his Toils;  
 ' He wish'd no more, nor fought more distant Spoils.  
 ' But the great Labours which thou hast begun,  
 ' Must, fearless of the Ocean's Threats, go on.  
 ' And this remember, at thy lanching forth,  
 ' To set thy full-spread Sails against the North.  
 ' In *Charles's Wain* thy Fates are born above  
 ' Bright Stars descended from the Grandfire *Jove*,  
 ' Of Motion certain, though they slowly move.  
 ' The *Bear* too shall assist thee in thy Course  
 ' With all her Constellations glittering Force.  
 ' And as thou goest, thy Right-hand shall destroy  
 ' Twice six *Gom'ritiso* Tyrants in thy way.

' Though exil'd from the World, disdain all Fear,  
 ' The Gods another World for thee prepare,  
 ' Which in the Bosom of the Deep conceal'd  
 ' From Ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd.  
 ' Reserv'd, O *Brutus*, to renown thy Fame,  
 ' And shall be blest still with thy Race and Name.  
 ' All that the Air surrounds, the Fates decree  
 ' To *Brutus* and *Aeneas* Progeny,  
 ' *Aeneas* all the Land, and *Brutus* all the Sea.

Thus said the God from the prophetick Oak,  
 Who stretching out her Branches, farther spoke :  
 ' Here fill thy Hands with Acorns from the Tree,  
 ' Which in thy tedious Toils of use shall be,  
 ' And Witnesses of all I promise thee.  
 ' And when thy painful Wandring shall be o'er,  
 ' And thou arriv'd on happy *Britain's* Shore,  
 ' Then in her fruitful Soil these Acorns sow,  
 ' Which to vast Woods of mighty Use shall grow.  
 ' Not their *Chaonian* Mother's sacred Name  
 ' Shall o'er the World be sung with greater Fame.  
 ' Then holy *Druids* thou shalt consecrate,  
 ' My Honour and my Rites to celebrate,  
 ' *Tentates* in the sacred Oak shall grow,  
 ' To give blest Omens to the *Miffeltoe*.  
 Thus spake the Oak—with reverend Awe believ'd,  
 And in no one Prediction was deceiv'd.

My Lineage from *Chaonian* Acorns came,  
 I two Descents from that first Parent am ;  
 And now oraculous Truths to you proclaim.  
 My Grandam Oak her blooming Beauties wore,  
 When first the *Danish* Fleet surpriz'd our Shore :  
 When *Thor* and *Tuisco* and the *Saxon* Gods  
 Were angry with their once belov'd Abodes,  
 Her Age two hundred Years ; a small Account,  
 To what our long liv'd Numbers do amount,  
 Such Prodigies then she saw, as we behold ;  
 And such our Ruins, as their Signs foretold,

Now from the *Caledonian* Mountains came  
 New-risen Clouds that cover'd all the Plain;  
 The quiet *Tweed* regards her Bounds no more,  
 But driv'n by Popular Winds usurps the Shore;  
 In her wild Course a horrid Murmur yields,  
 And frightens with her Sound the *English* Fields.  
 Nor did they hear in vain, nor vainly fear  
 Those raging Prologues to approaching War.  
 But Silver Show'rs did soon the Foe subdue,  
 Weapons the noble *English* never knew.  
 The People, who for Peace so lavish were,  
 Did after buy the Merchandize more dear.  
 Curst Civil-Wars even Peace betray'd to Guilt,  
 And made her blush with the first Blood was spilt:  
 O cruel Omens of those future Woes;  
 Which now fate brooding in the Senate-House!  
 That Den of Mischief, where obscur'd she lies,  
 And hides her purple Face from human Eyes.  
 The working Furies there lay unreveal'd,  
 Beneath the Priv'lege of the *House* conceal'd.  
 There, by the Malice of the Great and Proud,  
 And unjust Clamours of the frantick Crowd,  
 The Great, the Learned *Strafford* met his Fate;  
 O sacred Innocence! what can expiate  
 For guiltless Blood but Blood? and much must flow  
 Both from the Guilty and the Faultless too.  
 O *Worfeſter*, condemn'd by Fate to be  
 The mournful Witness of our Misery,  
 And to bewail our first Intestine Wars  
 By thy soft *Severn's* Murmurs, and her Tears;  
 Wars that more formidable did appear  
 Even at their End, than their Beginnings were.  
 Me to (e) *Kintonian* Hills some God-convey,  
 That I the horrid Valley may survey;  
 Which like a River seem'd of human Blood,  
 Swell'd with the numerous Bodies of the Dead.

(e) *Kinton-Fields, Edge-Hill,*

What Slaughter makes fierce *Rupert* round the Field,  
 Whose Conquests Pious *Charles* with Sighs beheld?  
 And had not Fate the Course of Things forbad,  
 This Day an End of all our Woes had made.

But our Success the angry Gods controul,  
 And stopt our Race of Glory near the Goal.  
 Where'er the *British* Empire did extend,  
 The Tyrant War with barbarous Rigour reign'd,  
 From the remotest Parts it riss'd Peace  
 From the (f) *Belerian* Horn even to the *Orcades*.  
 The Fields oppress'd, no joyful Harvests bear,  
 War ruin'd all the Product of the Year.  
 Unhappy *Albio*! by what Fury stung?  
 What Serpent of *Eumenides* has flung  
 His Poison thro' thy Veins? thou bleed'st all o'er,  
 Art all one Wound, one universal Gore.

Unhappy *Newberry*, I thy fatal Field,  
 Covered with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld.  
 In Horrors you *Philippi's* Field out-vy'd,  
 Which twice the Civil Gore of *Romans* dy'd.  
 Long mutual Loss, and the alternate Weight  
 Of equal Slaughters, pois'd each others Fate.  
 Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,  
 And knew not where to fix the deadly Blow;  
 At last in *Northern* Fields like Lightning broke;  
 And *Naseby* doubl'd every fatal Stroke.  
 But, O ye Gods, permit me not to tell  
 The Woes, that after this the Land beset:  
 O, keep 'em to your selves, lest they shou'd make  
 Humanity your Rites, and Shrines forsake:  
 To future Ages let 'em not be known,  
 For wretched *England's* Credit, and your own.  
 And take from me, ye Gods, Futurity,  
 And let my Oracles all silent lie.  
 Rather than by my Voice they shou'd declare  
 The dire Events of *England's* Civil-War.

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(f) *St Burian*, the uttermost Point of *Cornwal*.



And yet my Sight a confus'd Prospect fills,  
 A *Chaos* all deform'd, a Heap of Ills;  
 Such as no mortal Eyes cou'd e'er behold,  
 Such as no human Language can unfold.

But now

The Conquering evil Genius of the Wars,  
 The impious Victor all before him bears.  
 And O, — behold the Sacred Vanquish'd flies,  
 And though in a *Plebeian's* mean Disguise,  
 I know his God-like Face; the Monarch sure  
 Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal Hour.

But O, he flees, distressed, forlorn he flies,  
 And seeks his Safety 'mong his Enemies.  
 His Kingdom all he finds hostile to be,  
 No Place to th' Vanquish'd proves a Sanctu'ry.  
 Thus Royal *Charles* —

From his own People cou'd no Safety gain,  
 Alas, the King! (their Guest) implores in vain,  
 The Pilot thus the burning Vessel leaves,  
 And trusts what most he fears, the threatening Waves,  
 But, O, the cruel Flood with rude Disdain  
 Throws him all struggling to the Flames again:  
 So did the *Scots*, alas: what shou'd they do,  
 That Prize of War (The Soldiers Interest now)  
 By Prayers and Threatnings back they strive to bring  
 But the wise *Scot* will yield to no such thing;  
 And *England* to retrieve him, buys her King.  
 O, shame to future Worlds! who did command,  
 As powerful Lord of all the Sea and Land,  
 Is now a Captive-Slave expos'd to Sale;  
 And Villany o'er Virtue must prevail.  
 The Servant his bought Master bears away,  
 O, shameful Purchase of so glorious Prey.  
 But yet, O *Scotland*, far be it from me,  
 To charge thee wholly with this Infamy;  
 Thy Nation's Virtues shall reverse that Fate,  
 And for the Criminal Few shall expiate:  
 Yet for these Few the innocent Rest must feel,  
 The dire Effects of the avenging Steel.

But now, by Laws to God and Man unknown,  
Their Sovereign, God's Anointed, they dethrone,  
Who to the *Ile of Wight* is Prisoner sent :  
What Tongue, what cruel Hearts do not lament !  
That thee, O *Scotland*, with just Anger moves,  
And *Kent* who valued Liberty so loves ;  
And thee, O *Wales*, of still as noble Fame,  
As were the ancient *Britains* whence ye came.  
But why should I distinctly here relate  
All I behold, the many Battles fought  
Under the Conduct still of angry Stars ;  
Their new made Wounds, and old Ones turn'd to Scars ;  
The Blood that did the trembling *Bibla* die,  
Stopping its frightened Stream that strove to fly.  
Or thou, O *Medway*, swell'd with Slaughters, born  
Above the flowry Banks that did thee once adorn.  
Or why, O *Colchester*, should I rehearse  
Thy brave united Courage and thy Force ;  
Or Deaths of those illustrious Men relate,  
Who did, with thee, deserve a kinder Fate.  
Or why the miserable Murders tell  
Of Captives, who, by cooler Malice, fell.  
Nor to your Grievs will the Addition bring,  
The sad Idea's of a Marty'd King ;  
A King, who all the Wounds of Fortune bore,  
Nor will his mournful Funerals deplore.  
Lest that Celestial Piety (of Fame  
O'er all the World ) shou'd my sad Accents blame.  
Since Death he still esteem'd, howe'er 'twas given,  
The greatest Good, and noblest Gift of Heav'n.  
But I deplore Man's wretched Wickedness,  
( O horrid to be heard, or to express ! )  
Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment  
With her eternal Pains and Punishment.

But O ! what do I see ? alas they bring  
Their Sacred Master forth, their God-like King,  
There on a Scaffold rais'd in solemn State,  
And plac'd before the Royal Palace-Gate,

'Midst of the Empire the black Deed was done,  
 While Day, and all the World were looking on.  
 By common Hangman's Hands——Here stopt the Oak,  
 When from the bottom of its Root there broke  
 A Thousand Sighs, which to the Sky she lifts,  
 Bursting her solid Bark into a Thousand Clefts.  
 Each Branch her tributary Sorrow gives,  
 And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves,  
 Such Numbers after rainy Nights they shed,  
 When showering Clouds that did surround her Head,  
 Are by the rising Goddess of the Morn  
 Blown off, and fly before th' approaching Sun.  
 At which the Troop of the green Nymphs around  
 Ecchoing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd,  
 Whose piercing Sounds from far were understood,  
 And the loud Tempest shook the wondering Wood:  
 And then a dismal Silence did succeed,  
 As in the gloomy Mansions of the Dead.  
 But after a long awful Interval,  
 Dryas assum'd her sad prophetick Tale.

Now *Britany* o'erwhelm'd with many a Wound,  
 Her Head lopt off, in her own Blood lies drown'd:  
 A horrid Carcase, without Mind or Soul,  
 A Trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.  
 And now who wou'd not hope there shou'd ha' been,  
 After so much of Death, a quiet Scene?  
 Or rather with their Monarch's Funeral,  
 Eternal Sleep shou'd not have seiz'd 'em all.  
 But nothing less; for in the room of One,  
 Who govern'd justly on his peaceful Throne,  
 A Thousand Heads sprang up, deform'd and base,  
 With a tumultuous and ignoble Race;  
 The vile, the vulgar Off-spring of the Earth;  
 Insects of poisonous Kinds, of monstrous Birth;  
 And ravenous Serpents now the Land infest;  
 And *Cromwel*, viler yet than all the rest.  
 That Serpent now upon the Marrow preys,  
 Devouring Kingdoms with insatiate Jaws.

Now Right and Wrong (mere Words) confounded lie ;  
 Rage sets no Bounds to her Impiety ;  
 And having once transgress'd the Rules of Shame,  
 Honour or Justice counts an empty Name.  
 In every Street, as Pastime for the Crowd,  
 Erected Scaffolds reek'd with noble Blood.  
 Prisons were now th' Apartments of the Brave,  
 Whom Tyranny commits, and only Deaths retrieve ;  
 Whose Paths were crowded ere the Morning-dawn,  
 Some to the Dungeons, some to Gibbets drawn.  
 But tir'd-out Cruelty pauses for a while,  
 To take new Breath amidst her barbarous Toil.  
 So does not Avarice, she unwearied still,  
 Ne'er stops her greedy Hand from doing Ill ;  
 The Warriour may a while his Spear forsake,  
 But Sequestrators will no Respite take.

What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,  
 The Gifts of happy Peace, and Spoils of War ;  
 Whatever liberal Piety did present,  
 Or the Religion ( all magnificent )  
 Of our Fore-fathers to the Church had giv'n,  
 And consecrated to the Pow'r of Heav'n,  
 Altars, or whatsoe'er cou'd guilty be  
 Of tempting Wealth, or fatal Loyalty,  
 Was not enough to satisfy the Rage  
 Of a few Earth-begotten Tyrants of the Age.  
 The impious Rout thought it a trivial Thing  
 To rob the Houses of their God and King,  
 Their Sacrilege admitting of no Bound,  
 Rejoic'd to see 'em levell'd with the Ground :  
 As if the Nation ( wicked and unjust )  
 Had even in Ruin found a certain Lust.  
 On every Side the lab'ring Hammers sound,  
 And Strokes from mighty Hatchets do rebound ;  
 On every Side the groaning Earth sustains  
 The pond'rous Weight of Stones and wond'rous Beams.  
 Fiercely they ply their Work with such a Noise,  
 As if some mighty Structure they would raise

For the proud Tyrant: No, this clamorous Din  
Is not for building but demolishing.

—When (my Companions) these sad things you see  
And each beholds the dead Beams of her Parent-Tree,  
Long since repos'd in Palaces of Kings,  
Torn down by furious Hands, as useless things;  
Then know your Fate is come; those Hands that cou'd  
From Houses tear dead Beams, and long-hewn Wood,  
Those cruel Hands by unresisted Force,  
Will for your living Trunks find no remorse.

Religion, which was great of old, commands,  
No Woods shou'd be prophan'd by impious Hands,  
Those noble Seminaries for the Fleet,  
Plantations that make Towns and Cities great;  
Those Hopes of War and Ornaments of Peace,  
Shou'd live secure from any Outrages,  
Which now the barbarous Conqueror will invade,  
Tear up your Roots, and rattle all your Shade,  
For Gain they'll sell you to the cov'rous Buyer,  
A Sacrifice to ev'ry common Fire,  
They'll spare no Race of Trees of any Age,  
But murder Infant-Branches in their Rage;  
Elms, Beeches, tender Ashes shall be fell'd,  
And even the grey and reverend Bark must yield;  
The soft, the murmuring Troop shall be no more,  
No more with Musick charm, as heretofore;  
No more each little Bird shall build her House,  
And sing in her Hereditary Boughs,  
But only *Philomel* shall celebrate  
In mournful Notes a new unhappy Fate;  
The banish'd *Hamadryads* must be gone,  
And take their Flight with sad, but silent Moan;  
For a Celestial Being ne'er complains,  
Whatever be her Grief, in noisy Strains.  
The Wood-Gods fly, and whither shall they go?  
Not all the *British* Orb can scarce allow  
A Trunk secure for them to rest in now,

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But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,  
Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast;  
She shakes her brandish'd Steel, and still denies  
Length to immoderate Rage and Cruelties.  
Do not despond, my Nymphs; that wicked Birth  
Th' avenging Pow'rs will chase from off the Earth;  
Let 'em hew down the Wood, destroy and burn,  
And all the lofty Groves to Ashes turn:  
Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield  
Timber enough old *Tyburn* to rebuild,  
Where they may hang at last; and this kind One  
Shall then revenge the Woods of all their Wrong.

In the mean time (for Fate not always shows  
A swift Compliance to our Wish and Vows)  
The Off-spring of great *Charles* forlorn and poor  
And exil'd from their cruel native Shore,  
Wander in foreign Kingdoms, where in vain  
They seek those Aids, alas, they cannot gain:  
For still their pressing Fate pursues them hard,  
And scarce a Place of Refuge will afford.  
O pious Son of such a holy Sire!  
Who can enough thy Fortitude admire?  
How often tost by Storms of Land and Sea,  
Yet unconcern'd thy Fate thou didst survey,  
And her Fatigues still underwent with Joy!  
O Royal Youth, pursue thy just Disdain,  
Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,  
Till tir'd with her Injustice she give out,  
And leaves her giddy Wheel for thee to turn about.

Then the great Scepter which no human Hand  
From the tenacious Tyrant can command,  
Scorning the bold Usurper to adorn,  
Shall, ripe and falling, to thy Hand be born.

But O, he rouses now before his time!  
Illustrious Youth, whose Bravery is a Crime,  
Alas, what wilt thou do? Ah, why so fast?  
The Dice of Fate, alas, not yet are cast.

While thou all Fire, fearless of future Harms,  
 And prodigal of Life, assum'st thy Arms.  
 And, even provoking Fame, he cuts his way  
 Through hostile Fleets, and a rude Winter's Sea.  
 But neither shall his daring Course oppose,  
 Even to those Shores so very late his Foes,  
 And still to be suspected; but mean while  
 The *Oliverian* Demons of the Isle,  
 With all Hell's Deities, with Fury burn,  
 To see great *Charles* preparing to return;  
 They call up all their Winds of dreadful Force,  
 In vain to stop his sacred Vessels Course.  
 In vain their Storms a Ruin do prepare,  
 For what Fate means to take peculiar Care;  
 And trembling find great *Cesar* safe at Land,  
 By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortune's Hand.

But, *Scotland*, you your King recal in vain,  
 While you your unchang'd Principles retain;  
 But yet the time shall come, when some small share  
 Of Glory, that great Honour shall confer,  
 When you a conquering Hero forth shall guide,  
 While Heav'n and all the Stars are on his side,  
 Who shall the exil'd King in Peace recal,  
 And *England's* Genius be esteem'd by all:  
 But this, not yet, my Nymphs — but now's the time,  
 When the illustrious Heir of *Fergus* Line,  
 From full a Hundred Kings shall mount the Throne,  
 Who now the Temple enters, and at *Scone*,  
 After the ancient manner he receives the Crown;  
 But, Oh! with no auspicious Omens done,  
 The Left Hand of the Kingdom puts it on.

But now th' insulting Conqueror draws nigh,  
 Disturbing the August Solemnity;  
 When with Revenge and Indignation fir'd,  
 And by a Father's Murther well inspir'd;  
 The brave, the Royal Youth for War prepares, Istors;  
 O Heir most worthy of thy hundred-scepter'd Ance-

With

With Thoughts all glorious now he sallies forth;  
 Nor will he trust his Fortune in the North,  
 That Corner of his Realms, nor will his Haste  
 Lazily wait till coming Winter's past;  
 He scorns that Aid, nor will he hope t' oppose  
 High Mountains gainst the Fury of his Foes,  
 Nor their surrounding Force will here engage,  
 Or stay the Pressures of a shameful Siege;  
 But boldly farther on resolves t' advance  
 And give a generous Loose to Fortune's Chance,  
 And, shut from distant Tay, he does essay  
 To *Thames*, even with his Death to force his Way,  
 Behind he leaves his trembling Enemies,  
 Amaz'd at his stupendous Enterprize.

And now the wish'd for happy Day appears,  
 Sought for so long by *Britain's* Prayers and Tears;  
 The King returns, and with a mighty Hand,  
 Avow'd Revenger of his native Land.  
 And through a Thousand Dangers and Extremes,  
 Marches a Conquerour to *Sabrina's* Streams;  
 (Ah, wou'd to Heaven *Sabrina* had been *Thames*.)  
 So wish'd the King, but the persuasive Force  
 Of kind mistaken Councils stopt his Course.

Now, warlike *England*, rouse at these Alarms,  
 Provide your Horses, and assume your Arms,  
 And fall on the Usurper now for shame,  
 If Piety be not Pretence and Name;  
 Advance the Work Heaven has so well begun,  
 Revenge the Father, and restore the Son,  
 No more let that old Cant destructive be,  
 Religion, Liberty, and Property.  
 No longer let that dear-bought Cheat delude  
 (O you too credulous, senseless Multitude!)  
 Words only form'd more easy to enslave,  
 By every popular and pretending Knave.  
 But now your bleeding Land expects you shou'd  
 Be wise, at the Expence of so much Blood;

Rouse then; and with awaken'd Sense prepare  
To reap the Glory of this Holy War,  
In which your King and Heav'n have equal share.  
His Right Divine let every Voice proclaim,  
And a just Ardour every Soul inflame.

But *England's* evil Genius, watchful still  
To ruin Virtue, and encourage Ill;  
Industrious, ev'n as *Cromwel*, to subvert  
Honour and Loyalty in ev'ry Heart;  
A baneful Drop of four-fold Poison makes,  
And an infernal sleep: As he takes  
Of cold and fearful Nature, adds to this  
*Opium* that binds the Nerves with Laziness,  
Mixt with the Venom of vile Avarice:  
Which all the Spirits benumb, as when y' approach  
The chilling wonderful *Torpedo's* Touch.  
Next Drops from *Lethe's* Stream he does infuse,  
And every Breast besprinkles with the Juice;  
Till a deep Lethargy o'er all *Britain* came,  
Who now forgot their Safety and their Fame.  
Yet still great *Charles's* Valour stood the Test;  
By Fortune though forsaken and oppress'd,  
Witness the Purple-dy'd *Sabrina's* Stream,  
And the *Red-Hill*, not call'd so now in vain.  
And *Worcester* thou, who didst the Misery bear,  
And saw'st the End of a long fatal War.

The King, tho' vanquish'd, still his Fate outbraves,  
And was the last the captiv'd City leaves:  
Which from the neighbouring Hills he does survey,  
Where round about his bleeding Numbers lay.  
He saw 'em rifled by th' insulting Foe,  
And sighs for those he cannot rescue now.  
But yet his Troops will rally once again,  
Those few escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the Plain;  
Disdain and Anger now resolves to try  
How to repair this Day's Fatality,  
The King has sworn to conquer or to die.

*Darby* and *Wilmot*, Chiefs of mighty Fame,  
 With that bold lovely Youth, great *Buckingham*,  
 Fiercer than Lightning; to his Monarch dear,  
 That brave *Achates* worth *Aeneas* Care,  
 Applaud his great Resolve: there's no delay,  
 But toward the Foe in haste they take their way,  
 Not by vain Hopes of a new Victory fir'd,  
 But by a kind Despair alone inspir'd.

This was the King's Resolve, and those great Few  
 Whom Glory taught to die, as well as to subdue,  
 Who knew that Death, and the reposing Grave  
 No Foes were to the Wretched or the Brave.

But O! this noble Courage did not rest  
 In each ungen'rous unconsidering Breast,  
 They fearfully forsake their General,  
 Who now in vain the flying Cowards call,  
 Deaf to his Voice, will no Obedience yield:  
 But in their hasty Flight scow'r o'er the dreadful Field.

O vainly gallant Youth! what pitying God  
 Shall free thee from this Soul-oppressing Load  
 Of Grief and Shame? abandon'd and betray'd  
 By perjur'd Slaves, whom thou hast fed and pay'd,  
 Press'd with more Woes than mortal Force could bear,  
 And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe.

But yet that God——  
 To whom no Wonders are impossible,  
 Will, to preserve thee, work a Miracle,  
 And for the sacred Father's Martyrdom  
 Will, with a Crown, reward the injur'd Son;  
 While thou, great *Charles*, with a prevailing Prayer,  
 Dost to the Gods commend the Safety of thy Heir;  
 And the Celestial Court of Powers Divine  
 With one Consent do in the *Chorus* join.

But why, O why must I reveal the Doom,  
 (O my Companions) of the Years to come;  
 And why divulge the Mysteries that lie  
 Inroll'd long since in Heav'n's vast Treasury?



In Char'cters which no Dreamer can unfold,  
 Nor ever yet prophetick Rapture told ;  
 Nor the small Fibres of the victim'd Beast,  
 Or Birds which sacred Aug'ries have exprest ;  
 No Stars, or any Divination Shows,  
 Made mystick by the Murmurs of the Boughs,  
 Yet I must on with a divine Presage,  
 And tell the Wonders of the coming Age.

In that far part where the rich *Salop* gains  
 An ample View o'er all the Western Plains,  
 A Grove appears, which *Boscobel* they name,  
 Not known to Maps ; a Grove of scanty Fame,  
 Scarce any human Thing does there intrude,  
 But it enjoys it self in its own Solitude.  
 And yet henceforth no celebrated Shade  
 Of all the *British* Groves shall be more glorious made.

Near this obscure and destin'd happy Wood,  
 A sacred House of lucky Omen stood,  
*White-Lady* call'd ; and old Records relate

'Twas once —————  
 To Men of Holy Orders consecrate ;  
 But to a King a Refuge now is made,  
 The first that gives a wearied Monarch Bread.  
 O, Present of a wondrous Excellence !  
 That can relieve the Hunger of a Prince.  
 Fortune shall here a better Face put on,  
 And here the King shall first the King lay down ;  
 Here he dismisses all his mourning Friends,  
 Whom to their kinder Stars he recommends,  
 With Eyes all drown'd in Tears, their Fate to see,  
 But unconcern'd at his own Destiny :  
 Here he puts off those Ornaments he wore  
 Through all the Splendour of his Life before ;  
 Even his blue Garter now he will discharge,  
 Nor keep the warlike Figure of *St. George*,  
 That holy Champion now is vanquish'd quite ;  
 Alas, the Dragon has subdu'd the Knight ;

His Crown, that toilsome Weight of Glory now  
 Divests a while from his more easy Brow ;  
 And all those charming Curls that did adorn  
 His Royal Head——those jetty Curls are shorn ;  
 Himself he cloaths in a coarse Ruffet Weed ;  
 Nor was the poor Man feign'd, but so indeed ;  
 And now the greatest King the World e'er saw  
 Is subject to the Houses ancient Law.

(A Convent once, which Poverty did profess)  
 Here he puts off all worldly Pomp and Dress,  
 And, like a Monk, a sad Adieu he takes  
 Of all his Friends, and the false World forsakes,  
 But yet ere long, even this humble State,  
 Alas! shall be deny'd him by his Fate ;  
 She drives him forth even from this mean Abode,  
 Who wanders now a Hermit in the Wood,  
 Hungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his Food.  
 The dark and lonely Shade conceals the King,  
 Who feeds on Flowers; and drinks the murmuring  
 More happy here than on a restless Throne, [spring;  
 Cou'd he but call those Shades and Springs his own:  
 No longer Fate will that Repose allow,  
 Who even of Earth it self deprives him now.  
 A Tree will hardly here a Seat afford  
 Amidst her Boughs to her abandon'd Lord.

Then (O my Nymphs) you who your Monarch love,  
 To save your Darling, hasten to that Grove;  
 (Nor think I vain Propheticks do express)  
 In silence let each Nymph her Trunk possess;  
 O'er all the Woods and Plains let not a Tree  
 Be uninhabited by a Deity ;  
 While I the largest Forest-Oak inspire,  
 And with you to this leafy Court retire.  
 There keep a faithful Watch each Night and Day,  
 And with erected Heads the Fields survey,  
 Lest any impious Soldier pass that way ;  
 And shou'd profanely touch that Pledge of Heaven,  
 Which to our guarding Shade in Charge was given :

Here then, my Nymphs, your King you shall receive,  
And Safety in your darkeſt Coverts give.

But ha! what ruſtick Swain is that I ſee  
Sleeping beneath the Shade of yonder Tree,  
Upon whole knotty Root he leans his Head,  
And on the moſſy Ground has made his Bed?  
And why alone? Alas, ſome Spy, I fear,  
For only ſuch a Wretch would wander here;  
Who even the Winds and Showers of Rain deſies,  
Out-daring all the Anger of the Skies.  
Obſerve his Face, ſee his diſorder'd Hair  
Is ruſſ'd by the Tempeſt-beaten Air,  
Yet look what Tracks of Grief have ag'd his Face.  
Where hardly Twenty Years have run their Race,  
Worn out with numerous Toils, and even in Sleep  
Sighs ſeem to heave his Breſt, his Eyes to weep.  
Nor is that Colour of his Face his own,  
That ſooty Veil, for ſome Diſguiſe put on,  
To keep the nobler Part from being known;  
For 'miſt of all—ſomething of ſacred Light  
Beams forth, and does inform my wondering Sight,  
And now ariſes to my View more bright.  
Ha——can my Eyes deceive me, or am I  
At laſt no true preſaging Deity?  
Yet if I am, that wretched ruſtick Thing,  
O Heavens, and all your Powers, muſt be the King.  
—Yes, 'tis the King! his Image all Divine  
Breaks through the Cloud of Darkneſs; and a Shine  
Gilds all the ſooty Vizar! — but alas,  
Who iſt approaches him with ſuch a Pace?  
O——'tis no Traytor, the juſt Gods, I find,  
Have ſtill a pitying Care of Human-kind.  
This is the Gallant, Loyal *Carleſs*, thrown  
(By the ſame Wreck by which the King's undone)  
Beneath our Shades, he comes in pious Care  
(O happy Man! than *Cromwel* happier far  
On whom ill Fate this Honour does confer.)

He tells the King the Woods are overspread  
With Villains arm'd to search that Prize, his Head :  
Now poorly set to Sale ; — the Foe is nigh,  
What shall they do ? Ah, whither shall they fly ?  
They from the Danger hasty Counsel took,  
And by some God inspir'd ascend my Oak,  
My Oak, the largest in the faithful Wood ;  
Whom to retrieve I my glad Branches bow'd.  
And for the King a Throne prepar'd, and spread  
My thickest Leaves of Can'py o'er his Head,  
The Mistletoe commanded to ascend,  
Around his sacred Person to attend,  
( O happy Omen ! ) straight it did obey,  
The sacred Mistletoe attends with Joy :  
Here without Fear their prostrate Heads they bow,  
The King is safe beneath my Shelter now ;  
And you, my Nymphs, with awful Silence may  
Your Adorations to your Sovereign pay,  
And cry, All hail, thou most belov'd of Heaven,  
To whom its chiefest Attributes are given ;  
But above all, that God-like Fortitude,  
That has the Malice of thy Fate subdu'd.  
All hail !  
Thou greatest now of Kings indeed, while yet  
With all the Miseries of Life beset,  
Thy mighty Mind cou'd Death nor Danger fear,  
Nor yet even then of Safety cou'd despair.  
This is the Virtue of a Monarch's Soul ;  
Who above Fortune's reach can all her Turns controul ;  
Thus, if Fate rob you of your Empire's Sway,  
You by this Fortitude take hers away ;  
O brave Reprisal ! which the Gods prefer,  
That makes you triumph o'er the Conquerour.  
The Gods that one day will this Justice do  
Both make you Victor and Triumpher too.  
That Day's at hand, O let that Day come on,  
Wherein that wondrous Miracle shall be shown ;

May its gay Morn be more than usual bright,  
 And rise upon the World with new created Light;  
 Or let that Star, whose dazling Beams were hurl'd  
 Upon his Birth-day, now inform the World,  
 That brave bold Constellation, which in light  
 Of Mid-day's Sun durst lift his Lamp of Light.  
 Now, happy Star, again at Mid-day rise,  
 And with new Prodigies adorn the Skies;  
 Great CHARLES again is born, Monk's valiant Hand  
 At last delivers the long-labouring Land.  
 This is the Month, Great Prince, must bring you forth,  
 May pays her fragrant Tributes at your Birth;  
 This is the Month that's due to you by Fate,  
 O Month most Glorious, Month most Fortunate!  
 When you between your Royal Brothers rode,  
 Amidst your shining Train attended like some God,  
 One would believe that all the World were met  
 To pay their Homage at your sacred Feet.  
 The wandering Gazers, numberless as these,  
 Or as the Leaves on the vast Forest-Trees.  
 He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud Din  
 Resounds to Heaven; and then, Long live the King!  
 And sure the Shouts of their long-eccho'd Joys  
 Reach'd to the utmost Bounds of distant Seas,  
 Born by the flying Winds thro' yielding Air,  
 And strike the Foreign Shores with awful Fear.  
 O 'tis a wondrous Pleasure to be mad,  
 Such frantick Turns our Nation oft has had.  
 Permit it now, ye Stoicks, ne'er till now,  
 The Frenzy you more justly might allow,  
 Since 'tis a joyful Fit that ends the Fears,  
 And wretched Fary of so many Years.  
 Nor will the Night her Sable Wings display  
 T' obscure the Lustre of so bright a Day.  
 At least the much-transported Multitude  
 Permits not the dark Goddess to intrude;  
 The whole Isle seem'd to burn with joyful Flames,  
 Whose Rays gilt all the Face of neighbouring Thames.



But how shall I express the Vulgars Joys,  
 Their Songs, their Feasts, their Laughter, and their Cries;  
 How Fountains run with the Vine's precious Juice,  
 And such the flowing Rivers shou'd produce,  
 Their Streams the richest Nectar should afford:  
 The Golden Age seems now again restor'd,  
 See—smiling Peace does her bright Face display,  
 Down through the Air serene she cuts her way,  
 Expels the Clouds, and rises on the Day.  
 Long exil'd from our Shores, new Joy she brings,  
 Embracing *Albion* with her snowy Wings;  
 Nor comes she unattended, but a Throng  
 Of Noble *British* Matrons brings along.  
 Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modesty,  
 Religion, long since fled with Loyalty,  
 And in a decent Garb the lovely Piety:  
 Justice, from Fraud and Perj'ry forc'd to fly;  
 Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty.  
 Blest Liberty, thou fairest in the Train,  
 And most esteem'd in a just Prince's Reign:

With these, as lov'd, Great MARY too return'd,  
 In her own Country who long Exile mourn'd,  
 You, Royal Mother! you, whose only Crime  
 Was loving CHARLES, and sharing Woes with him;  
 Now Heaven repays, tho' slow, yet just and true,  
 For him Revenge, yet just Rewards for you.

Hail, mighty Queen, form'd by the Pow'rs Divine,  
 The Shame of our weak Sex, and Pride of thine,  
 How well have you in either Fortune shown?  
 In either, still your Mind was all your own;  
 The giddy World roll'd round you long in vain,  
 Who fix'd in Virtue's Centre still remain. [bring

And now, just Prince! thou thy great Mind shalt  
 To the true weighty Office of a King:  
 The gaping Wounds of War thy Hand shall cure,  
 Thy Royal Hand, gentle alike, and sure:  
 And by insensible Degrees efface  
 Of fore-gone Ills the very Scars and Trace;

Force to the injur'd Law thou shalt restore,  
 And all that Majesty it own'd before.  
 Thou long corrupted Manners shalt reclaim,  
 And Faith and Honour of the *English* Name;  
 Thus long-neglected Gardens entertain  
 Their banish'd Master, when return'd again.  
 All over-run with Weeds he finds, but soon  
 Luxuriant Branches carefully will prune;  
 The weaken'd Arms of the sick Vine he'll raise,  
 And with kind Bands sustain the loosen'd Sprays,  
 Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,  
 And with his Art and Skill make all things new,  
 A Work immense, yet sweet, and which in future Days  
 When the fair Trees their blooming Glories raise,  
 The happy Gard'ner's Labour over-pays.  
 Cities and Towns, great Prince, thy Gardens be  
 With Labour cultivated worthy Thee.  
 In decent Order thou dost all dispose;

Nor are the Woods, nor Rural Groves disdain'd;  
 He who our Wants, who all our Breaches knows,

He all our drooping Fortunes has sustain'd:

As Colonies of Trees thou dost replace

I'th empty Realms of our arboreal Race;

Nay, dost our Reign extend to future Days;

And blest Posterity, supinely laid,

Shall feast and revel underneath thy Shade.

Cool Summer's Arbors then thy Gift shall be,

And their bright Winter-Fires they'll owe to thee.

To thee those Beams their Palaces sustain,

And all their floating Castles on the Main.

Who knows, great Prince, but thou this happy Day

For Towns and Navies may'st Foundations lay

After a Thousand Years are roll'd away.

Reap thou those mighty Triumphs then which for thee  
 [grow,

And mighty Triumphs for succeeding Ages sow:

Thou Glory's craggy Top shalt first essay.

Divide the Clouds, and mark the shining Way;

To Fame's bright Temple shalt thy Subjects guide,  
 Thy *Britains* bold almost of Night deny'd.  
 The foaming Waves thy dread Commands shall stay,  
 Thy dread Commands the foaming Waves obey.  
 The watry World no *Neptune* owns but thee,  
 And thy three Kingdoms shall thy Trident be.

What Madness, O *Batavians*! you possess'd,  
 That the Sea's Scepter you'd from *Britain* wrest,  
 Which *Nature* gave, whom she with Floods has crown'd  
 And fruitful *Amphitrite* embraces round;  
 The rest o'th' World's just kiss'd by *Amphitrite*,  
*Albion* sh<sup>e</sup> embraces, all her dear Delight.

You scarce th' insulting Ocean can restrain,  
 Nor bear th' Assaults of the besieging Main,  
 Your Grasses and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain.  
 And yet what fond Ambition spurs you on?

You dare attempt to make the Seas your own,  
 O'er the vast Ocean, which no Limit knows,  
 The narrow Laws of Ponds and Fens impose:  
 But *Charles* his lively Valour this defies,  
 And this the sturdy *British* Oak denies.

O'er guardless Seas the fierce *Batavian* Fleet  
 Sings Triumphs, while there were no Foes to meet,  
 But fear not, *Belgian*, he'll not tarry long,  
 He'll soon be here, and interrupt thy Song,  
 Too late thou'lt of thy hasty Joys complain,  
 And to thy Native Shores look back in vain.

Great *James*, as soon as the first Whisper came,  
 Prodigal of his Life, and greedy but of Fame,  
 With eager Haste returns, as fast as they  
 After the dreadful Fight will run away.

And now the joyful *English* from afar  
 Approaching saw the floating *Belgian* War.  
 Hark, what a Shout they give, like those who come  
 From long *East-India* Voyages rich laden home,  
 When first they make the happy *British* Land,  
 The dear white Rocks, and *Albion's* Chalky Strand.

The Way to all the rest great *Rupert* show'd,  
 And thro' their Fleet cuts out his flaming Road,  
*Rupert*, who now the stubborn Fate inclin'd,  
 Heav'n on his Side engaging, and the Wind;  
 Immous by Land and Sea, whose Valour soon  
 Unts both the Horns of the *Batavian* Moon.  
 Next comes illustrious *James*, and where he goes,  
 Towards leaves the Crowd of vulgar Foes,  
 On th' *Royal-Sovereign's* Deck he seems to grow,  
 Takes his broad Sword, and seeks an equal Foe.  
 Or did bold *Opdam's* mighty Mind refuse  
 The dreadful Honour which 'twas Death to chuse.  
 Both Admirals with haste for Fight prepare,  
 The rest might stand and gaze; themselves a War.  
 Whither, whither *Opdam*, dost thou fly?  
 Can this rash Valour please the Pow'rs on high?  
 Can't, it won't—or wou'd'st thou proudly die  
 By such a mighty Hand? No *Opdam*, no:  
 Thy Fate's to perish by a nobler Foe.  
 Heav'n only, *Opdam*, shall thy Conqueror be,  
 A Labour worth its while to conquer thee.  
 Heav'n shall be there to guard his best lov'd House,  
 And just Revenge inflict on all your broken Vows.  
 The mighty Ship a hundred Cannons bore,  
 A hundred Cannons which like Thunder roar;  
 Six times as many Men in Shivers torn,  
 Per one Broad-side, or single Shot 't had born,  
 As with a horrid Crack blown up to th' Sky  
 In Smoak and Flames o'er all the Ocean nigh,  
 Torn, half-burnt Limbs of Ships and Seamen scat-  
 ter'd lie.

Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown  
 Among the guilty Wretches is not known,  
 Tho likely 'tis: *Amboyna's* Wickedness,  
 And broken Peace and Oaths deserv'd no less,  
 Or whether fatal Gun-powder it were  
 By some unlucky Spark enkindled there;

even Chance, by Heaven directed, is the Rod,  
The fiery Shaft of an avenging God,  
The flaming Wrack, the hissing Deep floats o'er,  
Far, far away, almost to either Shore,  
Which ev'n from pious Foes wou'd pity draw,  
A trembling Pity, mixt with dreadful Awe.  
But Pity yet scarce any room can find.  
What Noise, what Horror still remains behind?  
On either side does wild Confusion reign,  
Ship grapples Ship, and sink into the Main.  
The *Orange* careless of lost *Opdam's* Fate,  
Worthy to perish at the self-same rate,  
Will next, t' attack victorious *James* prepare,  
But *English* Guns sufficient Thunder bear;  
By *English* Guns and human Fire o'erpower'd,  
'Tis quickly in the hissing Waves devour'd,  
Three Ships besides are burnt, if Fame says true,  
None of whose baser Names the Goddess knew;  
As many more the *Dolphin* did subdue.  
Their Decks in Show'rs of kindled Sulphur steep,  
And send 'em flaming to th' affrighted Deep.  
So burns a City, storm'd and fir'd by Night,  
The Shades are pierc'd with such a dreadful Light;  
Such dusky Globes of Flame around 'em broke  
Through the dark Shadow of the Guns and Smoke.  
Can Fire and Water then such Licence claim;  
Justly the Water hides it self for Shame:  
The dreadful Wrack out-stretching far away  
Vast Ruins o'er its trembling Bosom lay.  
Here Masts and Rudders from their Vessels torn,  
There Sails and Flags across the Waves are born,  
A thousand floating Bodies there appear,  
As many half-dead Men lie groaning here.  
If any where the Sea it self's reveal'd,  
With horrid purple Tracks the Azure Waves conceal'd;  
All sunk or ta'n, 'twere tedious to relate,  
And all the sad Variety of Fate.



One Day produces—with what Art and Skill  
 Ev'n Chance ingenious seems, to save or kill,  
 To spare, or to torment whoe'er she will.  
 The vulgar Deaths, below the Muse to heed,  
 Not only Faith, but Number too exceed,  
 Three noble Youghs, by the same sudden Death,  
 A brave Example to the World bequeath;  
 Fam'd for high Birth, but Merits yet more high,  
 All at one fatal Moment's Warning die,  
 Torn by one Shot, almost one Body they,  
 Three Brothers in one Death confounded lay.  
 Who wou'd not Fortune *harsh* and *barbarous* call?  
 Yet Fortune was *benign* and *kind* withal;  
 For next to these—I tremble still with fear,  
 My Joy's disturb'd while such a Danger near,  
 Fearless, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral stood,  
 Stunn'd with the Blow, and sprinkl'd with their Blood.  
 Fiercer he passes on, while they retir'd,  
 He presses on with Grief and Anger fir'd.  
 Nor longer can the *Belgian* Force engage  
 The *English* Valour, warm'd with double Rage.  
 Breaks with their Losses, and a Cause so ill,  
 Their shatter'd Fleet all the wide Ocean fill,  
 Till trembling *Rhine* opens his Harbours wide,  
 Seeing the Wretches from our Thunder fly:  
 From our hot Chase their shatter'd Fleet did hide,  
 And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by.  
 In sacred Rage the *Dryad* this reveal'd,  
 Yet many future wondrous Things conceal'd.  
 But this to grace some future *Bard* will serve,  
 For better Poets this the Gods reserve.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*

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